

Falling For You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25419400) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25419400>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Youtubers
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch , Sapnap/A6d
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Skeppy - Character , Badboyhalo - Character , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Vincent A6d , MegaPVP (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Gay , georgenotfound - Freeform , dreamnotfound , dream - Freeform , dream team , skeppy and badboyhalo , Fluff and Angst , lots of fluff , no angst... yet! , i dont know what i'm doing , send help , Minecraft , Angel GeorgeNotFound , More tags coming as chapters come out , Slow Burn , patches the cat is a mood , creepy technoblade , Oops , these arent super accurate , if they say they want fanfiction of them taken down then i will take it down , dream is smooth with his flirting , sapnap - Freeform , yes Sapnap flirts with George what of it , I seriously don't know what I'm doing , these tags are gonna get real long (ha) , Angst soon , i dont know what else to tag , take all this writing with a pinch of salt , I write most of this at 2 am , haha jealous dream go brrr , color blind george is color blind , Dream is an amazing cook , Nightmares , Dream comforting George , Flirty Dream go brrr , slight panic attack? , i'm not sure , When i say slow burn i mean slowwww , Kind of Internalized Homophobia , Scars , not self inflicted scars im not that evil , you all better be ready for the angst , Dream with sharp teeth because yes , Possessive Dream , jealous dream , Protective Dream , almost everyone flirts with George when they meet him oops , Bad Dreams , the angst is here y'all , you better be ready , there's more angst coming- , Skephalo , background skephalo , poor sapnap hes a fifth wheel- , George is falling hard and fast- , (spoilers) - Freeform , Demon Dream , Angst For The Angst God , angst is here y'all better be ready , Background time , Internalized Homophobia , Implied abuse , DrunkBoyHalo , George needs a hug tbh , Past Abuse , Physical Abuse , it's not written in it a bunch but just a warning , Character Death , not very explicit but very implied , Betrayal , Murder , remember when George said he took an arrow for Dream? , taking quotes too seriously , George is touch starved , Touch-Starved , touch-starved GeorgeNotFound , Sap6d , underrated ship tbh , implied Sap6d , more jealous Dream , angry Dream is angry , Anyone ask for jealous George? , Bad giving love advice , Jealous GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Jealous Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Jealous skeppy , karaoke night , Duets , Dream is scared of heights , Sap6d is canon now , dont judge me it's a cute and underrated ship , Take the fluff , Sorry Not Sorry , Strangers to Lovers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Afterlife
Collections:	greatdnf , Completed stories I've read , Best Works , Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have , Completed works to read , Fics I enjoy , Ash's Favorite Completed MCYT Fics

Stats:

Published: 2020-07-21 Completed: 2020-10-11 Chapters: 61/61 Words: 84704

Falling For You

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Summary

George, an angel, is sent down to Earth to find an evil demon that's on the loose there and discover what they're doing. Only thing is, despite them sending George near where the demon would be, he couldn't find them... And everyone he has met so far has been so nice to him, even one of them letting him stay at their place. He almost gives up, but something seems a little off with his roommate...

Chapter One - Sent to Earth

George groaned quietly as he put a hand to his forehead, sitting up from the cold, hard floor of a park. Mentally wishing they had gently sent him down, he got to his feet, glancing around himself.

George was an angel. He was living a peaceful life in the clouds, albeit a lonely one. But it changed when someone came to his front door, telling him that he had a job- a job that he really had no choice in.

He had to go find some demon that had made their way to the human world. He had to find the demon, and figure out why they had been sent up- which George was certain it wasn't for any good reason.

They had no clue where the exact whereabouts of the demon was, but they had a pretty good idea- somewhere in Orlando, Florida. So, that's exactly where they sent him. But, of course, just before sending him down, he was told to hide his wings. It wasn't all that hard to do.

"How am I even going to start?" George grumbled to himself, looking to all the trees. His whole body seemed to already be overheating- he was used to the cold- despite the fact it was night. Not late into the night, but the sun was down and nowhere in sight.

The trees and plants that surrounded him were beautiful, even if he couldn't see the green in them- instead seeing shades of yellow. To him, it was still beautiful.

Shaking his head, he began to look around once more, the weight of this job finally setting in. Where was he supposed to live? How was he supposed to get food? After all, he was technically more human than an angel on Earth. While he didn't really *need* food or a place to sleep, it was still something that was nice to have. And it helped them work better.

He didn't even have any money!

"What's up?" George jumped in surprise, turning around to get ready to punch whoever was behind him- but he stopped himself. "You seem annoyed."

The person behind him was *tall* . Much taller than George was- at least a *whole five inches* taller. Their dirty blonde hair was messy, but it seemed weirdly intentional... and it looked *good* .

They clearly had been out in the sun a lot, judging by their tan skin. They weren't the tannest person George had ever seen, but definitely tan. Their yellow eyes- though, George suspected they were green, considering people couldn't have red eyes- sparkled with some sort of mischievous glow. Their smirk didn't help at all with that mischievous look. Little freckles were speckled around their face, almost breaking the mischievousness. *Almost* .

They wore a weird color of yellow for a hoodie, one with a small smiley face on it. For pants, they simply wore jeans. The person stood confidently, arms crossed against their chest and standing tall, yet casually.

"I, uh-" The person in front of him chuckled, holding their hand out.

"My name is Dream," George blinked a few times. *Dream* ? What kind of name... "You seem new here, judging by your accent." Well, Dream was right about him being new here. George had never left the UK, where he was born. But that wasn't important.

“Yeah. I am,” George took the males hand cautiously, and they shook their hands for a moment. “My name is George.” Dream hummed for a moment, glancing around.

“Why are you out so late?” he asked without much warning. George narrowed his deep chocolate eyes.

“That’s none of your business.”

“A little sassy, huh?” Dream chuckled again, taking a step towards the secret angel. “Though I guess *all* short people are.”

“I’m not short,” George huffed, crossing his arms across his chest, too. He looked Dream up and down. “What do you even want?”

“Like I said, you looked upset,” he shrugged, running a hand through his already messy hair. “Just wanted to make sure you were alright, I guess.”

“Oh. Well... thanks?” Again, the taller male shrugged. “I, uh... I’m out here because I... don’t have anywhere else to go?” What was he saying? He shouldn’t be telling some *stranger* that walked up to him that he has no home here. How would he even explain that, anyway?

Say: “*oh, yeah, I’m an angel!*”?? George wanted to smack himself as hard as he could into the ground.

“Oh,” Was all Dream said at first. He glanced around again before clearing his throat. “Well. If you have nowhere to go...” *No.*

“...You could come live with me? I don’t have much, but I wouldn’t mind letting you crash there for a while, until you can get your own place?” *No!*

“Actually, that... would be really nice of you.” The want to smash his face into the ground came again. You don’t just go to someone’s house and live there-!

Though... George *was* an angel. He wasn’t all that strong, but he could more than likely overpower a human. If this *Dream* guy wanted to attack him or... something, he would be okay.

...

That didn’t stop his skin from crawling as Dream led him out of the park, leading him, presumably, to his house. They didn’t really talk at all the whole way there, George looking around at the pretty sights while Dream just seemed focused on getting to his home.

A yawn escaped the shorter males mouth, and he heard Dream chuckle again. He raised a curious eyebrow at the other male, though he couldn’t help a teeny smile trying to force its way to his face at the chuckle.

“Tired?” Was all the male said. Instead of speaking, George simply nodded, looking the other direction. “Well, we’re right around the corner to my apartment. So you can sleep once we get there.”

“Thanks.” George suddenly blurted out. “I- I mean, thanks for letting a stranger stay at your place, despite-”

“You seem like a great guy,” Dream shrugged for the third time since their meeting. “I don’t think you’re a murderer. You’d only be able to stab my knees, anyway, shortie.” George growled.

“I’m *not* short.” This time, an actual laugh escaped the taller man's lips. He wheezed a little, which made a smile come to George’s face.

“And you’re too cute to be a murderer,” Dream said casually after calming down. George walked alongside the basically stranger for a few moments before his face went pink at the compliment- at least, he thinks it’s supposed to be.

Replying with a shove, Dream only laughed again.

Dream pulled out his keys, easily unlocking his door. He let George go in first, which he did. George narrowed his eyes in the dark house, trying to make details out.

Then the lights came on, somehow making the short male jump in surprise.

The living room, the room they were in at the moment, was... actually pretty nice. There wasn’t too much in it, really only having a couch and a TV. There were a few other things, but none of them were all that interesting.

“I don’t have a spare room, so you can just use my room and I’ll sleep on the couch.” As Dream spoke, he plopped himself down on the couch, looking over to George.

“What? No! I’m-”

“You’re taking the room,” Dream interrupted. This... went on for longer than the two expected. Going back and forth about who would sleep on the couch, and eventually, Dream won. Of course, George was huffy the whole time afterwards, but Dream had a big smirk on his face.

Dream quickly showed his room off to George, then left the man in the room for the couch. George sighed, laying face down on the bed after setting his phone down on the bedside table. He was tired, but he didn’t quite want to sleep.

So, instead, the angel laid there, moving onto his back instead of his stomach. He stared at the ceiling for... who knows how long, thoughts flowing through his head as he listened to Dream doing... something. It sounded like he was panicking about some game, so George pretty much ignored it. Occasionally he would hear the male yell a curse word, or the word no, then grumbling.

It brought a slight smile to the angel's face as his eyes slid closed, instantly falling asleep.

Chapter Two - Pancakes Are Better.

George ran through the dark hallway, his legs feeling heavy. The sound of rain echoed around him, lightning crackling a ways away. The sound of footsteps seemed so much louder than anything, echoing like a thousand voices in his ears.

At the end of the hallway, the male nearly fell off a cliff, but he stopped himself just in time, a couple rocks crumbling underneath his feet. Letting out a sigh of relief, George stepped back from the edge.

He admired the darkness for a moment, before something pressed into his back- onto his shoulder blades- and sends him into the darkness.

George gasped awake, sitting up quickly in the bed he laid in. His eyes look around the room quickly, the realization that he wasn't up in the clouds anymore not coming to him until a second later.

He was just at a stranger's house. He was fine.

Sighing, the angel laid back down in the bed, pulling the covers closer to his face. He strained his ears for the sound of the stranger, but heard nothing. Whatever he was doing before, he was done now.

George laid there for the next few hours, staring out the window out of boredom. He slowly watched the sky get brighter as it turned day, though he didn't move an inch. With a sigh, he glanced over to his phone. He turned it on and, of course, there were no notifications.

A soft meow from outside the door snapped the angel out of his thoughts, his mind going to the cat he had. He quickly sat up, heading to the door to open it. On the other side of the door, there was a small cat looking up at him, seemingly with a smile.

The cat was a fluffy looking calico, being mostly white with black and orange splotches. Golden eyes shined with a playful look, pupils dilated. George's heart melted at the sight of the cat. Dream hadn't told him he had a cat...

George crouched down and reached his hand out to the cat, who sniffed his hand for a moment before rubbing against it. George laughed quietly as he pet the cat, having not touched a cat in years.

"Well, aren't you just a pretty little kitty?" George muttered, sitting on the floor. The calico crawled into his lap, a loud purr erupting from them. "You remind me so much of-"

"Morning, Sleeping Beauty," came Dream's voice as he turned around the corner from the living room, a smirk plastered on his face. It never seemed to go away, George noticed. The secret angel's face became a light pink at the nickname, though he rolled his eyes.

"What's your cat's name?"

"Wow, no good morning to me?" Dream put a hand to his chest sarcastically, faking being

offended. He put a frown on his face, sniffing. “You’re so mean.”

“Oh whatever.” The calico meowed, nuzzling their head against George’s hand since he stopped petting them. He started to again.

“Well, her name is Patches,” Dream told him, and Patches lifted her head up towards the taller male at the sound of her name.

“Mrrp?” George giggled at the cute sound Patches made, the biggest smile on his face.

“I’m going to make some breakfast, do you have any allergies or anything?” George shook his head, though he didn’t bother to look at the other male. All his attention was on Patches the cat.

“I like anything,” he muttered, and Dream smiled.

“I’ll make some waffles, then?”

“Pancakes are better,” George muttered under his breath, though Dream didn’t seem to hear. If he did, he ignored it. “That sounds good.” Dream then walked away from the two, leaving George to play with his cat.

Which is exactly what George did. He got up after a few minutes, looking around for some cat toys to use. After a moment, he found a wand toy in the middle of the living room. It had a few feathers on the end of a rope, and as soon as George picked it up, it jingled quietly and Patches’ eyes were huge.

He placed the toy against the floor, waving it against it in a fast motion. Patches crouched close to the ground, wiggling her butt in the air for a moment before pouncing on the toy, only to miss as George pulled it into the air. Not even a second later, Patches launched herself into the air, grabbing the toy expertly with her little paws.

The secret angel wiggled it gently in her paws before stopping, letting her lick and bite the feathers. She also bunny kicked the toy, but George was standing up and letting her play alone.

George walked into the kitchen, watching Dream cook. He had expected the waffles to be some frozen ones he would just put in a toaster, but no. He was actually making them himself.

“I didn’t think you could cook,” George said, leaning against one of the counters. Despite only just meeting this weirdly tall male yesterday, he felt... comfortable around him. Like he had known him for years.

“Well, I can,” Dream replied without taking his eyes off the food. “Oh, do you want any fruit on it? I have blueberries, strawberries, and raspberries.”

“Uh... strawberries, please?” Dream hummed, turning to his fridge to grab the berries and some whipped cream. “Thanks. You don’t have to do this.”

“Well, you said you have nowhere to be, right?” Dream finally looked back at George, a soft smile on his face. For a moment, it took the smaller male off guard. He stood for a second before shaking his head slightly to focus.

“Yeah, but-”

“No buts!” Dream put a finger in the air. “Did you sleep well last night, George?” George looked away, watching Patches casually walk around in the living room before flopping down in front of

the stand for the TV.

“Yeah,” George muttered just loud enough for Dream to hear. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Dream furrowing his eyebrows in concern. Then he put another smile on his face, continuing his cooking.

“Well, the food is almost done. You can go ahead and sit on the couch. If Patches tries to sit in your lap, you can just tell her no and she’ll go away,” Dream explained. “I’ll bring your food over when it’s ready, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you again.” Dream rolled his eyes, waving his hand dismissively at the shorter male. George got the hint, and he sat on the couch. Like Dream had told him, Patches tried to climb into his lap. Though he didn’t want to, he quietly told Patches no, and she laid beside him instead. A small smile came to the British male’s face.

“Patches really seems to like you,” Dream laughed as he walked over, handing George a plate. On the plate were three waffles stacked on top of each other, topped off with some whipped cream and strawberries. It wasn’t much, but it looked weirdly good.

In Dream’s other hand, what George assumed, was his own plate. It was practically the same as his, only there were four waffles and he also had blueberries.

“She’s a really cute cat,” George’s smile widened, picking up his fork with his hand. He started to cut into his waffles. “I’m glad she likes me.”

“Are you eating with your left hand?” Dream asked suddenly as George shoved some of the waffles into his mouth. They practically melted in his mouth. The secret angel blinked a couple times before chewing, swallowing, and replying.

“Uh... yeah.” George quickly shoved another bite into his mouth, which somehow seemed even better than the last bite. He hummed happily.

“That’s really cool,” Dream laughed. “I’m guessing you like the waffles?” George nodded excitedly.

“These are amazing,”

“I’m glad. I know they’re no *pancakes*,” the smirk Dream almost always had reappeared on his face. George then realized Dream *did* hear him. “But maybe I’ll make them tomorrow.”

“You’re... really being sweet. I wish I had a way to repay you,” George stared down at his waffles, his heart filled with guilt. But Dream just scoffed.

“You don’t need to, don’t worry about it,” Dream chuckled, and George *knew* something was coming. He didn’t know what, but *something* was coming. “Just your smiles are enough of a payment~” George groaned, though he couldn’t keep his face from warming up at the compliment.

Dream howled with laughter, wheezing for air that scared Patches out of her nap. George cracked another smile, a quiet laugh coming from him at Dream’s contagious laugh. Soon enough, that little laugh became louder, the two seemingly laughing at nothing. They would calm down after a moment, then look at each other, and start laughing again.

It really was like they had known each other for years.

“Hey, do you mind if I take a shower?” George asked as Dream took their plates to the kitchen. He heard the sink turn on as Dream replied.

“Go ahead,” Dream replied. “If you need some, you can borrow some of my clothes.” George’s face flushed at the idea, but he quickly shook his head, muttering a thank you to Dream before heading to his room.

He opened up the closet door, glancing at the clothing. Most seemed to be the same shade of yellow that Dream wore, though there were some blue hoodies, pants, and shirts inside.

So, that’s what he grabbed- blue hoodie, a white shirt, and light blue jeans. He quickly headed to the bathroom, locking the door behind him. He looked into the mirror for a moment, light bags under his eyes. It was weird to not see his wings.

...

He quickly turned back into his ‘angel form’, which wasn’t much different to his human body. Only he now had wings that came out of his shoulder blades, and a golden halo above his head glowed slightly. His wings were slightly see through, but most definitely there.

Without changing back- he would do that after the shower- he got into the shower after undressing.

George didn’t take too much time in the shower, only about ten to twenty minutes. He didn’t want to get out of the shower, but he had a job to do. Find the demon that came to Earth. So, he got out and quickly got dressed.

Without looking into the mirror, George walked out into the living room, where Dream was on his phone, clicking randomly. He looked up as soon as George entered the room, and burst out laughing. The secret angel’s expression turned confused. Did he look stupid? Why was Dream laughing at him?

“You’re so small!” Dream howled, his wheezing back in full force. George’s face became red with embarrassment and slight anger, looking down on himself. The hoodie he had grabbed, which would definitely fit Dream perfectly, was *way* too big for him.

The sleeves hung over his hands, coming down to a little past his mid thighs. The rest of the hoodie came just barely short of his mid thigh. The top of it hung down, and if George moved it to the side, it would fall off his shoulder a little.

“Shut up!” George grumbled, but Dream only laughed harder. “You’re such an idiot.”

“God, you look *adorable* ! That hoodie is *way* too big for you-” Dream continued ranting, but George stopped listening at the first four words. Well, a certain part. *You look adorable* . Dream had said.

He was sure his face was brighter than the sun at that, his eyes wide. Patches, who had walked up to him, seemed to have the exact smirk that Dream often wore. Speaking of Dream, he had finally calmed down, tears in his eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he chuckled, his smirk back.

“Whatever,” George huffed. “I’m going out to walk around.”

“Oh, okay,” George walked into Dream’s room, grabbing his phone and walking out with it. “Oh! You have a phone?”

“Yeah..? Duh.”

“Here, let me give you my number, so you can message me if you need to be picked up.” George was going to say no, but as Dream continued talking, he figured it was a better idea to have Dream’s number than not.

So, he handed his phone to the taller male, letting him put in his number. As he did, Dream spoke again.

“Aw, you have a cat, too?” George’s little smile disappeared. He forgot he had his phone’s background as his cat- a gray and white tabby with pretty brown-ish golden eyes. “What’s their name?”

“Um... *had*,” George muttered, taking his phone back when Dream handed it back. Dream looked confused for a moment before his eyes went wide.

“Oh- oh my gosh, I’m so sorry- I-”

“You didn’t know, it’s okay,” George smiled. “He... died three years ago.”

“I can’t imagine losing Patches... I can’t even...” Dream ran a hand through his hair. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s really okay, Dream,” George giggled, the fact that the other male was apologizing so much for something he didn’t know. “Don’t worry about it. You put my number in?”

“Yeah,” another smirk. George eyed him carefully, checking his phone. When he turned it on, it was opened to a conversation- a conversation with ‘Dreamy’.

“Dude!” George flushed, quickly pressing to change his name to Dream. Dream laughed as his phone went off, and he checked it.

“Aw, why’d you change it back, Georgie?~” George spluttered for a second.

“*Georgie* ?!” Dream laughed harder. “That can *not* be my name in your phone!”

“Oh, but it is, *Georgie* ~” George groaned loudly, turning away from the male on the couch. He headed towards the door, despite Dream trying to tell him to come back, though he was still laughing. George walked out the door, shutting it behind him.

He could *still* hear Dream laughing.

Chapter Three - New Friend

Chapter Notes

Yoooo it's Dream's birthday let's goooooooo

Also I'm so sorry this update took so long! I've been waiting for my editor to... you know, edit, but she's been super busy and I'm a little impatient- so...

I do have lots of chapters written! (In fact, I'm writing chapter thirty right now-) Hopefully I'll be putting up more chapters faster! (I might actually put up another chapter soon after this-) I hope you all enjoy!

George realized soon after he started walking along the streets, he had no clue what to be looking for still. It wasn't like the demon would be obvious, and he didn't have a description for them. Did they really expect George to be able to find this demon all on his own?

Glancing at the other people walking by, the angel sighed. No one had any weird features, not that he expected to find any. Like he thought before, the demon wouldn't be obvious.

So, instead, he tried to look for someone that stood out against the crowd. Not in the way of how they looked, but instead, how they acted. If they acted strange, or suspicious, or weirdly cautious, he could go up to them and chat for more information.

He really wished he had gotten at least a hint of who to look for.

Then, suddenly, his phone pinged. He debated not answering it, assuming it was probably Dream, but he checked it anyway. It was one of the angels that sent him down to Earth to look for the demon.

A smile on his face, George quickly opened the message, hoping against all odds that there was a hint of what to look for. It was a small paragraph of text, which he simply skimmed over. Near the end, the message stated that they believed the demon was a male.

Well... that was better than nothing, George guessed. So he had to look out for suspicious males? That wouldn't be too hard, right?

Just as George was about to put his phone back into his pocket, he ran into someone- quite literally- and nearly fell to the ground. A slightly taller male stood in front of him, seeming surprised at the sudden interaction. He had caught the angel just before he fell.

He had dirty blonde hair, almost similar to Dream's hair- only his was shorter. And he had a little bit of a beard growing in. His face was a little blocky, but he weirdly pulled it off.

His gray-blue eyes were wide in shock, staring down slightly at the smaller male in front of him. He wore a white bandana around his head, and a black shirt underneath a white shirt with a flame on it. He wore black track pants. So, overall, he wasn't really standing out that much to the crowd.

"Wow, I know I'm attractive, but you didn't need to fall for me~" George pushed the guy off of him with his sweater paws. With a roll of his eyes, he rolled up his sleeves and started walking

away. “Wait! I’m sorry, I know that was a little forward.” The guy grabbed onto George’s shoulder, and he jumped away from the touch, quickly turning around.

“What do you want?” George didn’t mean to sound so rude, but he was annoyed. Two out of the two people he had met so far had flirted with him! What kind of luck *was* that?

“I don’t want anything.” George looked him up and down before frowning.

“I’m sorry for bumping into you. I should have been paying attention.” The male shrugged.

“It’s alright. I’m Nick, by the way. But you can call me-” George hoped and pleaded in his head that he wasn’t about to flirt again. “-Sapnap.”

“Sapnap?” George raised an eyebrow curiously. That was about as ridiculous as *Dream* .

“That’s my name, don’t wear it out,” Sapnap winked. “What’s your name, kid?”

“I’m not a kid,” George glared. “But my name is George.” Sapnap hummed, looking to the floor. He bent down for a second before picking something up, handing it to George.

“Is this your phone?” George nodded, taking it.

“Yeah, thanks. I probably would have forgotten about it,” George laughed.

“Well, hey, before you go,” Sapnap stopped George from walking away again. “You seem pretty cool. Can I have your number? Or I could give you mine.” The angel paused for a second, debating. He didn’t seem suspicious at all, or seemed to act like what he would expect a demon to be like, so...

“Sure. Here, what’s your number?” George asked as he turned his phone on, going to add a number. Sapnap told George his number, and George repeated it back, making sure it was right. Once he was told it was right, George sent Sapnap a quick message.

“Thanks, George!” Sapnap winked, pointing a finger gun out at the angel. George cringed a little. “Well, talk to you later.”

“Yeah.”

George had walked around for at least two hours, his legs sore from walking so much. But he knew he had to find this demon as fast as he could, so he kept walking. Until, suddenly, it started to rain.

The angel narrowed his eyes. How was it raining? The sky was so clear just a few minutes ago...

Regardless, George took cover on some library steps, which had a covering. Sighing for what felt like the millionth time that day, he pulled his phone out. He clicked on Dream’s name, quickly typing out a message.

Georgie: You still haven’t changed my name?

Dream: Of course not!

Georgie: Whatever

Georgie: I need you to pick me up

Georgie: I'm at the public library

Dream: You walked that far??

Dream: Jesus

Georgie: Just come pick me up

Georgie: It's raining

Dream: Ok ok I'll be there in thirty minutes

George groaned. Thirty minutes seemed like *so* much time to just sit and wait for Dream to come get him. All he could do was watch people pass, watch the yellow trees sway, or play games.

He chose playing games on his phone.

But halfway through his game, some person walked past him, giving him a glare for sitting in the way of the door. George flushed red in embarrassment, getting up. He put the hood over his head and started walking, messaging Dream that he was still near the library, but he was walking down the street, towards a coffee shop.

Lifting his eyes up every few moments, he continued to play his game. It was fairly simple, just swiping around the screen to move a little box to fill in a bigger box. It wasn't hard to look around himself with this game, so that's why he chose it.

"Oh, George~" George lifted his head at the sound of Dream's unmistakable voice. He looked around, pausing in the street. No one was really around him. He shrugged, assuming he was just hearing things.

"Georgie~" George groaned, turning around. He had expected to see Dream right there, but... He wasn't. He turned back around, and jumped at least ten feet into the air. Dream was right in his face, only an inch or two away.

Dream burst out laughing, sounding like a kettle once more.

"*Dream !*" George punched the taller male's shoulder, crossing his arms across his chest. "What the hell, man?!"

"I-" Was all Dream could get out before laughing again, almost doubled over. George, despite being more than angry, couldn't help a smile at Dream's laugh.

"You're a jerk, you know that?" Dream nodded, wheezing loudly. People around them, though few in numbers, were still there, looking at them in confusion. "Let's just go. You're a dick."

Dream, still chuckling to himself, led George over to his car. A blue car. George didn't know what kind of car, since he didn't know much about cars at all. The angel, so used to the UK's roads and cars, almost got in on the drivers side, but soon realized that wasn't right.

So, taking in a deep breath, he got into the ‘wrong side of the car’ and buckled up. Dream got in the drivers side, quickly turning on his car before driving on the ‘wrong side of the road’. Despite knowing that it was just how the roads were in America, he couldn’t help but feel anxious the whole ride.

“Something wrong?” Dream asked, not taking his eyes off the road. George glanced over to him, blinking once.

“Uh, no,” George muttered, looking back down to his hands, which sat in his lap. “Just...”

“Oh, right, you’re from England, right?” Dream chuckled. “You guys drive on the other side of the road.”

“Yeah,”

“Sorry, I’m sure it’s really weird, huh?” George only nodded, looking out the window. For a moment, he thought about how he was going to find this demon. He really had no clue where to go, and it wasn’t like he could trust anyone with helping him.

Then he looked back over at Dream, who focused on the road, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited for the light to change.

Could he possibly trust Dream? This was only his second day of knowing him, but he seemed so trustworthy. They basically already acted like they knew each other for so long...

George shook his head, looking away yet again. He couldn’t trust him- even if he was so nicely letting him stay. It was his job, and his job alone, to find this demon. He would find him eventually. He would go back up to the clouds again.

He felt his heart drop in his chest a little at that thought, though he couldn’t imagine why.

Chapter Four - You Play Minecraft?!

Chapter Notes

Haha I don't have another story I'm writing for DreamNotFound, definitely don't look out for more chapter notes for when/if I put it up-

“How was your walk, by the way?” Dream asked as they walked into Dream’s apartment.

“It was good,” George shrugged. “I met someone and got their number, so that was-”

“You got someone’s number?” The taller male raised an eyebrow curiously. George paused for a second, Patches running up to the two. The secret angel couldn’t understand why Dream seemed to care- much less talk the way he did. He talked as if it were illegal to get someone’s number.

“Uh, yeah?” George said slowly. “Is... that a problem?” George watched as Dream put a smile on his face.

“No, not at all!” George eyed him suspiciously, but ultimately decided to let it go. Dream turned around, walking into, what looked like, a spare room. When George peaked inside, there were two computers next to each other. “You can come in, you know.” George squeaked quietly in surprise as Dream spoke. He hesitated for a moment before walking inside.

He sat down in the chair next to Dream’s, watching his computer curiously. Dream used his mouse to click on a game on his screen. George didn’t see what it was, but didn’t bother asking. It was starting to load up, anyway.

“Minecraft?” Dream glanced over to George curiously. George had a big smile on his face. “*You* play *Minecraft* ?”

“Uh... Yeah.” The taller male responded, a little confused.

“I haven’t played that game in over three *years* !” George laughed, putting his arms on the table.

“*Seriously* ?” Dream smiled. “Three years?!”

“Yeah!”

“Dude, you have to play,” Dream begged, though he really didn’t have to. George wanted to play again. He really, *really* wanted to. “There’s so much new stuff!”

“You’re going to have to teach me,” George shrugged, taking out his phone. Of course, he used to play on his own computer, but he didn’t have one. But he did have it on his phone.

“Oh, you are *not* about to play on your phone,” George looked up at the taller male in confusion, opening his mouth to speak when Dream interrupted him. “Play on my other computer. I don’t think they would have deleted your account, so try and log in to your old one- if you remember it, of course.” And George did.

So, he quickly turned the other computer on, opening up the launcher for minecraft. He logged out

of Dream's account (which was named Dream) and logged into his own first try. Dream, while waiting for George to start up his game, made a new world.

"What's your username?" Dream asked, looking over at George.

"GeorgeNotFound," He muttered, and Dream chuckled.

"How'd you come up with that?" The taller one asked as Dream quickly typed in a name for the world before starting up the world. While it loaded, he watched George struggle slightly in getting the game ready.

Dream told him what to do after a few seconds, much to George's dismay, and he looked at the world's name.

"*DreamNotFound*?" George questioned before clicking on it.

"It's our usernames put together," Dream shrugged. "I thought it sounded cool."

"It- it does." The secret angel used his mouse to look around in the game, having spawned on a tree. Dream was right next to him.

Dream's skin was yellow, but George assumed it was either green or red. There was a little blob guy on the skin, being white with a black outline. It was pretty simple.

George remembered his skin nearly perfectly. The 'clothes' on his skin were the same as Steve's, both being blue. Only thing different there was the shirt had a logo on it from a company he couldn't quite remember. The skin matched his skin tone pretty well, and his eyes were covered by some white glasses that were blacked out.

"First things first, George, can you chop down some wood while I kill some sheep?"

"Yeah, I can do that," George quickly lined up on the tree and started digging down the tree while Dream jumped off, going to find some sheep.

The biome they spawned in was just your average forest, nothing special. But, just a little ways away, he saw Dream running towards a Savanna biome, which he blended into it so easily.

"What's new to the game?" He asked, moving on to the next tree. Dream thought for a few moments as George heard the sounds of sheep getting killed.

"Um, a lot," He laughed. "What was the last update you remember?"

"I believe 1.10 was my last update," George answered, trying to remember what was new. "Uh... I think there were new mobs? Like, a new skeleton and zombie?"

"Oh! Oh. Geez. Yeah, you've missed a *lot*," Dream hummed. "You know what? I'll let you learn mostly on your own."

"Dream!" George whined, making Dream laugh.

"Calm down, I'll help you when you need it," Dream moved his character to look at where the forest was. "How many logs do you have?"

"Um..." George broke the last block on the tree he was mining before responding. "Twenty seven logs."

“Okay, that’s good enough for now,” Dream spotted a pig, and ran after it. “Come follow me, we’re going to go find a village.”

“Oh, uh, okay,” George walked towards the Savanna, his heart starting to race. “Um. Where are you?”

“I’m right here,” George saw Dream’s character jump up and down, and he let out a little sigh of relief, running over to him. “Make a crafting table, please?” Without a response, George quickly went to his inventory.

“Whoa, when was this added?” Dream looked over to George’s screen, seeing the crafting recipes on the left side of the screen.

“Oh. Not super recently. It’s to help you remember crafting recipes,” Dream explained as George made a crafting table with ease, placing it down. “Thanks. I’m going to get some coal- maybe iron. Can you try and spot a village?”

“Yeah, sure,” George ran away from George, noticing his hunger going down. He didn’t say anything and kept running while he looked around, trying to find a village for him and Dream.

Silently, he hoped for a blacksmith village, since those were the only places that had loot for them. But, when he spotted a village in the distance, he froze.

All the houses looked... different. And there was some weird, dark tower near the village- but it was much closer to him than the village. So, that’s where he went first.

And he deeply regretted that decision as some gray looking villagers started shooting at him.

“Dream? *Dream* ! Help!” Dream quickly looked over at George’s screen, and he almost burst out laughing. “ ***Dream*** ! What do I do?!”

“Run away! They’re going to kill you, dude!”

“What the *hell* are they, Dream?!” George screamed as he ran away from the gray villagers, getting shot in the back. “ ***Dream*** ! I’m going to *die* !” if he were shot one more time, he would.

So, Dream got out of his cave, made a stone sword as George dodged more arrows... then suddenly stopped sprinting.

“ *No* !” Dream sprinted over, running past George to kill the gray villagers that wouldn’t seem to leave him alone. “Dream, you better not die!” George ran a little further until he knew they weren’t following him anymore, his heart still racing. Dream expertly killed the three gray villagers that chased after George, only getting shot once.

“Those were called Pillagers, and I suggest you stay away from the towers until you have some armor.”

“How was I supposed to know to stay away?!” George huffed as Dream dropped some food for him. It was raw, but it’d have to do.

“You could have, I don’t know- asked me what it was??” George rolled his eyes, running towards the village. “Where are you- oh! A village!” Dream followed after him.

“So, the villages look... new,” George said as they walked into the village, seeing a cat run behind a house. “Was that an update?”

“Yup, with the pillagers,” Dream nodded. “Now, go into the houses. Take all the stuff- including the beds.” Without questioning, George walked inside one of the houses, seeing a chest in the corner. He opened it to find some saplings and bread. There was also a yellow bed, so he took that, too.

They continued to raid the village until it was starting to get dark. Dream told George to place his bed down, so he did, and they both slept.

“I didn’t know there were different colors of beds now,” George said once they woke up, seeing that Dream’s bed looked like a dark blue. “That blue bed is cool.” Dream was quiet for a few moments, turning to George in real life. George looked back at him curiously.

“...It’s not blue? It’s... purple.” George’s face became warm as he looked back at the screen.

“Sorry, I, uh- I’m green and red color blind.” George muttered, running out of the house they slept in to break some crops.

“Wait, *what* ?” Dream chased after George. “You- how come you never told me?”

“I mean, it’s not like it randomly comes up in conversation...” Dream ran in front of George’s character.

“What color is my character?”

“Um... yellow, to me. I assume your character is actually-”

“ *Yellow* ?!” Out of the corner of his eye, he could see that Dream’s face looked disgusted. “Oh my god- you’ve been seeing my character as a disgusting yellow this whole time?!”

“Um... yeah? It’s green though, right? Like your eyes?”

“How can you guess?”

“I mean, humans can’t have red eyes, and... You seem to like the color green?” Dream was quiet again for a few moments. “...yeah, I know it’s weird-”

“ *Weird* ?!” George quickly went quiet. “Dude! That’s actually kind of cool!”

“Oh... Um...” George scratched the back of his neck. “Thanks?”

After a while, the two had built a house together and had a pretty stable food source. George almost had a heart attack when he jumped into the water and was attacked, but learned that there was an ocean update.

But, other than that, it was really calming to play Minecraft with Dream. George hadn’t played in so long, and he didn’t realize just how much he missed the game. He also didn’t seem to notice how tired he was until he yawned while they both were hunting for diamonds.

“Tired?” Dream laughed, mining some iron.

“No,” George muttered, his voice clearly showing signs of being exhausted. “I’m good. But my-”

“We should go to bed, dude,” Dream paused his game, despite knowing it wouldn’t do anything, and looked over to George, who seemed to barely be able to keep his eyes open. “It’s almost one in the morning, and I’ve got work in the morning.”

“Oh!” George mentally face palmed. Of course Dream had a job! Why wouldn’t he? He needed to pay for his apartment, after all. “I’m sorry for keeping you up so late, Dream!”

“It’s no problem, I typically stay up this late anyway,” Dream shrugged, turning off Minecraft after George logged out. “You can have my bed again tonight, and-”

“I’m not letting you sleep on the couch on your work day!” George huffed. “ *You* are taking the bed tonight.”

“...Then you get it tomorrow night,” George opened his mouth to argue, but quickly closed it.

“ *Fine* ,” George sat up.

“By the way, if you want something to eat, you can grab something out of the fridge before you go to bed,” Dream told him as he, too, got up. “Grab anything you want.”

“Okay. Thank you,” Dream shrugged.

“Good night, George,” Dream started walking to his room, when suddenly George had an idea.

“Sweet *dream* s,” Dream paused in front of his door, his cat right by his feet. The shorter male froze up, wondering if he had said something wrong. Then Dream started laughing.

“You’re an idiot,” He laughed, walking into his room before shutting the door behind him and Patches. George chuckled to himself, walking into the kitchen for a snack.

He quickly found one, ate it, and laid down on the couch, sighing softly. His eyes shut quickly, though he really didn’t think he was that tired.

But, in an instant, he passed out there, all curled up in a ball.

Chapter Five - A Week

It had been a little over a week since George was sent to find the demon on Earth, and he still had yet to find the guy. He went on a walk every day, almost two hours every time. He had seen so many guys, even some new friends, but no one seemed to be suspicious or... or anything! Everyone seemed normal. He was beginning to think that this mission was a prank, just a way to kick him out of heaven forever.

...

But it wasn't all bad.

Everyday, Dream made them food- mostly breakfast. They played minecraft together, attempting to beat the game side by side. George had discovered that their world was on Hardcore without his knowing, so if one of them died... that was it for them.

He and Dream were so close now, watching movies together, talking about everything and anything together. George had told him more about Sapnap, and they all met up a few days ago. They all got along, and decided to invite more people to hang out.

George had also met a boy named Darryl, and another named Zak. Weirdly enough, the whole group played minecraft- so they all made a world together called 'The Dream Team'.

But they weren't playing minecraft. In fact, it was the middle of the night. George and Dream were awake, talking to each other quietly on the couch. They weren't really talking about anything in particular, up until Dream asked him something.

"What do you want for dinner tomorrow, Georgie?" That was the first time Dream had actually asked George what he specifically wanted. It wasn't "*hey, do you want this tonight?*". It was his decision.

And George froze, not quite sure what to say. What *did* he want for dinner?

"I'm not sure," George said, just above a whisper. "Anything is good, really."

"But I want to know what you *want* ." Dream said, leaving no room for George to try and get out of it. George sighed, thinking again.

"Fine. Um..." George hummed, looking away from Dream. His face became a light pink, though he wasn't sure why. "...Pasta?"

"What kind of pasta, Georgie?" George shrugged, but Dream narrowed his eyes, leaning closer to George. "George." Lately, all Dream seemed to call George was 'Georgie', which the angel had given up completely on getting him to stop. His face went pink almost every time, even though he should have been used to it by now. But... Dream calling him George?

It was weird to hear. Why was Dream being so... serious about this dinner?

"S....Spaghetti?" Dream smiled, leaning away again.

"Perfect!" George smiled weakly, his face still pink. "Any kind of alcoholic drink you like?" George's eyes widened.

“Are you trying to get me drunk?” Dream smirked, leaning in yet again. George gulped.

“Maybe I am, maybe I’m not~” Dream stared at George for a few seconds before chuckling, leaning away yet again. “Your face is so red. Anyway, really. Do you?” George huffed at the red face, but chose to ignore it otherwise.

“I’ve... never really drank that much before. So...” George shrugged. “Anything is good. I don’t know what I like.” Dream hummed.

“Then wine. It’s *classy*,” Dream smiled, standing. “Well, thanks! We’ll have that for dinner tomorrow. Any other requests before I go to bed?” It was Dream’s turn to sleep on his bed.

“...Can you make garlic bread?” Dream nodded, winking at George.

“It’s a date,” Just as George thought his face had calmed down, he was sure it was the brightest shade of red, radiating heat off his face. Dream had already walked to his room before he could see, which George was thankful for.

He lifted his pillow and shoved it into his face, laying back down against the couch. His heart jumped around his chest, almost as if it were dancing. It felt familiar.

George pushed his heart back into its place, pulling the pillow away from his face and bringing it to his chest. He hugged it tightly, his face cooling off slowly.

A date?

A small smile came to George’s face as he closed his eyes, still hugging the pillow close to himself. *A date*. A friend date... it was going to be fun. And good. Dream, after all, was an *amazing* cook.

With his last thought being of Dream, he fell asleep. His pillow was hugged tightly to his chest still, and Patches had laid down next to his legs, bringing him extra warmth.

George shot up from the couch with a gasp, tears streaming down his cheeks already. He pressed his hands against his face, hiding the tears from no one. Well, other than himself. His body shook with each little breath. He couldn’t even remember what he was dreaming about- but it clearly wasn’t good. He *was* crying, after all.

“George?” Came Dream’s voice, all soft and quiet. Still, it scared George, making him jump and pull his hands away from his face. Dream stood at the end of the couch, a concerned look on his face. It was weird to see, since there was almost always a smirk or a smile on his face. “Hey, George, what’s wrong?”

George shook his head, pulling his legs up to his chest. Dream sat down on the other end of the couch, a soft look in his green eyes. George felt more tears rise up. For the first time since he died, he wished he could see the colors he couldn’t. He wished he could see the true green color of Dream’s eyes.

The secret angel let out a sob, placing a hand over his mouth. Dream stared at him, clearly not knowing what to do. Dream was a touchy person, George had learned- but George? George didn’t

enjoy it all that much. Only sometimes, by specific people. More tears fell.

Dream slowly held his arms out, a silent ask of “*do you want a hug ?*” George put his legs down, practically launching himself towards Dream.

The secret angel shoved his face into Dream’s chest, letting out muffled little sobs. Dream sat there for a moment, his arms still out in shock. After a few seconds though, he wrapped his arms gently around George, as if he hugged any tighter, he could break him.

George had never cried in front of someone in years, even before he died. He always hid it away, or would bite back the tears. But he couldn’t stop his body from shaking as Dream gently rubbed his hand up and down his back.

After a few minutes of crying, Dream started to talk quietly, just barely audible over George’s soft sobs.

“Shh, you’re okay, George,” George took in a shaky breath, gripping the back of Dream’s hoodie tightly. “You’re okay. Can you look at me, George?” When George only shook his head, he heard Dream sigh.

“George, it’s okay, just... please? Look at me?” George sat there for a few moments, feeling his tears start to slow as he started to run out of them. Taking in another shaky breath, he pulled his face away from Dream’s chest, hesitantly looking up at the taller male. Their faces were only a couple inches apart. And despite the situation, George felt his heart skip a beat.

It didn’t help that Dream decided it was a good idea to place one of his hands against the angel’s cheek, gently wiping the tears.

“I-I’m- I’m s-sorry,” George whimpered, leaning into the hand on his cheek. “You shouldn’t- you shouldn’t h-have to see-”

“Hey, George, look at me,” George had barely realized he looked away. “Thank you... It’s okay, I promise you.”

“B-But-”

“No buts, okay?” George smiled softly. “You don’t have to tell me a word. All I want you to know is that I’m here. I know we’ve only known each other for a week, but I care about you. Okay?” George sniffled, closing his eyes. Dream’s hand was warm against his cheek.

“O-Okay.” He muttered, his tears stopped by now.

“Hey, George?” George hummed, not bothering to open his eyes. “Did it hurt?”

“Hm?” George opened his eyes, staring into what he knew to be green eyes.

“When you fell from heaven,” In the moment, George didn’t even remember he literally *did* fall from heaven. All he did was blush, a smile pushing its way to his face.

“Dream,” George chuckled quietly, his voice still shaking slightly.

“There’s that smile,” Dream pulled his hand away from George’s cheek, and George almost reached out for his hand to put it back. But he held it together.

“You’re so weird,” George laughed, pulling his arms away to rub his eyes. “I hate you.” He knew

that Dream knew he didn't mean it. He said he hated Dream all the time, but he really didn't.

"I love you too," Dream winked, and George's face flushed a bright pink. "Come on, let's go play some Minecraft. It's almost morning, anyway."

Chapter Six - Dinner with a Friend

“George!” Dream yelled, running away from the Minecraft character that chased him. Dream was nearly dead on their Hardcore server because of George, who was laughing almost as maniacally as he did. “Dude! *George* ! I’m on three hearts! Stop!”

“Oh, *Dream* !~” He punched Dream again, making him panic. Two hearts. Another punch- one heart.

“*George* !” Dream was starting to panic, George could tell. So, he stopped, giggling as he ran back to their house, eating some food along the way. “You’re such an idiot, George!”

“Whatever,” George made his character lay down on his bed. “Come on, let’s sleep before the monsters kill you.”

“If I die, I swear-”

“You’re not gonna die, Dream! Hurry up!” Dream rolled his eyes, sprint jumping towards the house. As soon as he was inside, he quickly ate a couple steak before going to bed next to George. “See? I *told* you.”

“Whatever, George,” Dream smiled. “*I’m* going mining in the Nether, wish me luck!”

“I wish you the worst of luck, Dream.”

“Screw you, George.”

“Oh, *George* !~” George screamed, digging himself a hole to hide from Dream. He quickly shifted. Compared to earlier, which was about an hour ago, Dream had decided to attack George as revenge. “I’m not going to hurt you, I love you, *remember* ?” George flushed red, but continued to shift as he dug down, placing blocks above him.

“Go *away* , Dream!”

“I’ll only stop chasing you if you say you love me back~” George froze, but somehow kept his finger on the shift key.

“...No.” George muttered, keeping his player still.

“Come on, Georgie~”

“I hate you-”

“Pleaaase? I’ll never hit you again, George~” George froze again, this time letting go of the shift key. Dream looked over to George, seeing a distanced expression on his face. George heard him clear his throat. “George?”

“Huh?” George looked over after shaking his head. Dream looked... guilty.

“Say your sorry for attacking me, and I’ll let you go,” George blinked a couple times. “I swear, I

will. I promise.”

“...I’m sorry for almost killing you, Dream,” George muttered, looking back to his screen. He noticed Dream’s little smile.

“Well, I should get started on breakfast! I’m making pancakes today,” George’s eyes lit up at that, making Dream laugh. They quickly got off the server, and they both left the computer room to go to the kitchen. “Do you like anything in your pancakes?”

“Hm,” George hummed. “Do you have chocolate chips?” Dream nodded, quickly getting them down.

“I’ll make you some chocolate chip pancakes, then. Go ahead and sit down, turn something on, if you’d like.”

“Okay,” George walked over and sat down on the couch, turning on the TV and flicking through the channels. “There’s nothing good on here.” George grumbled.

“Go on Netflix or Hulu,” Dream called out. George clicked on Hulu, and started to go through. After a few minutes, he found a movie that seemed pretty interesting. He turned it on just as Dream finished both of their pancakes, bringing their plates over.

“What did you pick, Georgie?” George shrugged.

“Some movie that looked cool,” Dream raised an eyebrow. “I don’t remember the name of it.” Dream hummed, turning to look at the TV.

George horribly regretted picking this movie.

Not only was it a *horror* movie, which George *hated* , but it was a jump scare movie! Even *worse* . He kept glancing over to Dream, both of them already having finished their food. Dream looked completely calm, like he had seen the movie a thousand times.

George jumped at the sound of a scream from the TV, making Dream laugh. George rolled his eyes, crossing his arms on his chest.

“Aw, is my little Georgie *scared* ?~”

“How could you *not* ?!” George didn’t notice Dream scooting closer to the angel until they were practically pressing their sides together.

“Well,” Dream casually wrapped an arm around the smaller male, making him flush red yet again. “When you’ve been through hell and back, nothing really scares you anymore.” *Hell and back* ? George thought. *Weird choice of words...*

George screamed at one of the jump scares, practically jumping into Dream’s lap. *Well, not that weird. Everyone says that... right?*

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you~” Dream smirked, and George punched him in the shoulder. He laughed, letting George curl into him, facing back towards the movie. “If you want, you can turn it off.”

“No.” George muttered. He was going to get through the movie. He was going to make it.

...

He didn't.

Well, technically he did. But the next jump scare scared him too much, and he hid his face into Dream's chest. Weirdly enough, after that, he didn't regret choosing this movie anymore.

Dream gently rubbed George's back, calming him down- though his heart continued to race. He wasn't paying any attention to the movie anymore, just the sound of Dream's heartbeat, which was steady.

His heart was dancing again, and he hated it. He tried to force his heart back down, but it refused, jumping into his throat as Dream ran a hand through George's hair. George was sure his face was burning red, most certainly hot enough to melt metal.

He felt like he was dying all over again, but this feeling was... nice. George couldn't help but curl closer to the taller male for warmth- because even though his face was hot, and he was wearing one of Dream's hoodies, he was *freezing* . And Dream was so *warm* .

“George?” Dream spoke softly, and George lifted his head up to look at him. Dream smiled, and George was sure it was because his face was still red. “The movie is over. Do you want to go on one of your walks?”

George looked over at the TV again, seeing that the credits were rolling on the screen. He let out a sigh of relief, turning back to Dream, seeing a smirk on the male's face. George tilted his head to the side.

“What?” Dream shook his head, pointing off to the kitchen. Curious, George turned and looked, and went to look back at Dream when hands suddenly pressed themselves into his sides.

George screamed bloody murder, jumping off of Dream and falling onto the ground. Dream howled with laughter.

“***Dream*** !” George yelled, but Dream only laughed harder. Rolling his eyes, George got up and walked towards the door. Just before he opened it, Dream noticed.

“Wa- *Wait* ! Georgie-” Dream, still laughing, ran after George. “I'm coming with you!” He finally calmed down, though he was still chuckling a bit.

“...Why do you want to walk with me?” George raised an eyebrow curiously.

“We can go walk around the park! I'll drive us there,” The angel sighed. “*Pleaaaaaseeee* ?”

“Fine, but if you scare me or anything, I will *not* hesitate to push you into a river,” Dream shrugged happily, walking alongside the shorter male as they left Dream's apartment.

An hour later, the two were sitting down in the park on a bench, both laughing at a stupid joke Dream made. George knew that he should be looking around for wherever the demon could be, but he was happy right here, sitting next to Dream. Everyone could wait for him to find the demon,

right? After all, if they sent *him* , it must not be *that* important.

“-Orge? Georgie!” George snapped out of his thoughts, looking over to Dream.

“Sorry, what? I was spacing out,” Dream chuckled.

“It’s okay,” He said, looking around. “Say, how about we go home, so I can start making dinner for the both of us?” George’s heart did a flip.

“Oh, so you can get me drunk?” Dream rolled his eyes, grabbing George’s wrist and pulling him towards their car. *Their car?* George thought. *It’s- it’s his car. What am I saying?*

“It’ll be your own fault if you get drunk,” Dream finally said as they got into Dream’s car. “So don’t go blaming me.”

“Oh, I will.”

And there they sat, on the floor of Dream’s apartment with a blanket laid out. They faced each other, plates of homemade spaghetti in both of their laps and a drink of wine in front of them. Dream had taken a couple sips, while George hadn’t touched his. But he had eaten a lot of his spaghetti.

“Are you going to try the wine?” Dream asked, glancing at George’s cup. George flushed.

“I’m not sure if I’ll like it,”

“You don’t have to,” Dream waved his hand in the air dismissively. “If you don’t like it, I’ll have it.” George raised an eyebrow, but put his fork down and lifted his drink. He put the cup to his lips, feeling Dream’s eyes on him.

He took a sip, and set the cup down.

“So...?” Dream smiled, though it almost seemed like a smirk. “How does it taste?”

“...good.” George hummed. “Really good, actually.” Dream laughed as George took a bigger sip.

“I’m glad you like it, Georgie,” Dream took a bite of his spaghetti. George hummed again, and they continued eating, drinking, and chatting.

...And as it turned out, George couldn’t control himself quite like Dream could around the wine. While they both drank a full cup, George was definitely more out of it. Not completely, but his mind was buzzing.

“Dream, this was *amazing* ,” George giggled, following Dream to the kitchen. His legs wobbled slightly under him. “Have I ever told you how good of a cook you are?”

“You have,” George could sense Dream’s smile, even if he wasn’t facing him. “But thank you.”

“You’re so nice to me,” George smiled. “I was just some weirdo out in the street, and you came to

my- to my rescue!”

“Georgie, you should go to bed,”

“Aw, but Dreaaaaam~”

“You look like you're about to pass out,” Dream chuckled. “Here, come here.” George did as he was told, and Dream lifted him into the air, carrying him easily bridal style. Even in George’s drunken mind, his face flushed red, and he couldn’t say a word. Well, more like he *forced* himself not to say a word.

And, on the way to Dream’s room, where George was sleeping that night, he seemed to just blackout.

Chapter Seven - Not Because I'm Gay

George's eyes slowly fluttered open as he woke up, groaning quietly. His head was spinning slightly. He closed his eyes again, trying to fall back asleep when he realized the warmth pressing into his back. For a moment, his mind went to Dream's cat- but... Patches wasn't big enough to lay against his whole back and some.

His eyes shot open again, the sleepiness he felt just a few moments ago now gone. He glanced down to his side, seeing an arm wrapped around the angel's waist that held him softly.

Face growing warm, George turned his head to see Dream, fast asleep behind him. And just like that, George blushed harder, his body tensing as his mind drifted to what happened last night.

All that happened was George drank a little too much, and passed out in Dream's arms. At least... he thought he did. What happened during that time? Should he move out of Dream's hold? But he was so warm...

George gulped quietly, hesitantly trying to move out of Dream's grip. He carefully lifted the taller male's arm off of him, holding his breath as he tried to sit up. But, before he could, Dream wrapped his arm around George again, pulling him close to his chest.

The angel was sure his face was bright red, but he didn't think about it for long. He let out a shaky sigh, closing his eyes. He wouldn't be able to go to bed- he couldn't ignore or forget about the man that held him as close as he could in his sleeping state.

For the second time that morning, George's body tensed slightly. He could feel Dream breathing onto his neck softly. His heart was dancing happily once more.

George had it figured out that he was gay since about a year before he died. He never told a soul, pushing it deep down into himself so no one would ever find it, even trying to pretend it wasn't there to himself. But... surely that wasn't the reason his face was red when they were cuddling. It couldn't be.

... *Right ?*

George groaned. *I'm not gay.* He thought to himself, though he knew otherwise deep down. Well... if he couldn't get away from Dream, he could just stay there for a while until the other man woke up, right? That wasn't gay at all...

...

The angel scooted back slightly, face burning. Dream was so warm compared to him, and so... comforting. The... cuddling... was calming, though it did make George's heart hurt. But he tried not to think about it, relaxing in Dream's touch. Dream's breathing was slow and quiet, but most definitely there. It made George's skin crawl, a smile creeping onto his face.

Then he had an idea.

Before he could really try and stop himself, he flipped over onto his other side so he could see Dream's face- it only being an inch or two away. Dream's face looked calm, his lips parted slightly. His eyes, of course, were closed.

George, though he felt like a creep for doing it, watched him quietly for at least ten minutes. It

seemed like only a few seconds to George, but it was-

Dream's eyes opened slowly, looking down to stare at George. George's face became a brighter red somehow, and Dream smirked.

"What're you doing, Georgie?" He asked quietly, his voice low and husky from just waking up. George stared at him for a second.

"U-Um-" George pushed Dream away from him, quickly getting up. Dream laughed, but got up as well. "What- what happened last night?" George refused to look at Dream, so he stared at the floor.

"Nothing really, don't worry," George let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. "I was carrying you to your room, and you asked me to stay with you- so I did."

"I'm sorry for, uh, making you stay," George scratched the back of his neck as they both walked out into the living room, Patches weaving between both of their legs as they did.

"You didn't *make* me," As they did every morning, George sat down on the couch with Patches, while Dream walked into the kitchen to make them breakfast. "Oh, also, Bad, Sapnap, and Skeppy asked if we could all play Minecraft together later today." Bad- which was short for BadBoyHalo- was Darryl, one of the guys George had met a little while ago. He had also met Skeppy at the same time, who's real name was Zak. Everyone mostly called each other their Minecraft usernames, other than George. It was a little strange, but everyone seemed to prefer it.

"Okay, that sounds fun," George smiled, petting the purring cat as she laid in his lap. Though his mind buzzed quietly, he was pretty happy. "What are you making?"

"Just some eggs, bacon, and toast, if that's okay?" George hummed, nodding. After a few seconds had passed, he remembered that Dream couldn't see him.

"That sounds good,"

While Dream got everything ready for Minecraft and calling, George left without a word to go change in the taller males room. A sigh escaped him as he pulled off one of Dream's oversized sweatshirts.

He wasn't wearing a shirt underneath the sweatshirt, though Dream didn't seem to notice at all. He probably just thought the shirt George picked was just huge on him. Well, that's what the angel hoped.

Stretching his arms above his head, he glanced out the window, out to the yellow trees in front of it. A smile came across his face as he put his arms back to his sides, humming softly.

"George?" George flinched at the gentle touch on one of his shoulders, quickly turning around to face Dream, who stood there with an almost sad look in his eyes. George held the new hoodie he picked out in front of his chest, hiding himself from the other male.

"*Dream* !" George took a step back from Dream. "You don't just-"

"How did you get those scars?" The angel went quiet for a few moments, looking to the ground.

“Which ones?” He muttered, just loud enough for Dream to hear.

“I would *like* to know about both of them,” Dream stepped forward, though George didn’t notice it. “But... how did you get two perfectly symmetrical scars on your back?” The angel knew exactly what Dream was talking about. It was where his wings were when he wasn’t pretending to be a human- every Angel had them. They were clean scars, perfectly straight and aligned perfectly, too.

But he couldn’t tell that to Dream. So what could he tell him?

He couldn’t say he got *stabbed* . But nothing else came to his mind.

“...You know what? You don’t have to tell me,” George looked up at Dream once more, seeing a soft smile on his face. “Get the hoodie on- I’ll get on the call. We’ll wait for you, Georgie.” And just like that, Dream walked out, shutting the door behind him with a soft click.

George quickly slipped on the hoodie he grabbed- which he assumed was green, with a little smiley on it- and headed out of the room, Patches following close behind him. He sat down next to Dream, finding that Minecraft was already booted up on his computer. All he needed to do was wait for Dream to go on the server.

A smile came across his face at how nice Dream was, and George slipped on his headphones.

“-eppy !” He heard Bad yell. “Language!” Skeppy laughed, but that only seemed to make Bad even more angry. George glanced over to Dream’s screen, watching him as he clicked on their world that they all shared.

“Fuck!” Sapnap surely said with a smirk.

“Sapnap!” Bad groaned. “You guys are such muffins.” ‘Muffin’ was basically Bad’s... ‘ *curse word* ’. It was a little strange, but no one paid it any mind, only laughing.

“Okay guys, you can get on,”

“Finally,” Sapnap groaned. George clicked on the server, being the first to join. “Took you long enough.” Sapnap joined next, then Bad and Skeppy.

“Whatever, Sapmap-”

“ *Sapmap* ??” George laughed, glancing over to Dream for a few moments. Dream looked back at him, looking slightly confused.

“Did- Did I say that?” George nodded, still laughing at how stupid it sounded.

“You better not call me that again-” The angel barely heard Sapnap talk, smiling at the fact that now Dream was doing his wheeze laugh. And, for the first time, George noticed something.

Dream... had *weirdly* sharp teeth. It threw George for a loop for a moment before he focused back on the game, his face a light pink. He decided to ask Dream about it later, if he had the chance.

After all, it would be *really* weird to ask on a call with three other people about someone’s *teeth* .

Chapter Eight - Jealousy

“Dream! I’m going for another walk,” George called out as he slipped on a new hoodie, walking out of Dream’s bedroom. Dream was sitting on the couch with Patches by his side, playing on his phone. He suddenly sat up, scaring Patches.

“I’ll go with you,” Dream turned his phone off and walked towards the door. George blinked a couple times before shrugging it off, walking out the door when Dream held it open for him. However, just as he was starting to walk through, Dream spoke up with a smirk. “Ladies first.”

“Oh, shut up!” George punched Dream’s shoulder as the taller male laughed, rubbing where George had punched him. “You’re so stupid.”

“Oh, you know you love me~” Dream, once they were down the stairs, pressed his body into George’s side. The angel’s face flushed a bright red, shoving the other male away from him.

“I- I do not!” When Dream only laughed, George huffed and crossed his arms across his chest. His heart pounded as Dream seemed to let George lead the way. He was hyper aware of just how close Dream had moved, their hands rarely grazing each other.

George *swore* Dream was doing this on purpose, a smirk on the others face as he looked ahead.

After about thirty minutes into the walk, the two started to chat about random things they’ve seen, done, or heard about. Nothing too serious, all jokes and laughs as they walked the streets.

“How come you walk nearly every day around the city?” Dream asked, looking over at George, who paused to look at some pretty wild flowers. To George, they were shades of yellow and blue.

“...I just like walking, I guess,” George lied with a shrug. Dream hummed, looking at the flowers.

“What colors do you see with these flowers?” Dream said just above a whisper. George had heard, and figured that Dream said it quietly so George could not answer and pretend to not hear it.

“Yellow and blue,” George answered. “What are they actually? I’m assuming not that...” He laughed.

“They’re purple and green,” Dream paused for a moment, and George looked up at him. “A dark purple and a minty, light green.”

“I’m sure they’re really pretty,” Dream smirked.

“Not as pretty as you~” George groaned, almost smacking Dream again, but instead decided to walk away, leaving Dream to run after him, chuckling to himself proudly. “Aw, Georgie, your face is so red~”

“Shut up, Dream,” George grumbled, his face heating up more. Something about the way Dream laughed afterwards made his heart soar. They didn’t talk much after that, walking in a comfortable silence.

...

Well, that was until some guy that George didn't recognize walked up to them, staring at George. He was only a couple inches taller than the angel, though George couldn't help but feel intimidated. He had some weird vibe coming off of him that gave George the impression he was a little dangerous... or at least *important*.

He had deep blue eyes that seemed to look through the shorter male and into his soul. He wore square, black glasses that rested perfectly on the bridge of his nose. Dirty blonde hair shined in the sun, seeming slightly swept back by the wind. George couldn't quite tell if it was intentional.

The male was weirdly well dressed, wearing a dark, gross yellow suit that George assumed to be red. It had accents of white and a little bit of a golden color, and plain black pants. He looked at the angel up and down, wearing a smirk similar to Dream's.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" He asked, his voice smooth with a hint of something dangerous. George opened his mouth to reply, but then closed it, confused. He noticed that Dream had an eyebrow raised at the guy, his arms crossed. "Or should I walk past again?~"

George's face became pink, his eyes widening a little. He opened his mouth again to respond, but nothing seemed to come out. The stranger was still smirking at him, though it seemed much wider now.

Before the angel knew it, there was an arm being wrapped around his shoulder, pulling him close to Dream. He looked up at the taller male, who glared down at the stranger with what looked to be genuine anger. It didn't seem like he was super angry, but *definitely* angry. His face could only grow more red as Dream spoke up for him as he seemingly tried to protect him.

"Fuck off. This one's mine," Dream growled lowly, staring this guy off before he grumbled and walked away. George was *sure* Dream could feel the heat radiating from his cheeks and ears, being so close to him.

Had Dream *really* said that? Was he imagining things?

Dream huffing brought George out of his thoughts. He looked up at the male holding him close, and Dream looked back. His glare turned into a soft look, though anger still raged like a fire behind his eyes.

Has Dream always looked this hot?

"Are you okay?" Dream asked in the quietest voice. It made George's heart melt. Then he smirked.

"Yeah," He replied. "Are you jealous that someone other than you flirted with me?~" The angel was surprised with himself at how steady he kept his voice. George's smirk only grew as he watched Dream's cheeks tint yellow, though he knew it was actually red. Dream scoffed, pulling his arm away from George.

"No," He grumbled, and George chuckled.

"Oh, you so were!~" His chuckling turned into laughter, watching as Dream blushed harder- though it wasn't nearly as bad as George would get. And suddenly, he remembered what Dream had told the guy to get him away.

"Whatever," Dream rolled his eyes, though a small smile spread across his face. "You think whatever you want to think, Georgie."

“I will,” George and Dream started walking again- and this time, they weren’t interrupted by some stranger.

They had grabbed some ice cream cones on the way back to their place, laughing about something stupid Skeppy had sent to the group chat randomly. It was a pleasant walk, and though George wasn’t quite able to do what he wanted- needed-...? He was having fun hanging out with Dream.

It was the best, most enjoyable moments of his life. Or... after life? Either way, George liked the way he was living now. He didn’t want to change it for the world, though he knew he had a job to do. But he... was scared for what would come next. What would come after finding the demon.

...He tried not to think about it too much.

Chapter Nine - A Phone Call

George groaned from his place on the couch, hearing his phone ringing in his ear loudly. He smacked his hand against his phone, seeing that someone was calling him at three in the morning. He almost smacked the phone back down and fell asleep, but then he realized who was calling.

He shot up on the couch, now wide awake as he frantically tried to answer the call. Once he did, he pressed it against his ear.

“Hello?” George spoke softly, as to not wake Dream up from his room.

“George, how is your job of finding the demon going?” Said a calm, masculine voice on the other side of the call. George gulped, his heart racing anxiously. “Found any leads?”

“Um, no, not yet-” The angel sighed, trying to relax. “Have you- have you guys figured out anything else for me to look for?”

“No, nothing more on the demon,” He couldn’t help but let out a little sigh of relief. “But do keep your eye out?”

“I will,” George nodded, though the male on the other end couldn’t see it. He jumped in surprise as he heard a door creak open. “I have to go-”

“George-”

“Bye!” George quickly hung up the phone just as Dream walked into the living room, looking at the shorter male with tired eyes.

“George?” His voice was husky. “What are you doing up?”

“I, uh- I was just calling, uh-” George smiled. “Calling Sapnap! He just- he wanted to check and-”

“Okay,” Dream yawned, stretching his arms above his head. “I just wanted to make sure you weren’t, I don’t know, dying, or whatever.”

“Aw, you’d care if I died?” Dream rolled his eyes, though a smile appeared on his face.

“Go to bed, Georgie. Good night, I love you,” George flushed.

“Night, Dream.”

“Do you want anything before I go to work?” Dream called out to George, who sat in the computer room. Dream, once they both woke up later in the morning, started telling George about something he was trying in Minecraft- speedrunning. George had said he wanted to try it out, so Dream let him. But now Dream was leaving, letting George have the house to himself.

“Nope!” George called back, looking over to Dream with a smile. “Have a good day at work!”

“Good luck speedrunning, Georgie,” And just like that, Dream left the house, leaving George all alone. The angel let out a little sigh, letting his wings and halo come out again as soon as he knew

Dream was gone.

He stretched his wings out behind him as he started a new world, mindlessly playing- he wasn't *really* trying to speedrun, it was just something to keep his mind off the loneliness he felt, despite Patches being there with him.

Humming quietly to himself, he played with no interruptions other than himself, getting up to do various things. Taking a small break, getting something to eat, something to drink... Just relaxing. He knew he needed to go on his walk for the day, but lounging at the house with his wings out for once seemed so much better.

After all, he could wait for Dream to come home at five for them to walk together again. Those walks were always exciting, though the angel never really got any work done on finding the demon.

After a particularly long break from minecraft, about an hour, he looked at the clock. He still had two hours before Dream would come home, so he decided to hop onto Minecraft again. Though he went onto the Dream Team's world to work on his armor. Mining was pretty mindless, so it was easy for him.

...For about thirty minutes.

Without Dream's banter and jokes, it got pretty boring staring at the same, gray walls with the occasional pop of color. He turned Minecraft off completely after that, stretching out his arms and wings before walking out of the computer room and towards the living room.

But just as he walked passed the hallway to the front door, the door swung open, revealing Dream, who looked exhausted. George jumped in surprise, knowing he wasn't supposed to be home yet.

...

Dream wasn't supposed to be home yet.

George quickly hid his wings and halo as he went into his human form, though he could tell Dream had already seen it. The slacked jaw and staring was pretty obvious. Dream just stood in front of the door, staring at George in wonder.

"George, you-"

"No." George quickly retreated to Dream's room, shutting the door behind him. He leaned against it, feeling Dream trying to push it open.

"George, please, let's-"

"Go away, Dream!" George sat on the floor against the door, pulling his legs up to his chest. Dream wasn't supposed to find out. Dream wasn't supposed to be a part of this. "I'm-"

"You're an angel," Dream said, as if it were a fact. Which... it was. George sighed, curling further into himself. "Please come out? Or let me in?"

"...No." George muttered, his heart aching. *Dream wasn't supposed to be a part of this.* "Please just go, Dream-"

“...Clay.” George blinked, lifting his head up. Seeming to sense his confusion, Dream continued.
“My name... is Clay.”

George slowly stood up. The fact that Dream.. *Clay* had told George what his name was... He didn't know how to describe it. Before he could stop himself, he grabbed the door handle, opening the door between them. Clay smiled at him.

“...Is that where your scars came from? The ones from your back?” George looked to the ground, nodding slightly. “What about the-”

“Don't...” George whispered, and Clay went quiet. They stood still for what felt like hours, neither of them knowing quite what to say.

“George?” The angel lifted his head up again. “...Can I see your wings again? Please?” George thought about it for a few seconds. It wasn't like Clay hadn't already seen them, but why would Clay want to see them again, anyway?

Still, despite his better judgement, George showed off his wings and halo again as he looked to the side, deeming the door frame much more interesting than Clay. Even though he wasn't looking directly at Clay, George could see that he had taken a couple steps forward towards the angel. George bit his lip.

“...Your wings are...” Clay seemed afraid to speak any louder than a whisper, as if he were going to scare George away with anything louder. “...They're amazing, George.”

“Um...” George cleared his throat. “Th-thanks...”

“You...” Clay paused for a moment, and George finally lifted his head again. He noticed Clay was staring at his halo. “Why are you here on Earth?”

Again, George was faced with a dilemma. Was he supposed to tell Clay the truth, and possibly risk his safety, or lie to him and feel guilt for the rest of the time he lived there with him?

He wanted nothing more than to keep Clay safe- it was the least he could do for letting George stay with him. But he seemed so trustworthy, but... then again, didn't all the most untrustworthy people look the most trusting?

“I have a job,” George finally said. He could trust Clay- Clay was his friend. He wouldn't tell anyone. They both would be safe- and maybe Dream could help him. “I need to find a demon that lives somewhere around here and figure out why they're here.”

“...Why would a demon be here?” Clay asked softly. George shrugged.

“That's what I've been sent to find out.” They were quiet again for a minute or two. But Clay held out his arms to George, who stared at him for a moment.

The angel walked over, wrapping his arms and wings around the taller male, who hugged him back.

“Clay...?”

“Yeah, George?”

“I'm glad I met you first.”

Chapter Ten - Another Walk

“So, uh... What- what do you want me to call you?” George asked softly as they pulled away from their hug a few minutes later, his cheeks pink.

“Yours~” Dream smirked. The angel glared, raising an eyebrow- though he couldn’t lie... he walked *right* into that one. “Call me Dream, I guess?”

“Okay, Dream,” George smiled, running a hand through his hair. “Why are you... off work so early?”

“Oh, I finished everything today, so they let me go with full pay,”

“That’s amazing!”

“I didn’t finish,” George went quiet, looking up at the other male curiously. When Dream knew he wasn’t going to continue, he spoke up again. “I get full pay- *and* I’m getting a promotion.”

“Congratulations!” George giggled. Patches meowed from their feet, looking up curiously at the two males. The angel crouched down, petting her. He felt Dream’s eyes on him, but he paid it no mind.

“You said you had a cat, right?” Dream spoke up again in a softer tone. George looked up, but didn’t stop petting Patches. He nodded, flashes of his cat appearing in his mind. A little sigh escaped him as he realized just how much he missed him. “...what happened to him?”

“I-” Patches rubbed her cheek and neck against George’s leg. George looked back down to her, and she slowly closed her eyes. After a second, she opened them again. The shorter male’s heart ached, a smile coming to his face.

“You don’t need to tell me, I was just curious,” Dream crouched down, too, coming nearly face to face with George. He couldn’t help but think about how close their faces were to each other.

“...I don’t know what happened to him,” George whispered honestly, scratching behind Patches ear, who purred softly. “I... I died, and-” His voice cracked slightly, and his face flushed pink with embarrassment. He hoped Dream didn’t hear it, but considering Dream was standing again, holding his arms out for another hug if George needed it? He definitely heard it.

George shook his head at the offer, wrapping his wings around himself a little. Dream frowned, but he put his arms down. It was mutually decided that George didn’t have to talk about it anymore without a word to each other as they moved to the living room.

They quietly sat down on either ends of the couch, George giving Dream occasional glances. He shivered, wrapping his wings around his whole chest. It didn’t help much, but it was something to keep him warm.

The angel’s heart ached, feeling alone for the first time since meeting Dream. He didn’t understand how he liked the loneliness so much before this- it hurt him now. He was cold, his heart calmly beating in his chest.

He couldn’t ignore how much Dream had changed him- changed him for, what George believed, was for the better. Dream made him laugh multiple times a day, helping him in any way he could. The taller male would cook for their both, let him rant on and on about nothing. Dream wouldn’t

randomly hug him after learning George didn't like hugs all that much, simply leaving it up to George.

Dream didn't find it weird that he couldn't see red or green. In fact, he seemed so interested in how George saw the world. How he saw certain plants, people, or how he saw paintings and other objects. He brought it up so naturally, letting George decide if he would answer or not.

The taller male was just... so nice to him, letting George have his boundaries while also trying to knock him out of his shell. Though Dream made his heart race, made his face flush red at the slightest compliment... He was the best person George had ever met in his life.

When he told Dream that he was glad he met him first, George wasn't lying. It was a miracle that, out of anyone he could have met first, was even *nice* to him. To let him stay and play video games with him? That was just... amazing. George felt so lucky to have met Dream.

His heart ached more as he wondered again about what would happen if he found the demon. What if he never found the demon? Would he be able to stay with Dream?

George was knocked out of his thoughts as he realized he was now staring at Dream, Dream staring right back with a smile. His face flushed red, his heart beginning to dance happily in his chest. He didn't try to stop it.

"George?" George hummed in response, tilting his head to the side curiously. That seemed to make Dream smile more. "How much information do you have on the demon? I... want to help you."

"I don't have much," George couldn't take his eyes off the other, staring into the eyes he knew to be green. "Just that they're somewhere here in Orlando, and they're male."

"That's it?" George nodded. "Wow... you think you'd have more by now?" The angel raised an eyebrow curiously, sitting up a little straighter.

"What do you mean?"

"I... I mean you've been doing this job for, what? A little over two weeks?" He nodded in confirmation. "And that's *all* they've given you?"

"They're trying to find more information- *and* I've narrowed it down... just a little bit," Now Dream raised an eyebrow, as if to say '*oh, really?*' "I know it's not you, Skeppy, Bad, or Sapnap- you guys are all too nice to be a demon." Dream was quiet for a second before humming.

"Thanks?" George smiled. "...is that what all your walks have been for? Finding the demon?"

"Yeah, actually," The angel nodded, leaning his side against the back of the couch. He still couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from Dream. "But no one seems... suspicious."

"Well, I'll help in any way I can, okay?"

"Thank you," George muttered, finally tearing his eyes away. "You really don't have to help me."

"I want to," Dream shrugged. "Now- what do you want to do with our extra time?"

"How about a walk?" George suggested.

"To find the demon?" The angel paused for a moment before shaking his head.

"Just to walk."

As soon as George slipped on some new clothes, muttering to himself about how he'd have to shower that night, he walked over to the front door, where Dream was waiting for him with a smile. George hid away his wings, heart jumping at the smile.

"Aw, no wings?" George rolled his eyes, opening the door.

"I can't let anyone else see, idiot," He heard Dream chuckle behind him as he shut the door. They walked down the steps side by side, both smiling wide.

George pretty much led the way around the city, his smile never seeming to leave his face as they went. It was a calm day out, though just a little chilly- which was weird, considering this was Florida. It never got cold there, George figured out pretty quick.

The angel shivered, the hoodie he was wearing seeming to do nothing against the cold breeze. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dream smirk, but thought nothing of it. Dream was always smirking- he didn't need to worry about it.

Then he felt an arm snake around his waist, pulling him a little closer to Dream. George was sure his face was red once more, his body tense. But he didn't push the other away. Instead, he almost curled into him, sighing at how warm Dream was.

"Is this okay?" Dream whispered into George's ear, making him shiver again. His face flushed harder as he nodded. He didn't know why he was so okay with this- but... Dream was so warm... so he guessed it was just that.

Chapter Eleven - Fuck.

“Thanks again for dinner,” George yawned, stretching his arms above his head. “It was really good.” Dream chuckled as he washed the dishes. It was quite a few hours after their walk, which was calming for- what George hoped- the both of them.

“You say that every time,” Dream turned off the sink once he was done, turning to face George. “But you’re welcome.”

“I swear,” George started. “There’s nothing you *can’t* make.” Dream scoffed as if he were wrong, and they both paused for a second. Dream looked George up and down, making him blush slightly.

“You don’t have to hide your wings from me all the time, you know,”

“I- I know that, I just...” George sighed, revealing his wings and halo once more for Dream. “I’m getting used to it.”

“I get that,” The two walked over to where Dream’s bedroom door was, both of them pausing again at it. Patches, who was following them with a meow, rubbed against George’s leg. “I think Patches wants to go to bed with you tonight.” Dream laughed.

“Aw, is that true, Patches?” George crouched down, and Patches meowed happily up at him, begging for some more pets. George stood back up, a smile on his face. “Well, good night, Dream.”

“Good night, Georgie,” Dream winked before walking away to the couch, leaving George to walk into the bedroom, Patches right behind him.

The door clicked behind him as he shut it, walking over to the bed before flopping down face first onto it. A comfortable sigh left the angel as he heard Patches jump up, pawing into his back.

“Ow, Patches- your claws are sharp!” George laughed, sitting up. Patches meowed innocently, walking to lay on the other side of the bed- where Dream had been laying when George and him cuddled.

George’s face flushed as he laid down on his back, staring up at the ceiling. As soon as he did, Patches stood again, placing herself against George’s side before curling up in a ball. He let his mind wander as he closed his eyes, not quite tired, but not quite awake yet, either.

As he let it wander, his thoughts quickly turned to Dream.

He felt a smile creep onto his face as a picture of Dream smirking at him appeared in his mind, thoughts of all the flirts and teasing Dream had said or done.

He hadn’t stopped to think about how jealous Dream seemed to get when another person even looked at him- much less when that random guy walked up and flirted with him.

‘Fuck off. This one’s mine.’

‘ This one’s mine .’

The angel’s face flushed at the thought, Dream’s growl echoing through his mind. What had the other male meant by that? Why was Dream so jealous of the other guy? Why did George enjoy the

thought of being Dream's, and why did he like being *called* as such?

Dream was a great friend, yeah- his closest friend. But any time he laughed, or even smiled or smirked in George's general direction, the angel's heart would race and dance. It was a feeling he felt before, but it had been so long since then. Had it always been this intense of a feeling?

What *was* this feeling?

...

George's eyes shot open at a thought ran through his head- one that he hadn't thought since the day before he died.

"Patches-" Patches lifted her head curiously, though not by much. "I-... I think I like Dream. Like, more than I... should."

"George," A deep voice echoed through the dark hallways George ran through, his legs burning, begging for him to stop. He didn't, not letting the voice catch up to him. He couldn't let the voice catch him.

George kept turning randomly, trying to escape the whispers of his name. He closed his eyes as he ran, hoping he wouldn't run into a wall.

"I love you, George," said the voice, seeming louder now. George gasped as he opened his eyes, feeling nothing under his feet. He looked down, and he started to fall into a lake.

"I would never hurt you, George,"

"I won't do it again,"

"I'm sorry, George,"

"Forgive me, George? I promise I'll change."

"Let me take you to a place I love."

" Goodbye, George . "

George gasped awake, shooting up out of the bed he laid in. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he sobbed loudly, wrapping his slightly see through wings around him. He felt cold, *incredibly* cold as he shook with his sobs.

Patches, who was laying next to him, glanced up, meowing in concern at the angel. He moved his wing slightly to look at the cat, eyes swimming with tears. She rubbed her face against his leg softly, seeming to hope to make him feel better.

But the angel didn't pet her. He wiped at his eyes, looking out the window. It was still pitch black outside, but he didn't care. George needed out.

Hiding away his wings, the male's legs shook under him as he stood. He walked over to the door slowly after pocketing his phone, heading to the front door. He turned to look at the couch before leaving, seeing that Dream wasn't there.

Then he left.

George walked down the stairs slowly, holding tightly onto the railings. Once he was down the steps, he pulled out his phone, seeing a message from Dream. It told George that his work hours were going to be weird for the next few days, and that he left to go to work.

That was about an hour ago now, so George could walk for hours if he wanted. And that is what he wanted to do.

Still shaking with tears, he made his way to the closest park- where he had met Dream. No one was out walking like him, and only the occasional car drove by. It was a weirdly quiet night, but George didn't care.

He breathed in the cold, fresh air, arms wrapped around himself for comfort. It didn't help at all, but he pretended like it did as he sat himself down on a bench. His tears kept streaming down his cheeks as he sat there, staring into his lap as he tried to calm down.

Just a dream. Just a dream . He repeated to himself in his mind, closing his eyes. His heart ached, suddenly wishing Dream was there beside him, comforting him like he did the first and only time the taller male found him crying after a dream.

The angel opened his eyes again, sniffing to himself. He had no idea how long it had been since he left, but he didn't really care. He pulled his phone out once more, looking through his contacts. He clicked on Sapnap's name and called him, pressing the phone against his ear with shaky hands.

"Hello?" Came Sapnap's voice from the other side of the call, clearly sounding as if he had just woken up. "George, it's almost four in the morning, what's-"

"Nick-" Sapnap went silent at his name, letting George talk. "I- I'm sorry for- for calling so l-late, I-"

"Hey, George, calm down," George took in a shaky breath. "It's okay. What's wrong? Do you want to talk about it?" George shook his head.

"N-No, I- I just-" The angel sobbed into his hand, his tears- which had been slowing down-streamed down yet again. "I just n-need a- a distraction, please-"

Chapter Twelve - A Risk He's Not Willing To Take

"How are you feeling, George?" Sapnap asked after a long moment of silence between the two over the phone. George had stopped crying an hour ago- though he did cry for two hours at least. The sun had risen, and George left the bench to hide under a tree instead.

"Better," The angel leaned his head against the trunk of the tree he laid against, closing his eyes. His eyes burned from the sunlight, and he was sure they were still red and puffy. George heard Sapnap hum on the other side of the call.

"That's good," He said. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No." George ran his free hand through his hair, opening his eyes once more to watch people pass by, paying no attention to him. "Thank you for calling with me, though."

"Of course!" Sapnap laughed, though George still felt bad. Sapnap sounded *exhausted* .

"Well, I'll let you go sleep," George pulled the hood of his hoodie over his head. "But thanks again. Bye, Sapnap."

"No problem. Bye, George," As soon as the call ended, George dropped his phone on the grass beside him, pulling the strings of the hood. It covered his face, shielding it from the people passing by and the sun.

Letting out a shaky sigh, he curled in on himself, letting the quiet voices around him go in one ear, and out the other. He forced all thoughts out of his head, not letting himself think. If he did, he was certain he'd start crying again.

But then there's the sound of George's phone ringing next to him with a hum. The angel debated even looking to see who it was, but ultimately decided to answer it.

Grumbling softly, he took the hood off his face and picked his phone up, staring at the name on his phone. A small smile came to his face as he answered it, putting it against his ear.

"Hel-"

" *George* !" George flinched at the sudden yelling from Dream on the other end. "Where have you *been* ? I've been trying to call you for ten minutes!"

"S-"

"You nearly gave me a panic attack!" George pulled his knees closer to his chest, a frown settling on his face. Had he really scared Dream that bad? "Where are you?" Dream spoke softer this time, and George relaxed slightly.

"The... The park," He told him, and he heard shuffling on Dream's end. "I'm... sorry for making you worry." When Dream didn't respond, George bit his lip. They both were quiet for a few more moments before Dream spoke up.

"I'm coming to get you."

"...Okay." After Dream got a response, he hung up, leaving George anxious as he stood up. His legs weren't as shaky as they were on the way out, but they definitely were still shaking. The angel

put the hood up again, trying to make himself look smaller as he walked passed the people around him- some walking their dogs, some going on dates, and others by themselves... Like George.

He placed himself on the bench again, knowing Dream would more than likely look for him there first. George tapped his fingers against his thigh, biting his lip. Was Dream mad at him?

His heart burned.

A few minutes later, there was a voice behind George that made him jump. He got up and turned around, seeing Dream without his usual smirk or smile. George's shoulders fell as they walked side by side without a word to Dream's car. They quietly got inside, and Dream started to drive them back home.

"Are you mad at me?" George suddenly blurts out, staring out the window to avoid Dream's eyes. He debates turning and looking at the taller male, who was silent for a few moments, but he doesn't, and Dream speaks up.

"Of course not," Dream talked in the voice he used when George was crying that one night, though it was laced with more concern. "Why would I be? I was just worried something happened to you." George hummed softly, not exactly believing the other.

"...I'm sorry for worrying you."

"It's okay, George," Dream paused for a moment. "Why were you crying?" George tensed at the question.

"I wasn't-"

"Yes, you were..." Dream sighed. George jumped slightly at the feeling of another hand on top of his, which rested on the car seat he sat on. When he looked over, he realized it was Dream's hand. His face flushed, tempted to pull away from the touch. He doesn't. "Did you have another... bad dream while I was gone?" George swore Dream knew everything, even without being there. It was nice sometimes, but... It creeped George out a little.

"...Yeah," George answered honestly. Not like lying would get him anywhere, anyway. He half expected Dream to ask him what the dream was about, like Sapnap did, but... he didn't. Dream ran his thumb over the back of George's hand- and George just about started crying again at the gentle touch.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for you," Dream whispered. "But I'm here now... is there anything I can do to help you feel better?" The other male stopped the car at a red stoplight, and he looked over at George. George glanced down at their hands.

"...Just don't leave me alone, please?" He asked. "And... Keep talking? I... I don't want to think right now." Dream hummed.

"Today at work, someone walked up to me and asked me a question. They were being super quiet, so I asked them to speak up, and-" Dream kept on talking, and George listened quietly as he stared outside. A small smile came to his face again as he relaxed, Dream's calm voice was nice to listen to- even if he was ranting.

Like every other time George had been around Dream, his heart started beating quicker, but it was

a weirdly pleasant feeling. He knew what it meant now, but he tried to ignore it, knowing nothing good would ever come out of this. Something in him just told him he should dig these feelings deep inside, just like he did once he found out he was gay. No one needed to know. Dream didn't need to know.

It wasn't like he was scared of telling Dream he was gay- okay, that was a lie. George was horrified of telling Dream, though the logical side of his brain told him that Dream wouldn't care. But he was more scared of losing Dream.

Losing him as his closest friend.

Dream was important to him- so George was trying to do all he could not to hurt or lose him.

But he was still scared.

What if what he was doing wasn't enough? What if he was doing too much? What if Dream found out on his own, would he hate George? *Does* he hate George? There was no way Dream could possibly care about George as much as George cared for him. It was impossible.

But his heart kept trying to tell him otherwise.

His heart kept telling him that maybe Dream liked him, too... but even if it were true, there was no way George would take the risk. The risks were so much greater than anything else.

Though it hurt, George had to take it- he had to take heart ache he felt when he remembered they were just friends. It was the safest option.

"-George?" George glanced over, a calm look on his face. They were almost to Dream's place. "I love you." His heart skipped happily.

"I know."

Chapter Thirteen - Muffin-Head

“ *George ~*” Dream whispered near George’s ear, his voice much deeper than normal as he made his Minecraft character chase after George, who was yelling at him to stop.

“Don’t-” George flushed at the voice in his ears. “Stop, Dream!-” He could see Dream smirking in the seat next to him as he leaned away.

“Don’t stop?~” He chuckled deeply, leaning into George’s ear again. “Sounds good to me~” George made his character jump out of his boat, ducking deep into the water.

“ *Dream !*” George swam up again as he realized he was swimming towards land, jumping onto the sand before running again. “You know what I meant!” Dream laughed and stopped chasing after George.

“I just wanted to test my netherite sword,” Dream shrugged as he leaned away, quickly killing a pig.

“You could have tried it on literally anything else,” George huffed in annoyance, rolling his eyes. When his eyes went back to the screen, he gasped so loud it scared Dream. “You didn’t tell me there were *foxes !*” He squealed, his character running up to a little red fox, which ran away from him.

“I thought you saw them already?” Dream questioned.

“No!” The angel giggled, fluffing his wings behind him. “They’re so *cute !*”

“Not as cute as you~” Just before George could even respond, his headphones were filled with the sound of someone gagging.

“You guys,” Came Sapnap’s voice at the same time he went onto the server. “I swear.”

“How long have you been there, Sapnap?” George’s face was bright red as Dream casually talked to Sapnap, as if he *hadn’t* just been flirting.

“Long enough to hear you and George scream about some fox,”

“Hey!” Now Bad and Skeppy were on, Bad speaking up. “I’m sorry we took so long! Skeppy-”

“Bad wanted a muffin, so we left and got into traffic,” Skeppy interrupted. George could just see the glare Bad was giving him, making him laugh.

“Whatever, you muffin-head,”

“No *wonder* you love Skeppy, Bad!” Sapnap chuckled. “You love muffins, and if Skeppy is a ‘muffin-head’...”

“Aw, is that the only reason you love me?” Skeppy pouted on the other end of the call. George could see him sticking his bottom lip out.

“No no no!” Bad said quickly. “I don’t love you just because you’re-”

“ *Ha !*” George could hear a chair squeak as Skeppy laughed. “I got you to say you love me!”

“I didn’t- oh, whatever... muffin-head...” Bad grumbled, making George- and everyone else, really- laugh.

“Are you two dating or something?” Dream asked curiously, and George froze up. Was... Dream going to be upset with them?

“Yeah, we have been for a while now,” Skeppy answered happily.

“Cool,” George let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding.

“You didn’t know that?” Sapnap laughed. Dream rolled his eyes.

“No- George, did you?” George shook his head, a smile on his face. Dream seemed so chill with the fact that Bad and Skeppy were dating- though... he should have expected that. Why did he expect the worst? “I’m not the only one who didn’t know! George and I were partners in not knowing.”

Partners. George’s face flushed a bright red at the wording.

“God, I feel like a fifth wheel,” Sapnap groaned.

“What? You’re not being a fifth wheel?” George tilted his head as he collected some berries in the forest, looking around for more foxes.

“Yeah I am,” Sapnap sighed. “Bad and Skeppy are dating, and you and Dream might as well be, considering all the flirting you two do-”

“We aren’t dating!-” George was sure his face was as red as... What was the reddest thing?

Everyone else in the call, including Dream, were laughing, as if it were the funniest thing in the world. Dream wrapped an arm around George, pulling him and his chair closer to the taller male.

“Okay, guys, stop- George is blushing super hard-”

“I am not!”

“-He’s basically a heater now.” The other three laughed again, but went quiet about the flirting and jokes. George looked over at Dream, who was already looking at the angel, and smiled. Dream smiled back, pulling his arm away from George.

An hour later, Dream and George decided to jump off the server for the night and eat dinner, the both of them starving. Well, at least George was. Without a word spoken between them, George sat on the couch and started searching for a movie while Dream started making something.

While mindlessly scrolling through the movies, George felt his mind wander to the call the group had. From Dream chasing after him, to Dream calling him his ‘partner’, to-

George shook his head, trying to free his thoughts of Dream before he was blushing all over again. Instead, he tried to think about his next step to finding the demon. There was still no new information, much to George’s dismay.

He had Dream to help him now, which should help out. He hadn’t given much thought to the demon anymore, more so enjoying time with Dream. But he did really need to get back to work, as

much as his heart sank at the idea.

“What are you thinking about, Georgie?” Dream asked with a smile as he held out a plate of pasta to the angel. George smiled and took it, setting it in his lap.

“Nothing really,” He shrugged, shoving a fork full of pasta into his mouth. He handed the remote to Dream, who took it. George pretended not to notice their hands brushing together for a moment in the exchange.

“Anything in particular you want to watch?” George shook his head, swallowing his food.

“Nope. That’s why I gave *you* the remote.” Dream chuckled and rolled his eyes, clicking on a movie rather quickly- not really seeming to care about what he picked. He turned to George, and George stared at him curiously.

“I still feel bad for not being there for you,” Dream muttered, facing the TV again. George frowned, his body moving before he could think. He scooted closer to the taller male, though not close enough to have them touching. Just close enough to where they could barely feel each other's body heat. “Stupid work.”

“No, it’s okay- really,” George smiled at the other male, who glanced at him again. “I’m okay now.”

“But you weren’t then,” He looked down at his food. George was quiet for a few moments before sighing.

Despite everything in him telling him not to, George nervously held his arms out- after moving his food out of his lap, of course- for the other, like Dream did with him. Dream looked at him up and down, giving him a look like ‘*are you sure this is okay with you?*’ George simply nodded, and Dream moved his food before wrapping his arms around George. George hugged him back, his heart beating so hard he was sure Dream could feel it against his chest.

“But I am now,” He whispered. “Don’t worry. If I need you, I’ll let you know, okay? But if you can’t be there, it’s okay. It’s not like I’ll get mad at you.” He felt Dream smile a little.

“Not like when you get mad when I say you’re cute?” George rolled his eyes as Dream chuckled, hugging the taller male closer.

“Definitely not. And not any other kind of mad, either, Clay.”

Chapter Fourteen - It's a Date

After their dinner and movie- where they both sat right next to each other comfortably-, George, who typically was tired after a movie, was wide awake, as if he hadn't just slept for only a few hours and cried for ages.

He looked over at Dream, who didn't seem tired, either. In fact, he was scrolling through posts on his phone, a small smile on his face. Occasionally he would let out a breathy little laugh- which, of course, like everything Dream did, made George's heart fly far above the clouds. Farther than he ever could with his wings.

"Dream?" Dream looked away from his phone at the sound of his name being called softly. "...I don't want to fall asleep just yet."

"I don't either," Dream hummed, wrapping his arm around George's shoulders. He pulled the shorter male closer. George's face flushed, but he let it happen. "It doesn't feel like ten thirty."

"What should we do, then?" Dream shrugged at the question, and the two went quiet once more. George thought about suggesting, like, a board game, or Minecraft, but... He didn't quite feel like playing games. He didn't really know what he wanted to do at all, if he had to be honest.

"I know!" Dream pulled his arm away from George, standing up. George followed what he did, albeit a little nervously. "Let's go grab a drink- I've seen this really nice coffee place a couple times on our walks, and I've heard it's open twenty four hours a day."

"What if it isn't open, though?" George raised an eyebrow.

"Then we can say we took a walk," The taller male shrugged yet again, already heading towards the door. "Let's go, Georgie. It's a date!" George bit his lip, hiding his wings and halo before trying to catch up with Dream, who was already out the door.

"What do you want, Georgie?" Dream asked as they approached a small coffee shop on a corner. It was called Midnight Snack, and the lights were flashing gently, as to not blind drivers or people walking by in the night like George and Dream.

"Just a hot chocolate," George responded, looking up at the stars that littered the night sky. It was a clear night, the moon and all the stars perfectly visible. He relaxed at just the sight, a small smile on his face. "With whipped cream, if that's okay."

"You know, that sounds really good," George looked ahead of himself again as they walked inside. No one sat in the chairs, and it seemed like the whole place was dead- but there were two workers behind the counter, chatting quietly to each other until they noticed them.

"Hello! Welcome to Midnight Snacks, how can I help you?" George and Dream walked up to the counter, and Dream spoke up.

"Hi, can we please have two hot chocolates with whipped cream?"

"Of course! Would you like any shots of espresso in it?" Dream looked down at George, who shook his head.

“No thank you,” They nodded, both of the workers quickly getting to work.

“Would you two like to stay and have your drinks, or would you like them to go?”

“To go, if you could,” Dream said without hesitation. George glanced up at him, seeing Dream’s smile that could light up even the darkest of hearts. The angel couldn’t help but smile more himself at the sight.

“Here you two go,” The two drinks were placed on the counter carefully, though they both had lids and straws. “That would be five dollars and fifty two cents.” Dream placed a ten dollar bill on the counter, picking up both his and George’s drink. He handed George his drink.

“Oh- keep the change, please,” Dream smiled at both of the workers, who said thanks. Then George and him walked out side by side.

“Thank you, Dream,” George giggled, taking a sip of his hot chocolate. Somehow, it didn’t completely burn his mouth as soon as it touched it. It was just the right temperature. “I feel bad for not being able to pay back still, but-” George quickly shut his mouth, his face flushing red as Dream grabbed his hand, lacing their fingers together.

“It’s really no problem at all, Georgie,” Dream smiled at him, then started leading him the opposite way from his place.

“Wait, this isn’t the right way to- where are we going?”

“Don’t worry,” George felt his heart rate pick up. “I’m just taking you to a really pretty place I found before I met you- I love the place a lot.” The angel could have sworn his heart stopped at the wording. He shook his head quickly, putting a smile on his face.

“Okay...” George muttered, letting the taller male lead the way. He hardly paid attention on the way, only knowing he was going up some hill with lots of trees. His heart raced with anxiety, wondering where they could possibly be going.

About ten to twenty minutes later, George got his answer.

“Be careful,” He barely heard Dream’s words as they stopped walking, looking over a sea of trees. They were on a cliff. He could hear the sounds of a river at the bottom, though he didn’t dare step any closer to the edge. His body shook slightly as he stared off. “-George?”

“Huh?” George looked over, coming almost face to face with Dream. “S...Sorry, what did you say?”

“I was just asking if you were okay,” George drank some more of his hot chocolate as Dream spoke softly. “You seem a little shaken up.”

“I’m okay,” The angel smiled. Dream stared at him for a few moments before smiling back, urging George to sit on the ground with him. And that’s exactly what they did.

Sitting right beside each other, the two huddled together for a little extra warmth as they drank their drinks in silence. They both stared up at the stars. George hummed, wishing he knew some constellations to impress Dream with.

George stared at the stars for a while, watching them sparkle in the sky like diamonds. The moon was nearly full that night, shining brighter than any of the stars ever could. In his mind, he connected some of the stars to make his own constellations- though they didn’t stay in his mind for

long. As soon as he thought of them, they'd disappear from his mind.

The angel eventually glanced over to Dream, but noticed that he had faced away from George. Curious, George gently poked Dream.

“What’re you-”

“Don’t look,” He said quickly, moving a little bit more so George couldn’t see anything he was doing. “It’s a surprise.” George wanted to press on and find out what he was doing, but decided it wouldn’t really be worth it. Besides, it couldn’t be that bad, right?

George had finished his hot chocolate before Dream had finished whatever he was doing. He set it off to the side, though he kept reminding himself to grab it before they left. Without much thought, he quietly hummed some random notes he thought sounded nice together, closing his eyes.

After a minute, he opened them again, gazing at the stars once more. His mind wandered to why Dream wanted to bring him up here. Was it just to relax? Did he plan it? Did he-

“Okay, close your eyes and face me,” Dream turned around, holding something behind his back. George blinked and sat there for a few seconds.

“But-”

“Just do it, please?” Mentally screaming at himself, George closed his eyes finally. He was anxious, but he trusted Dream. Dream... wouldn’t hurt him. After a few seconds, George almost opened his eyes again, but froze as he felt something being placed on his head. “There!- Now you’re my pretty little princess, with your *handsome* knight.” George opened his eyes slowly.

“...What did you do?” He asked, his voice barely above a whisper. He hoped that Dream couldn’t see him blushing in this lighting. But Dream smirked, so he assumed he could.

“I made you a flower crown!” George carefully grabbed the crown made of flowers, holding it in front of him so he could see it. It was little dandelions, all put together to make a crown that somehow perfectly fit his head. And it wasn’t like there were only a few dandelions- no. It looked as if there were a thousand little yellow flowers, as if a professional had done it.

George felt his heart become warm, like it was melting in his chest as he put the crown back on his head. He rested his hands on the grass, smiling happily up at Dream. Dream put his hand on George’s, gently rubbing his thumb on the back of his hand. Just like last time, George felt as if he could cry. Why was Dream so nice to him?

...When had their faces gotten so close?

“Do you like it?” George shuttered, Dream’s voice was so deep and soft.

“It’s nice,” George breathed out, unable to keep his eyes from looking down to Dream’s lips for just a second. “Th...Thank you.”

“Of course,” When Dream pulled away and looked up at the stars, George couldn’t tell if he was happy or sad about it. He thought for a second that... “You look really nice with it.”

George blushed more, turning to face the stars again, too. Dream’s hand was still on George’s,

making his heart flutter and skin tingle at the soft touch.

The angel didn't realize just how tired he was getting until his head gently fell onto Dream's shoulder, his eyes closing on their own. He thought his heart racing would keep him up, but he fell asleep fast, enjoying the warmth from the other.

Chapter Fifteen - Flowers for You

When George opened his eyes, the first thing he noticed was the sun rising in front of him, and how his body ached from laying in such a weird position. Then he felt an arm wrapped around his shoulder, holding him close to a mass of heat.

Then the weight on his head.

George didn't dare to move, his face flushing as he realized him and Dream were cuddling... *again*. It was Dream's arm that was wrapped around him, and the weight on his head wasn't just from the flower crown he was given last night- no. While George had his head rested on Dream's shoulder for support, Dream had laid his head on top of the angels.

"D-Dream?" George muttered softly. He was quiet enough to where if the other male was still sleeping, he wouldn't wake up- but if he was awake, he would reply. But George got nothing in response, only the sound of birds chirping in the distance and Dream breathing quietly.

With a sigh, the angel tried to relax, moving closer to the other as carefully as he could. His heart danced in his chest, singing as happily as the birds around them. He knew this wasn't a good idea- he should just wake Dream up and they should be on their way. But despite that and his whole body aching and wanting to move, George sat beside him.

He couldn't help himself. He tried to blame it on the fact that Dream was warm, but George knew the reason. He's known the reason. But he refuses to let it get in the way of their friendship- well, he *tries* to.

Dream grumbled, pulling George closer to his side. George felt Dream hide his face in the angel's hair, making him flush a brighter red. He held his breath, closing his eyes.

"George?" George's heart jumped excitedly as he opened his eyes again. Dream didn't move, but he was clearly awake now. "Are you up?" George debated pretending to sleep so he could stay like this for a little longer, but...

"Yeah," George replied, hoping that Dream couldn't feel him shaking. He felt Dream smile.

"Good morning, then, Georgie," He chuckled breathlessly, carefully lifted his head off of George's. George looked up at Dream, who did, in fact, have a smile on his face. He stretched as he stood up.

"Morning, Dream," George yawned, which spread to Dream. The angel giggled softly, about to stand up when Dream held him hand out for the smaller one. George looked up at him once more, and Dream only seemed to smile wider at him.

George took his hand, and Dream helped him up with ease. The flower crown that rested on George's head fell to the ground, but neither George nor Dream reached to grab it. They quickly grabbed their empty cups, agreeing without words that they were going home.

Like when he was being brought up the hill to see the cliff, George let Dream lead the way back. The angel tried not to think about the fact that Dream had laced his fingers with him again on the way.

“Shit,” Dream cursed, placing his phone down on the table in front of him.

“Language, Dream,” Bad’s voice came through both of the headphones George and Dream wore, making Dream roll his eyes. George smiled a little, looking back at his screen to continue building a secret base with Dream.

“I’ve got to get ready for work, they want me in in about an hour,”

“Aw, *what* ?” Sapnap groaned. George made his character shift as he dug, seeing Sapnap’s gamertag pop up a little ways away. “That’s stupid.”

“I know. Anyway, you guys keep playing,” Dream took off his headphones, smiling at George before talking in a quieter voice, too quiet for the mics to pick up. “I hope you’re okay with leftover pancakes for lunch.” George laughed.

“Yeah, just go, Dream- don’t be late,” The angel could practically hear Dream rolling his eyes again.

“Whatever, Georgie,” George heard him head out the door, but not being saying; “I love you!” George flushed, but didn’t respond. He looked over to Dream’s screen, seeing that it was still logging him out of the game.

“Yo, George, can I borrow some of your guys’s diamonds?” George sighed.

“Sapnap, you still need to pay back the five diamonds you already borrowed.”

“Please?” Sapnap begged.

“No, not until you give me and Dream back the five diamonds from before.”

“And, you know, Sapnap, you *could* just go mining,” Bad suggested before George stopped listening to the conversation, digging around for more space for the secret base. Honestly, George didn’t even know *why* Dream wanted a secret base. Though he guessed it was for hiding their more important stuff.

Still, Dream seemed so persistent in asking George to help him make it. Though he was a little confused, he went along with it. After all, what’s wrong with building a secret base?

Many hours later, George had told the other three that he was getting off. They begged him to stay, but he refused, saying that he wanted to go eat and shower. Eventually they all said their goodbyes, and George hung up on the call, setting his headphones down.

He ran a hand through his hair as he got up, walking through the house. Patches, who was laying on the couch before he walked in, meowed at the sight of the angel, getting up and running over.

“Aw, hey, Patches!” George talked in an octave higher than normal, bending down to pet the cat. She rubbed her face against George’s hand, purring. “You won’t *believe* all the stuff Dream keeps doing for me.”

“Mrrp?”

“He bought me a hot chocolate last night, held my hand, and took me to a really pretty place to watch the stars with him- and then!” Patches’ tilted her head curiously. “We... fell asleep up there and- he had his arm around me, and he made me a flower crown...”

“Mrrp,” Patches seemed to laugh a little, making George roll his eyes.

“Oh, whatever,” The angel stood again, walking into the kitchen, Patches close behind. “But he’s so sweet. Ugh! He’s making this all so difficult...” Patches meowed up at him, but George didn’t respond, grabbing a couple pancakes from the fridge. He quickly ate them after warming them up, and hopped into the shower.

It was a fast shower, just to get himself clean. He tried to avoid looking in the mirror, but his eyes glanced over. His back was mostly turned to the mirror, but he could still turn his head comfortably to see. He currently had his wings hidden away, so the scars were there and quite visible. But then his eyes fell on exactly why he didn’t want to look.

He has two pairs of scars- the ones for his wings, and ones right on the back of his shoulders. Voices echoed in his mind as he stared, trying to tear his eyes away from them. And eventually, he did, quickly slipping on the clothing he grabbed.

George walked out of the bathroom and sat on the couch beside Patches, who seemed to have fallen asleep while waiting for him. Sighing, the angel took out his phone, mindlessly playing stupid games he downloaded for days he felt bored and couldn’t do anything- like that day.

He didn’t know how long he had been sitting there for, but at some point, the door opened, revealing Dream holding something George couldn’t quite make out until the other male walked closer to him.

“Georgie, I bought you some flowers!” Dream had the biggest smile on his face as he handed the flowers out to George. George stared at them for a moment before taking them. To him, they looked to be blue, yellow, and white flowers. But he knew that wouldn’t be right- aside from the white, of course.

“What colors are they?” He asked softly, looking up at Dream, who’s smile never faltered.

“Blue, yellow, and white!” Then his smile fell for only a second. “You... can see those colors, right?” George glanced down at the flowers again. Had Dream... picked these flowers out specifically for him?

“...yeah...” He whispered. Dream had picked out these flowers. Dream remembered the colors he could see, and picked them out. For *him*. He felt tears sting at his eyes as he looked up at Dream, who seemed a little concerned.

George, while being very careful of the flowers, wrapped his arms around Dream, hiding his face in his chest.

“Thank you.” George muttered into Dream’s hoodie, and though it was muffled, he was sure Dream heard him. Dream hugged the angel back, who fought the tears that wanted to escape. “Thank you, Clay.” He muttered again.

“Of course, Georgie,” He could tell Dream was a little confused, but he didn’t care. All George could think about was how Dream even remembered the colors he couldn’t see and what colors he could see. It made his heart melt into a puddle.

How he held back his tears, George would never know. But he sat there, hugging Dream for what felt like hours. And maybe it was for hours. But George didn't care. He couldn't bring himself to.

Though it seemed stupid to him, it made him feel important to Dream. Important to *Clay* .

And honestly, that's all he ever wanted.

Chapter Sixteen - Hey, Cutie

Two days later, George was taking a walk by himself. He had invited Dream to come with him, but he said no- promising to walk with him tomorrow. So, there George was, walking down the street by himself.

It wasn't horrible, but George did miss being able to laugh at stupid jokes Dream made, or stop and relax. By himself, he felt like he had to hurry up with his work. He was alone with his thoughts, and George never thought he would hate it as much as he does now.

Shaking his head, the angel looked ahead of himself. He *still* had no new leads, but even still, he watched everyone around him- mostly the guys. The majority of them looked like people George had seen walking around before.

He couldn't do this right now.

George sat down on a bench at a random park he came across, running his hands through his hair. He stared down at the ground, finding himself wishing that Dream was there, too. Why was this so stressful? It was just a walk.

"Hey, cutie. Remember me?~" As a familiar voice spoke next to him, George felt an arm wrap around his shoulders. He tensed at the touch, quickly pulling away before they could pull him in.

The guy was the one who flirted with him on one of his walks with Dream- where Dream so valiantly defended him. But now he wasn't here. George was all alone. He shuttered, standing up.

He couldn't even get a word out before he ran in a random direction, hoping to hide in a store to get away. As soon as George saw a shop that had nearly no one in it, he ducked inside, breathing hard.

George only had a few seconds to glance around the store before he felt an arm grab his shoulder. With a yelp, George flinched away and faced the guy again. Without Dream there, the guy seemed so tall and intimidating compared to George. He gulped, backing up.

"Leave me alone," He begged. The angel felt his hands start to shake.

"Aw, come on," The guy purred, stepping closer. "I'd just like to-" Before he could say anything more, George ran out of the store again and started heading towards Dream's apartment. The sun was just starting to set.

George slowed to a walk once he got to the stairs, his whole body shaking. His shoulder burned. He took in as deep of breaths as he could as he walked up the steps, holding onto the railing as tight as he could.

Taking a second to control himself, he opened the door, the smell of garlic bread and tomato sauce smacking him in the face. George shut the door behind him, and was immediately met with Dream.

"George! You're back ea...rly..." George had hoped Dream wouldn't notice how shaken up he still was, but that hope was crushed as soon as Dream ended his sentence. "Are... Are you okay, George?"

"I-" George cleared his throat. "I'm fine." Dream stared at him for a few moments before letting it

go.

“I know it wasn’t that long ago that we had spaghetti, but...” Dream scratched the back of his neck, looking off to the side. “I made it again for dinner- for... Another little date? I hope that’s okay.” George felt the corners of his lips curl upwards slightly.

“Yeah, it’s okay,” Dream smiled, gently taking George’s hand in his own. He led the angel to where Dream laid out a blanket to make the ground more comfortable. “Thank you, Dream.”

“Of course!” Dream patted his head. “Now, go ahead and sit down. I’ll get you your food. Do you want wine, soda, or water?”

“Just some water, please,” Dream hummed quietly. George sighed, finally relaxing. He felt safe again. After just a moment, Dream came back with a plate full of spaghetti and garlic bread, and some water in a wine glass. He set it down in front of George, who giggled. “Fancy cup for some water?” He questioned, and Dream rolled his eyes playfully.

“Of course,” Dream grabbed his own plate and drink, which was identical to George’s- only he had wine. “I have to impress you *somehow* .” Now it was George’s turn to roll his eyes, his face a light pink.

“Oh, whatever,” George spun his fork in his spaghetti. Just before shoving it into his mouth, he noticed Dream was staring at him. He tilted his head curiously. “Dream?”

“You can take your wings out, if you’d like,” Dream smiled softly, making George’s heart flutter- as it did every time. The angel revealed his wings, watching as Dream’s smile grew wider.

“Mrrp?” Patches walked over, her tail up in the air curiously. She brought her face close to Dream’s plate, and he gently pushed her away with a laugh.

“No, Patches- you can’t eat this. It’s mine.”

“ *Mrrp* ?”

“Yeah. *Mine* .” George put a hand in front of his mouth, trying to keep himself from laughing at the scene in front of him. Patches seemed to huff, turning away with a sassy look in her eyes. She walked over to the couch and jumped up, curling into a ball. Dream turned to George again. “How does it taste? I tried something a little different this time.” George hummed.

“That explains why it tastes even better,” He laughed.

“Aw, you’re just saying that,” Dream put a hand in front of his face, pretending to be super embarrassed. George couldn’t help but laugh at that.

“It’s true.” He shrugged, taking another bite. They were quiet for a few minutes after that, simply enjoying their food. George had almost forgotten about his encounter completely, up until Dream said something.

“You seemed upset when you walked in,” Dream spoke in a softer voice, mindlessly spinning his fork on his plate. “What happened?” George tensed, feeling the ghost of a hand grab his shoulders. He shook his head quickly, staring at his plate rather than the male in front of him.

“I saw that one guy again,” He whispered, flinching at the sudden sound of a fork clanging against a plate.

“Did he hurt you?” Dream asked immediately, reaching his hand out towards George. He flinched away from it.

“No, he just-” He sighed. “Nevermind, it’s nothing, I-”

“It’s not *nothing* !” George went silent as Dream started to talk. “You were clearly upset by whatever he did. What did he do, George?”

“...He just... called me ‘cutie’, and kept trying to put his arm around me,” George confessed quietly, only looking back up at Dream when he didn’t respond. He looked... sad, almost.

“Do you not like it when people put their arms around you?” He asked. George stared at him for a moment, confused. Why would Dream ask-... Oh.

“I- I don’t mind when *you* do, he just- he just-” George stumbled over his words, gripping his fork tighter. “He was starting to scare me...-”

“I’m sorry, George...” Dream sighed. “I should have gone with you on that walk rather than surprise you here.”

“No! No- I... I liked the surprise. It was really sweet of you,” George smiled at Dream. “But I’m fine. I wasn’t hurt or anything. So don’t worry, okay?”

“...If you say so,” Dream hummed, and they went quiet once more.

After they finished eating, they had both agreed that they were going to go to bed. Only... George didn’t *want* to sleep. Not alone, at least. But he didn’t exactly want to admit to that, but the closer George walked to Dream’s room to sleep, the more anxious he got about being alone.

It wasn’t that he *needed* Dream to be around. Yeah, it was nice, but he didn’t *need* it. But the thought of the stranger and George’s dreams that were starting to scare him a little bit. As soon as he grabbed the handle of the door, he blurted out;

“Dream?”

“Yeah, Georgie?” George hesitated for a second before sighed, completely ready to embarrass himself.

“I... I don’t want to sleep alone tonight,” He stared at his hand, gripping tightly onto the handle to the door. There was quiet in the house for a second before George felt a hand in his own, lacing their fingers together.

“Okay.” Was all Dream muttered, and the two silently walked into Dream’s room. They crawled into bed, George facing the wall with the window. He had the feeling that Dream was facing his back, but he tried not to think about it as he closed his eyes, trying to sleep.

Chapter Seventeen - Making a Mess

“George?” George grumbled at the voice in his ears, shoving his face into the pillow under him. A breathless laugh came from behind him. “Are you up, Georgie?”

“I am now,” The angel finally opened his eyes, grumpily staring at the wall in front of him. There was an arm wrapped around his waist, and it didn’t take him long to remember that he and Dream slept in the same bed and cuddled... *again* . He couldn’t help but blush. “What do you want?”

“I just wanted to tell you that Bad, Skeppy, and Sapnap invited us to go to an arcade later today if we wanted to go,” George felt the bed behind him shift, the arm around his waist disappearing.

“Do you want to go?”

“Sure,” George yawned, pulling the blankets over his face. He heard Dream laugh again, making him smile.

“Are you really going back to bed?” He paused for a moment, laying under the blanket. Then he threw the blankets off of him, turning to look at Dream. Dream’s hair was a mess, sticking up in random spots- which made George chuckle. He looked cute.

“No,” George answered finally, getting up. “I’m getting up.”

“Good! I’m going to make some breakfast- what do you want?” George shrugged, stretching before standing up. “George...”

“I really don’t mind,” The angel laughed, shaking his head. He walked past the other, going into the living room. “Make whatever- I’ll eat anything.”

“Then maybe I’ll make *waffles* ,” Dream said as he walked by, sticking his tongue out at George. He rolled his eyes, smiling.

“ *Pancakes* are better.”

“How about *you* come and help me make *pancakes* , then.” George stood up, walking into the kitchen beside Dream.

“Maybe I *will* ,”

“Fine.”

“ *Fine* .” The two males stared at each other for a solid three seconds before they both burst out laughing. Dream had to hold onto the counter for support, otherwise he would just fall over on the hardwood flooring. Just the thought of that alone made George laugh harder, knowing that whole conversation was probably one of the most stupid ones he’s ever had with Dream.

By the time they were done making pancakes together, they... to put it simply, made a *mess* . There was flour all over the counters and themselves, George had almost burned himself three different times, and Dream almost burned the first few pancakes. But George had a *blast* cooking with Dream, even if he had no idea what he was doing.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had *that* much fun cooking in my entire life,” George laughed as they sat down on the couch, both holding their own plates of food.

“It was really fun, wasn’t it?” Dream hummed. “We should do that again sometime.”

“Only if you clean up the mess,” Dream scoffed, rolling his eyes. George smiled.

“Fine, but *you* have to clean the next mess up.”

“Sounds like a deal, Mr. Dream,” George cringed as soon as that came out of his mouth. “Ew. I hate that I said that.”

“I dunno,” Dream smirked at George. “I kinda liked it~”

“Shut up,” George stabbed his forked into his pancakes. “You’re so weird.” The angel then proceeded to shove his face with his pancakes, smiling.

“Thank you for helping me,” Dream grinned, looking over at George. “Even if you made a horrible mess.”

“Me??” George scoffed. “That was *both of us*.”

“Whatever you say, *shortie*.”

After they finished eating, George got in the shower to rid himself of all the flour that was thrown at him- which wasn’t fun when it came to washing it out of his hair- but it made him blush at the memory of them just messing around.

It was a bit longer of a shower since he knew that the both of them were going out with their friends to an arcade later on that day, but it was mostly filled with George sitting in the shower, enjoying the warmth.

Once he was out and had put on a yellow hoodie that he knew was green- mostly because he knew it was Dream’s favorite hoodie, and he wanted to mess with him- and a pair of blue jeans. Then he walked out, expecting to see Dream on the couch, but instead, he sat on the floor with Patches, quietly petting her.

“You can get in now,” George smiled.

“Finally! Took you long en- hey, is that *my* hoodie?” Dream interrupted himself, sitting up from the floor to look at George better.

“Technically every hoodie I’ve worn has been yours, so-”

“You know what I mean,” Dream rolled his eyes, but he was smiling, so George took that as a plus. “You know it’s my favorite hoodie.” George hummed, nodding his head.

“And it’s comfortable. And I’m wearing it today.” Dream sighed, grabbing a pile of clothes that George assumed he picked out for himself.

“Whatever,” He walked over to the bathroom, smirking as he passed by George. “You look adorable in it, anyway.” Before George could get a word out, Dream shut the door behind him,

leaving the angel alone with Patches, who ran up to him.

George was sure his face was bright red, but he tried not to think about it as he crouched down to pet the cat, who meowed up at him, begging for attention.

“You and Dream are so alike,” George laughed, patting Patches’ head. “You both constantly want attention.” Patches meowed at him, almost glaring daggers at him. George only laughed harder, continuing to pet her.

After a minute or two of petting her, George stood up and sat on the couch, to which Patches immediately jumped up and laid on him. She purred softly despite the lack of pets, but she seemed to be falling asleep in his lap anyway. George even felt his eyelids grow heavy the longer he sat there.

“George, I’m out!” George jumped at the sudden voice, sending Patches up and running in surprise at the movement. A wheezing laugh came from his right, and he looked over, rubbing his tired eyes. “Did you fall asleep out here or something?”

“Uh- I think so,” George flushed, rubbing the back of his neck. “When are we going, anyway?” He quickly changed the subject, standing up. Dream pulled out his phone, seemingly scrolling through some conversation.

“At five, and Bad will be picking all of us up,” He turned his phone off, putting it away. “So we have a few hours to do whatever we want.” The two stared at each other, both having little smiles.

“...Minecraft?”

“Minecraft.”

Chapter Eighteen - The Arcade

“Shit!” Dream took his headphones off, placing them on the table. George stared at him curiously, his character pausing in the middle of their house. “Bad’s gonna be here in five minutes!” George’s eyes widened, quickly turning off his game.

“Already?” He hid away his wings before he could forget, standing up as soon as he hit the logout button. Dream did the same. The two quickly scrambled around the apartment, grabbing things they needed, like money. George brushed his hair as if he were a speedrunner in it, his heart racing. He couldn’t believe how much time flew by while just playing Minecraft with Dream.

“Are you ready?” Dream called out from across the house as George walked out of the bathroom.

“Yeah!”

“Then let’s go! They’re already here!” George cursed under his breath, and they headed out the door, speeding down the stairs. They saw a car sitting out in the road, where George recognized Bad, Skeppy, and Sapnap.

The two walked up to the car without a word- too out of breath from running around. Bad, of course, was in the driver's seat with Skeppy by his side in the passenger's seat, holding Bad’s hand. Sapnap sat in the back on the far side from where Dream and George were getting in from.

“You’re in the middle, George,” Dream opened the door up for the angel, making Sapnap snicker. “You’re the smallest.” George rolled his eyes, quickly getting in the car, Dream following after him. Once they got their seatbelts on, Bad started driving.

“I’m glad you guys could make it!” Bad chirped happily, glancing up in the rearview mirror for just a moment. “And sorry my cars such a mess-”

“Bad, your car *isn’t* a mess,” Skeppy laughed, waving his free hand in the air. “It’s practically spotless.”

“Yeah, it is really clean in here.” Dream agreed. George noticed Dream glance over at him for a moment out of the corner of his eye, and he felt his face flush. He stared down at his hands, which he had placed in his lap.

“Well,” Bad cleared his throat quietly. “Are any of you hungry now? We can either get pizza there when we get there, or when we’re done.” When everyone had said no one was hungry at the moment, they all had agreed to eat once they were done. Of course, Bad had said he would pay, and everyone- but George, since he had no money- started to argue about it, saying that they could split the bill. And though Bad clearly didn’t want the others to spend their money, he agreed- as long as he could buy them a card for the arcade with twenty dollars for each of them. So, that was the deal.

It didn’t take too long for the group to arrive at the arcade, the sound of children screaming and adults quietly talking about how they hated their lives quickly smacking them in the face as soon as they got to the doors. And the noise only got worse when they opened the doors.

“Okay, I’ll go buy us all cards!” Bad practically skipped off, Skeppy going along with him, their

hands interlaced. George stood staring at the ground, feeling someone's eyes on him. He had the feeling it was Dream.

"You know," Sapnap finally spoke up, and George looked at him. So did Dream. "Dream, I thought you'd be a little bit shorter than that." Dream raised an eyebrow.

"I thought you'd be taller," Dream smirked, glancing down at George. "But you are taller than George, so I *suppose* you're not all that short."

"Hey!" George crossed his arms across his chest, glaring daggers up at Dream. "I'm average height."

"Still small," Dream laughed, patting the top of George's hair. Before George could say another word, Bad and Skeppy had appeared next to them, smiles on both of their faces. Bad handed the other three their cards.

"Before we all go wherever, let's meet up at the prizes stand at eight- okay?" When everyone nodded, Bad and Skeppy almost started to walk away before Sapnap spoke again.

"Wait!" He smirked. "We should make it a challenge of whoever gets the most tickets *wins*."

"Wins... what?" Bad questioned cautiously, raising an eyebrow. Sapnap shrugged.

"Bragging rights," He paused for a moment. "Or! They get to ask anyone in the group to buy them something from here."

"That sounds fun," Dream snickered. "I'm in." Before Bad could interject, Sapnap ran off into the crowd. Bad groaned as Dream grabbed George by the hand, pulling him off into the crowd as well.

"So, where to first, Georgie?" George glanced around them as Dream pulled him along, trying to find a specific game that he hoped Florida had. It always gave George a ton of tickets, even though it wasn't the most fun of games. Once he spotted it, he gasped.

"We need to go get coins!" When Dream only stared at him, George sighed. "Just *trust* me- let's go exchange some of the money on the cards for coins." Dream didn't say a word, simply dragging the angel off to a machine to get some coins.

Once they had what George thought was the perfect amount of coins- though Dream had said it was *way* too many, considering they had to hold it in their hoodie pockets- he led Dream this time to the game.

"*That* is what you're wanting to use the coins on?" Dream raised an eyebrow curiously. George smirked, sitting on his knees to play it easier.

"Watch," Dream sat on the ground next to him as George started to put coins in, one after another. The game was, if you put a coin in, it would push other coins into a pit, which, in turn, gave you tickets. The coins you put in would fall one of three directions. Sometimes it would push coins down, other times not. George had learned to quickly put in a bunch of coins practically at once. He did end up breaking the game once from how many tickets he got when he was younger.

"Holy shit," Dream muttered under his breath as tickets seemed to be flying out of the machine. "How-"

"Go grab a basket, we're gonna need it for how many tickets we're going to get." Without arguing, Dream stood up and walked away, going off to find a basket for them. George chuckled as he kept

slotting coins in, watching more and more tickets make a pile on the ground.

Once Dream had finally come back, his jaw dropped in awe at the pile that appeared while he was gone. George laughed at the expression, but kept going.

“How the hell did you know about this?” Dream gently picked up the pile of tickets, detaching it from the tickets that continued to come out of the game. He placed it into the basket, though his eyes were on George. “This is *genius* !” George felt his cheeks warm up as he focused back on putting coins in the game.

“My... old friend and I, when we were, like, eighteen, we went to an arcade and discovered this trick,” George’s smile had fallen from his face. “Of course, that was before I... you know...” Dream nodded in understanding.

“Well, really. This is such a good way of getting tickets. We’re going to *destroy* them at this!” George smiled again, only for it to turn into a smirk as he slowly looked at Dream.

“Who said *we* were going to?” Dream sat there and stared at George, looking almost as if he were betrayed. George couldn’t help but laugh. “I’m kidding, I’m kidding. I’ll share the points with you.” Dream sighed, a smile coming to his face.

“Geez, you scared me,” He laughed, handing George more coins. “This is really smart, but also pretty boring...”

“Yeah, sorry about that...” George muttered, sliding in his last coin from his pocket. “You can go off and play some other games while I do this, if you’d like?”

“But I don’t want to just leave you here,” George laughed.

“I sat here for an hour and a half before doing this. I’ll be okay for ten minutes, or however long.”

“...Are you sure?”

“Yeah, just put all the coins on the ground before you go?” Dream nodded, dumping all the coins from his pocket onto the ground. “Thank you. Have fun, Dream!”

“I’ll be back in a little. Bye, Georgie!”

About ten minutes later, George had completely run out of coins, but the basket was practically overflowing with tickets. Smiling to himself, he picked up the basket, looking around himself to spot Dream out in the crowd.

And he did.

Dream noticed him too and ran over, holding his hands behind his back. George raised an eyebrow, but didn’t ask why he was doing that. Instead, he held up the basket.

“I’d say this is a good amount of tickets?” Dream laughed, but he nodded in agreement, a bright smile on his face.

“George, I won you something!” Dream then proceeded to hold out a small animal plush that looked to be a fox that was sleeping happily. The fox looked yellow to George, but he knew it was

red. Nonetheless, he smiled, face flushed pink. "I tried to win you something that wasn't, you know, a color you can't see, but-"

"It's amazing, Dream," George could see that Dream's cheeks had flushed, too. "Thank you- but are you sure you want to give it to me?" Dream stared at him as if that was the strangest question he had ever heard.

"Uh, yeah!" Dream held it further out towards George. George looked at him for a moment before taking it, watching as Dream's smile widened. "I think we're good on tickets, so let's just go have some fun, okay?"

"Okay," George smiled. "Lead the way, Dream."

A couple hours later, and it was almost eight- the time that Bad had told them to meet up near the prize counter. George and Dream had won quite a few more tickets, trying to split them as evenly as possible before putting them on their tickets.

"Well, we still have about ten minutes before we have to meet up again," Dream said as he looked up from his phone, glancing at George. George had just finished putting all of his tickets into his card, so he looked back at him. "What do you want to do?" George hummed softly, looking around the arcade.

"Oh! We should go to the photo booth, it looks like there's no line!" Dream grabbed George's hand once more, and the two walked with interlacing fingers towards the photo booth. George blushed as he thought that people would probably think the two were dating, considering how close they were to each other- and not to mention the hand holding.

"I'll pay for the photos," Dream said as they made it to the photo booth. "Since you paid for the last game we played, and I'm pretty sure your card is out of-" Dream had been pulling back the curtains as he spoke, both him and George glancing inside.

In the photo booth were two people. One had their hands wrapped around the others waist, while the other had their hands on the first ones cheeks. Both of their faces were flushed red, though the second one's face seemed much brighter than the first. Their lips were pressed together in a kiss.

Those two people were ones that both George and Dream knew.

"Bad? Skeppy?" Dream spoke up, and the two pulled away from each other as fast as humanly possible. "Uh-"

"Sorry!" Bad squeaked out, his face being unnaturally red. He ran out of the photo booth, clearly completely embarrassed about being caught. Skeppy, meanwhile, was laughing- but he, too, ran off to find his boyfriend.

"...That was..." George blinked before continuing. "...Interesting..." Dream chuckled, pulling George inside the photo booth.

"Yeah, but let's just ignore that," he hummed, pulling his card out. "You ready?" When George nodded, Dream slipped his card into the photo booth. The two posed for pictures like they were teenage girls trying to be cool, both trying to keep in their laughs as they did.

But as soon as the photos were done, they burst out laughing once they looked back at them.

George, for the second picture, had put two fingers up behind Dream's head somehow without him noticing.

"Oh my god, you're so weird, George!" Dream laughed, wheezing slightly. George pushed him, making them both laugh even harder- though there was nothing really funny happening.

After a few minutes, the two had calmed down, small smiles on both of their faces as they stared at each other. George felt his heart jumping about, like it had been doing all night. He was having the time of his afterlife, smiling so much that his cheeks were starting to hurt.

Then George noticed just how close Dream was to him- like the time they couldn't sleep, sitting on the cliffside together. His face flushed at the memory, staring into the eyes he knew to be green.

The angel swore he could feel Dream breathing softly, but he wasn't sure if he was just imagining things. It felt like they were staring at each other for hours, though he knew it was only for a few seconds now.

George felt a hand press against his cheek softly. Dream had moved one of his hands without him noticing, placing it there. Dream's thumb gently rubbed against his cheek. George closed his eyes at the feeling, leaning into the touch- his skin was tingling there, the feeling of someone so close so foreign to him.

"Can you please hurry?" George's eyes opened quickly at the sound of a feminine voice from outside the photo booth. Dream pulled his hand away from George's cheek, instead grabbing his hand.

"Sorry," Dream said quickly to them as he led George out of the booth, photos in the hand not holding George's.

"Geez, you guys are a little late," Sapnap smirked as George and Dream walked over hand in hand. "Too busy smooching in the photo booth?" While George could only blush, Dream smirked.

"No, that was Bad and Skeppy," George glanced over at the couple, who both flushed.

"Shut up, Dream," Skeppy put an arm around Bad, holding him close.

"How many points did everyone get?" Sapnap stood a little taller. "I got *nearly* a thousand."

"Five hundred," Bad muttered.

"None." Skeppy laughed. George stared at him for a moment, wondering if he had given all his tickets to Bad. That seemed to be the case, considering how happy he looked about having none.

"Three thousand-ish."

"A little over four thousand." George and Dream spoke at the same time. The three other males stared at them in complete shock, all silent.

"*What ?!*" Sapnap groaned, leaning his head back dramatically. "I thought I had it! How the hell-"

"Language!"

"-Did you get *that* many points?!"

“We’ll never tell,” Dream snickered, sticking his tongue out. “Now come on, I’m starving!”

“After we eat, we can go pick out some prizes,” Bad smiled as the group walked, Bad leading the way. “Is that okay with everyone?” When everyone agreed, Bad started ordering them all a pizza.

Thirty minutes later, the group was in the prize area, looking around at everything in it. George walked alongside Dream, not really looking at anything in particular as he held his fox plush.

Then he laid his eyes on something. Something he wanted.

“Dream! Dream, look at this!” Dream looked up to what George was pointing at. All the way on the top shelf sat a giant, chibi plush of a Ninetales, from Pokemon. It was probably over half of George’s height, but he didn’t care. He wanted it. He *needed* it.

“Oh my god,” Dream laughed. “That thing’s *huge* !”

“I need it- how much is it??”

“Five thousand tickets for the Ninetales plush,” Said one of the people at the counter, a smile on their face. George’s smile fell.

“Aw... I only have, like, three thousand...” Just as George started to walk away, Dream grabbed onto the sleeve George had to roll up so he could use his hands.

“Can you please get it down?” Dream called over to the worker, who nodded and happily walked over.

“Dream, what are you-” Dream shushed the shorter male. George huffed, but listened, watching as the worker took it down.

“Can I have your card?” George nodded, handing it to Dream cautiously. Dream led George to the counter, where the worker had walked to, and he handed them his card first, then George’s card.

“Use that card first, please.”

“Will do,” The worker took Dream’s card and scanned it, then took George’s card. After a moment, the computer beeped, and they smiled, handing the plush to Dream.

“Thank you!” Dream smiled at them before walking away, handing the giant chibi plush and card back to George. “There you go.”

“What- Dream- You didn’t-” Dream laughed, shoving his hands into his pockets.

“I did.”

“Thank you!” George giggled, holding the plush close to him. Dream really bought it for *him* ? Using *his* cards tickets?

“It’s no problem,” Dream glanced off to the side, a smile on his face. “I didn’t want anything here, anyway.”

“God, you’re such a *simp* for George, Dream.” Came Sapnap’s voice from behind them, cackling softly.

“Shut up, Sapnap,” Dream glared at him, making George laugh. He didn’t pay much more attention to the group, only following quietly as he held his fox plushies- both of which Dream had gotten him.

He smiled to himself, his heart skipping beats. Dream had gotten them for him.

...Clay was really making it impossible for George to ignore his heart. George didn’t know much longer he could keep his heart in place- but the fear of getting caught, and the fear of getting rejected kept his heart in line.

But he really didn’t know how much longer that would work.

Chapter Nineteen - Until Him

“Thank you again, Dream, you really didn’t need to get me these,” George muttered as they walked through the front door of the apartment. He held his new plushies close to him, his face flushed slightly. Dream laughed breathlessly, making George’s heart skip and flutter.

“Well, they make you happy, don’t they?” Dream stopped in the middle of the room, turning to face the angel.

“Yeah...” A smile spread across Dream’s face as he turned back around, heading to the kitchen.

“Then I did. I like to see you happy,” The fact that Dream could say that so calmly amazed George. If he *ever* even tried, he was sure he’d break down into a stuttering mess. “Almost as much as I like to see you blush~” George groaned, shoving his face into the giant Ninetales plush.

“Shut up.” He heard Dream laugh in the kitchen, and the sound of the fridge or freezer closing.

“We should go to bed, it’s late,” George lifted his head as he heard Dream walk closer. He smiled at George.

“It’s not *that* late,” George muttered, Dream’s smile spreading to him. “But whatever. Let’s go to bed.”

When George had said that, he had *not* expected for him and Dream to share the same bed again. He really hadn’t. So, when Dream pulled him into his room and they both laid down, George couldn’t keep himself from blushing. He could feel Dream right next to him, lying comfortably.

The angel could hear his heart beating in his chest and he wondered how Dream didn’t hear it. It echoed in his mind as he scrolled through his phone, trying to focus on the memes instead of the sleeping man behind him.

But, of course, fate would never let him have his way.

Just as he had started focusing on his phone, smiling at the stupid memes on it, he felt Dream move behind him. It wasn’t by much, but George knew he moved. Especially when he felt an arm snake around his waist, making his eyes widen.

“Dr-Dream?” He whispered, staring at the arm that was wrapped around him. He was met with no response, only silence. He sighed, closing his eyes. How did things turn out like this?

...

George eventually got sick of seeing the same jokes, so he clicked off the app he was on and stared at his home screen. His cat’s eyes stared at him, never blinking. It was almost unsettling, but George couldn’t help but frown as he wondered what happened to him. If he was okay.

Without much reasoning, the angel clicked on his messages, deciding to scroll through some of his old conversations, maybe even think back to some things he did when he was still alive.

He saw his mother’s old number, his father’s... old friends from when he was in his high school

years. For some reason, though he really should have expected it, his eyes widened at a name in his phone.

Azazel.

The angel stared at his screen, rereading the same name over and over again. He knew he should have expected it, yet it still surprised him. George's finger hovered over the conversation, wondering if he should go back and read them.

He was sure he sat there for at least a few minutes like that before ultimately deciding to close out of the app. He turned his phone off, putting it down.

Closing his eyes, George laid there. He focused his mind on Dream behind him- deciding that wasn't the worst thing to think about anymore. He could feel Dream's soft breaths against his neck, even the rising and falling of his chest he could feel against his back.

He scooted closer to the taller male, letting himself melt in the embrace. He hated hugs, hated cuddling, hated any sort of close human interaction. He always had. Until it came to Dream.

Until it came to *Clay*.

He found himself craving it at times when Dream either wasn't there, or simply wasn't close enough. George never made a move on it though, knowing Dream would laugh. Whether it was laughing at him, or laughing because he found it nice, George didn't want to know the answer to it.

George felt like such a teenage girl with her first real crush. Not that he... liked Clay *that* much, but he couldn't hide the fact he did a little. At least, he couldn't hide it from himself. He had to hide it from anyone else.

The angel knew he was wasting his time here, cuddling with Clay. He knew he should be finding that demon. He knew he had a job to do. He knew he needed to do it before someone got hurt.

But the thought of leaving Clay was hard to think of. And to think, they've only known each other for a few weeks. But it felt like a lifetime to George. He couldn't imagine leaving Earth again, not when he had a choice.

He still knew he had a job to do.

He knew he still needed to get his job done.

He *knew* this was starting to get risky.

But being there with Clay made it seem so much less important. And maybe... it was.

"George?" George lifted his head at the sound of Dream's tired voice. He had moved out to the living room early in the morning, somehow escaping Dream's grasp. George smiled at him, putting his phone down.

"Morning, Dream," Dream rubbed at his eyes, staring at George.

"Did you sleep at *all* last night?" George shrugged, glancing over to Patches, who laid on the other

side of the couch. “ *George* !”

“What?” George raised an eyebrow, though he knew the other couldn’t see that. “I wasn’t tired.” Dream sighed. The angel’s attention was moved from the cat to Dream as he sat down in front of him, a concerned look behind his tired eyes. George felt his heart ache at the sight.

“You still should have *tried* , at least,” When George only shrugged again, Dream stood. “I’ve got work in an hour and a half, what do you want for breakfast?”

“I’ll eat some leftovers,” Dream eyed him suspiciously.

“Okay...” He spoke slowly. “I’m going to shower then.”

“Okay.” George’s heart hurt. Why was he being so quiet around Dream? It wasn’t like George was mad at him. He wasn’t upset in any way. He was just... being rude, for no reason.

He suddenly didn’t feel as hungry as he did before.

After fifteen minutes, Dream came out of the shower, his hair in front of his eyes. George distracted himself as he scrolled through his phone, though he felt the couch shift beside him. Eyes dug into him, but he refused to look up. He didn’t know why, but he didn’t. Until Dream spoke.

“George, can I ask you a question?” That got the angel’s heart racing as he looked over.

“Um... Sure.” His mind flashed through a thousand things the other could say to him, some good, most bad. He couldn’t keep one in his mind though, all of them flying around in his head.

“How did you die?” George blinked. “Does... it have to do with your other scars?” George blinked again.

Out of all the questions, that was not one George imagined. Suddenly all his other thoughts felt stupid, but he pushed that out of his head. Dream was staring at him, waiting for a response. So, George gave him one.

“I fell.” Was all George told him, looking back down at his phone. He could still see Dream staring at him, his green eyes sparkling. He blinked.

“...How did you-”

“I just *fell* , Clay,” George flinched at his own tone, forcing himself to look at Clay again. He still looked concerned, even more so now with how George was acting. Clay’s eyes seemed to soften a little. “...I’m sorry...” George muttered.

“It’s okay,” George noticed Clay lift his hand up before putting it back down again. “I’m sorry for asking. It’s... clearly not something you want to talk about.” George sighed, leaning back against the couch. He closed his eyes, wanting to escape from this conversation.

“It’s not okay, you were just curious and I snapped at you.”

“George, I-”

“I shouldn’t have snapped at you. I don’t know why I did, and-”

“ *George* .” George opened his eyes again, looking at Clay. “It’s okay. Really. You don’t need to talk about it.” The angel sighed softly, running a hand through his hair.

“...Thank you.”

“Do you want me to warm you up some leftover pancakes?” *No*.

“Just one,” George put a small smile on his face. “I’m not that hungry.” Dream nodded, getting up to grab him just that. Of course, it didn’t take too long for him to come back with it, handing it to the angel.

“It should be warm all the way through,” Dream chuckled. “If it’s not, I’m sorry.”

“Eh, cold pancakes aren’t that bad,” George used his fork to cut into the pancake. “And thank you for grabbing me one.”

“Of course,” Dream sat back down next to the shorter male, the smile on his face growing slightly. “If you want any more, tell me, okay?”

“I will.”

Chapter Twenty - Dream Confesses

While Dream was off to work, George had decided to go on a walk. He texted Dream before he went out, just in case he came back and he wasn't there. George had planned to be walking for at *least* a few hours, so Dream coming back before him was pretty likely since he would be home in an hour and a half.

He ended up getting a message from Bad while on his walk, asking how he was doing. George texted him back, and they kept talking along George's walk. They didn't really talk about much, just random little things.

Like how Bad was sure he was going to get trolled again in Minecraft by Skeppy, how he saw a cute puppy the day before... Anything. George didn't mind, mostly letting him talk as he looked at the people and scenery around him.

Then he looked down at his phone, and his heart stopped for a second before racing in his chest.

BBH: Do you like Dream?

That question had come out of nowhere, making George even stop walking in surprise. He stepped out of the way of everyone, leaning his back against a wall as he stared at the question. He was sure his face was bright red, but, luckily, Bad couldn't see that.

George: No

George: Why?

BBH: Idk

BBH: Something about the way you interact with him made me think about it

BBH: You know if you did I wouldn't judge you right?

George: I know

George: But I don't like him

BBH: Ok

And with that, the conversation went back to normal. George let out a breath he didn't know he was holding, sneaking back into the crowd of people who walked the streets. Bad, a few minutes later, had disappeared from the conversation, but George paid it no mind, letting himself relax as he walked.

George hummed softly to himself, his mind in a completely different place. He didn't even feel his phone vibrate in his pocket. Nothing was on his mind for the first time in what felt like years. Not

even Dream was in his thoughts at the moment.

It wasn't until a few hours later that George had realized just how far he had gotten from Dream's apartment. He shrugged it off, deciding not to have Dream come pick him up. Something in him told him not to, though he wasn't sure why.

The angel turned around, starting to walk back the way he came. But, now that he wasn't taking his time and enjoying himself, he would be home in no time at all.

And he was right- it only took him another hour to get back. Well, really less time than that if George hadn't stopped to take a break at the park near the apartment. But his legs felt like jello, so he felt he needed a ten minute or so break before heading up to the apartment.

George opened up the door to silence. He found it a little unsettling, but he waved it off as maybe Dream was taking a nap or playing some Minecraft- after all, he *definitely* was home. He texted George that many hours ago now.

He looked around the living room to only see Patches laying there on the couch, by herself. He wandered into the kitchen, seeing no tall, green eyed male in sight. With a frown, George then checked the computer room, but nothing seemed to have changed since the last time George had been in there.

George felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He took it out, seeing that it was one of the angels that sent him down. They were asking if he had found the demon yet. While he started to type out his response, George opened the door to the bedroom, lifting his head up before he would send his message.

The angel dropped his phone on the ground, making a loud bang that caused the male in front of him to jump and turn around.

"George!" Dream put a hand over his heart. "Geez, you scared the-"

"C-..Clay?" George was shaking as he took a step back, his eyes beginning to sting.

"George, what's-" Dream seemed to realize in the middle of his sentence, his eyes wide.

In front of George looked like Clay. But... there was *no* way it could be him. Pitch black horns poked out of his dirty blonde hair, curling just barely at the tip of them. They were weirdly smooth looking, almost shining. His teeth, which George had thought looked sharp before, were now even sharper, even *larger* .

But he also had wings poking out from his back, still spread out wide in shock. The wings could be described as looking like bat wings- black wings that were dipped in a deep crimson red at the very ends. The wings looked sharp and angular, almost like it could easily cut you into pieces.

"Oh, god- shit. George-" Tears ran down the angels cheeks. Dream was the demon. *Clay* was the demon.

"You-" George couldn't tear his eyes away from the demon, his whole body shaking. He could hear a voice whispering in the back of his head, thoughts swirling in his mind as screams. Plea's.

“You l-ied to- to me?”

“No, George, I swear, I- I was going to tell you-” As the demon stepped a bit closer to George, George stepped back. “George, please...-”

“I- I *trusted* you!-” George sobbed. “I thought... I-I thought we w-were friends-”

“We are! We still can be- George, I *promise* I can explain *everything*- ”

“No, get- get a-away from me!” George whimpered as the demon tried to step closer again. He stepped back, hiding his black wings behind him.

They stood there, staring at each other for a good minute or two as George sobbed softly, shaking in fear. He couldn’t believe it. There was *no* way this could be the man he had been living with. This couldn’t be Clay.

Demon’s were evil. They were manipulative. George knew this. He had known this for years. Demon’s weren’t *always* nice, sweet, and concerned, they didn’t... they weren’t like *Clay* .

...

But like any demon, Clay lied. He *lied* to George. Who knows how much the demon had been lying to him. Were they really as close as George thought? Was it all an act? An act to bring George into a false sense of security, only for it to be ripped away from him again?

He broke eye contact to look at his phone, which stood between him and the demon. A million thoughts came to him at once, screaming in his ears, but one was the loudest. And he listened to it.

Without any warning, he grabbed his phone and ran out of the house as fast as he could, hearing the demon call his name, *begging* him to come back. George didn’t look back as he kept running, not quite knowing where he was going. All he knew was that he needed to get away from him.

Eventually, his legs started to wobble under him. He slowed down to a walk, and fell to the ground, his body having no support for him anymore. George was exhausted, but he kept sobbing. He held his hands over his ears, a voice whispering into them despite it all.

...

His phone started ringing.

George slowly lifted his head, hand shaking as he reached out for his phone. The angel that sent him down was calling him. He took in a deep breath, which didn’t work out all that well for him, but it would have to do. He answered the phone.

“George?” George held back a whimper. “I texted you a little bit ago. Have you found the demon?” He was quiet for just a second before responding.

“...No.” George spoke in a steady voice, despite his shaking body. He would have been impressed with himself if he weren’t so focused on staying quiet.

“Okay. Please let me know if you find anything else out.” As soon as the call ended, George sobbed again, rivers running down his cheeks faster than before. He just *lied* to another angel about his job.

He found the demon. But he *lied* .

...

George *still* couldn't handle thinking of losing his... closest friend. But he was a demon. But... he was so kind to George. Clay practically took care of him, always hanging out with him and making sure he was okay. But he was a demon.

Demons... don't do that. Not without wanting *something* in return.

...

The angel quickly clicked a number in his phone, holding the phone to his ear. His body continued to shake as the phone ringed softly. He couldn't take in anymore deep breaths. He couldn't calm down. He felt heavy, unable to move other than his shaking. George felt pathetic- like a child that fell and just scraped their knee.

"Hello?" Came a voice from the other line.

"Pick me u-up- p-please-" George whimpered. "I'm out- I'm outside D...Dream's apartment-"

"I'll be there in a few minutes," George rubbed at his eyes, but the tears wouldn't slow. His heart burned, aching. His mind wouldn't shut up. The voice in his ear wouldn't go away, whispering the same things over and over again. "Just hang tight, okay? Me and Skeppy are on our way."

Chapter Twenty One - An Aching Heart

“George?” George was sitting in the backseat of Bad and Skeppy’s car, Bad by his side while Skeppy drove them back to their place. The angel was shaking with his sobs still, curled up against the car door. He kept himself as far away as he could from Bad.

He hated this. He hated randomly calling them, hated crying in front of them. It was just as bad as crying in front of-

George put a hand over his mouth, his eyes shut tightly. His tears were starting to slow from exhaustion, but that didn’t stop his sobs. He felt a hand on his knee, flinching away from the sudden contact. When he opened his eyes, he was met with concerned ‘yellow’ eyes. He sobbed again.

“George, hey, it’s okay,” Bad spoke just loud enough for everyone in the car to hear, putting a small smile on his face. “Um.. Can you try and take in a deep breath? Try to imagine your happy place, okay?”

George closed his eyes, feeling the car turn slightly. In his mind, he imagined being outside in a nice clearing in the woods, pretty tree leaves falling around him. The sun would be set, the stars and moon above him, clearer than ever.

He imagined it a little warmer than him, keeping him warm- but not too warm. It would be the perfect temperature, and the breeze would be soft. He would have no wings, no halo above his head- no scars on his back.

“George?” George would hear a voice say with a smile. He would look over to the person next to him to find-

The angel’s eyes flew open, making eye contact with Bad again. He whimpered, the image of the demon still clear in his mind, despite having only looked at him for not even a second. He could feel the ghost of a hand on his own hand, holding it gently, as if any tighter would break him.

“Hey, hey, you’re okay, George,” Bad whispered to him, keeping a concerned smile on his face. “We’re almost to me and Skeppy’s place, okay? You’re doing great. Just keep breathing for me.” And so George did- he kept trying to calm his breathing down, to make it possible for his heart to relax. His mind slowed down, his body heavy. He was *exhausted*.

After a few minutes, George had pretty much calmed down, and they had arrived at Bad and Skeppy’s house. It was a little on the small size, but George didn’t have enough energy to care. Not that he’d care anyway.

“Do you want, like... some water?” Skeppy asked, making George smile. Skeppy clearly didn’t know how to help- but he didn’t mind. George nodded at the question, and he left to go grab him that.

“How are you feeling, George?” George looked over to Bad, who’s smile never left his face.

“Not great,” George laughed, scratching the back of his neck. “But... Um... better.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re feeling a little better. Do you want to talk about what-” Before Bad could

even finish his sentence, George started shaking his head. "Okay. We don't have to."

"Thank you for coming to pick me up..." George sighed, glancing around the living room they stood in. He didn't really look at anything, he just wanted to stay away from eye contact. "And... Letting me come here."

"Of course!" Bad chirped. Skeppy came back and handed George some water, which he took with a smile. "You can stay as long as you need, okay?"

"Thanks."

"I'm sure you're exhausted, do you want me to take you to the spare room?" George nodded silently, following after Bad. He didn't pay much attention on the way, mindlessly humming along with whatever Bad was talking about. "-But here's the room. Call for me or Skeppy if you need us, okay? We'll let you sleep."

"Thanks again," Bad smiled happily at the angel, waving it off. Without another word, George walked into the dark room, turning on the light.

There wasn't much in the room, of course- just a bed, a bedside table, and... that was really it. It was a little boring, but George didn't care. Putting his water on the bedside table, he laid down on the bed, immediately curling up into a ball. He didn't bother pulling up the covers, simply huddling into the hoodie he wore.

...

His heart burned, the face of Clay appearing in his head. He was still wearing Clay's favorite hoodie. Suddenly all the angel could smell was the demon he had been staying with, feel his arm wrapped around his waist. His breath against his throat.

If he still had tears to cry, they'd be running down his cheeks in rivers.

But he didn't.

So all he could do was lay there, closing his eyes tightly, his arms wrapped around himself. His heart was still burning, his whole body refusing to move. His mind refusing to be quiet. Refusing to let him have a break and *sleep*.

"George," George lifted his head at the sound of his name, his smile widening as a male, roughly the same age as him- twenty three- ran up to him.

He had dyed, pure white hair that came down to a little past his jawline, being parted off to the side. It nearly always covered one of his bright green eyes, which George never got to see. He only saw them as yellow, but he tried not to think about it too hard.

The male was a little pale, but definitely tanner than George. But it made his pure black outfit that he always wore stand out. He wore a casual, short sleeved, black shirt with a black leather jacket over the top. Black, fingerless gloves covered the majority of his hands- his pale fingers standing out against the stark black. He wore, of course, black skinny jeans and boots.

He was much taller than George, coming in at about six feet. He stood tall, never slouching. A smirk was always on the male's face, a devious look in his eyes. He was on the skinner side, but not

quite as skinny as George. Maybe he would be if he didn't have muscles.

"Hey!" George laughed, patting the spot next to him. The male sat beside him, making his heart jump in his chest happily. "What took you so long, Azzy?"

"I got into a little bit of traffic," He looked off to the side, looking as bored as ever. George gulped, keeping his smile on his face.

"I'm sorry," George muttered, staring into the male's eyes as he looked over again. His smirk grew wider.

"It's okay, George," He snickered, lifting his hand up. George tensed at the sudden action, but quickly relaxed again as he put it back down. The two were quiet for a moment.

"...So..." George rubbed the back of his neck, his face starting to burn up. "You, uh- You wanted to tell me something?"

"Yeah," The male shifted slightly on the ground, now facing more towards George. George did the same, his heart beating irregularly. "I..."

"...You...?"

"...Don't remember." George laughed.

"Azazel!"

Chapter Twenty Two - Bad Knows

“Hey, George?” George lifted his head off his pillow, glancing over at the door that was now open. Skeppy stood in the door frame, leaning against it with his arms crossed. His eyes showed off so much concern, yet... he seemed so nervous. “Uh. Bad wanted me to check up on you. How did you sleep?”

“Huh?” George sat up, glancing out the window. The sun was shining through the blinds, though just barely. He squinted, seeing a couple trees outside. “Oh. I didn’t realize it was morning...”

“Didn’t get to sleeping, huh?” The angel hesitated for a moment before sighing and nodding. “What happened?” George tensed, gripping the sleeve of the hoodie he wore. He stared down into his lap.

“Nothing.” He muttered, refusing to look up at Skeppy. He could feel the others eyes digging into his skull.

“Are you su-”

“Yes,” George interrupted Skeppy. “I’m sure.” George snuck a glance up at the slightly shorter male, seeing a frown on his face. He still seemed so concerned, but Skeppy seemed to get that George really didn’t want to talk about it. Not like he really could, anyway. Not without risking *everything* .

“Well, if you ever want to talk... Uh,” George glanced back up at Skeppy. “Bad is really nice to talk to about... anything, really. I would say you can talk to me, but I’m- I’m not great with this stuff.” George hummed.

“Thanks.”

“Of course!” Skeppy smiled. “Bad got some food for all of us, if you’d like to come out and eat with us?”

“Yeah, sure,” George muttered. He gently pushed the blankets off himself, standing. “Let’s... do that.”

“George, you haven’t touched your food. Are you sure you’re okay?” Bad asked softly. George looked over at him and Skeppy, seeing that Bad had his hand on top of Skeppy’s. The angel felt his heart ache.

“Yeah, I’m sure,” He lied. He seemed to be doing that a whole lot recently. “I’m just not hungry.” George’s stomach growled, earning a curious look from Bad. But he seemed to let it go.

“Well, you should eat soon, okay?” George simply nodded, and the three went quiet. It looked as if Bad wanted to say more, but didn’t in fear of upsetting George. Skeppy didn’t seem to want to talk. And George was fine with that. He would prefer the silence to questions any day.

A minute or two later, Bad’s phone started to ring, making George jump slightly in surprise. Bad looked down to his phone before looking back up at George again. Then he answered it.

“Hello?” George couldn’t quite make out who was on the other side of the call, but they sounded a little hectic when they responded to Bad. “Are you okay? You sound a little shaken up...”

“-Have you heard from George or seen him at all?” George felt his heart stop for a second, dropping into his stomach like a rock. Clay was on the other side of the call- he knew it was him. George could hardly hear him. “He ran off last night. I hoped he would come back after a while, but... I haven’t seen him since.”

“I, uh...” Bad glanced over to George, who shook his head frantically. He mouthed ‘ *Please don’t* ’. “...No, I haven’t heard or seen him since the arcade.” George let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding. Clay sighed on the other side of the call.

“Okay. Please tell me if you hear from him, I’m-” George couldn’t quite hear the rest of the call, but he didn’t really care. It only lasted a few moments longer before Bad hung up, leaning back slightly against his chair.

“George,” Bad sat back up, his face knotted with concern. “Please tell us what’s going on. It... Clearly has *something* to do with Dream.”

“I-”

“ *Please* .” Bad begged. “He seems *unbelievably* worried about you. You look basically heart broken.”

“I do not-”

“George...”

“...We had a fight. That’s all,” George said, voice just above a whisper. It wasn’t *exactly* a lie. He just left out why... that wasn’t so bad, right? “I ran off afterwards. It’s nothing that bad-”

“ *Nothing bad* ?” Bad repeated softly. “You cried for at *least* an hour last night. What did you two argue about?”

“Well...” George bit his lip. “We didn’t really... *argue* . Something just... happened.”

“Did you two, like... fight-fight?” Skeppy spoke up this time.

“No-” George responded quickly, shaking his head. “No- heh- he would have beaten me up *good* if we did.”

“Did you tell him you have feelings for him?” How one little question could completely break George, he had no idea. But he knew his face had to be *so* red.

“What? No- I- I don’t- I don’t like him!” George stuttered, his heart thumping hard against his chest. “I’m not- I’m straight!” Bad stared at him with a soft smile before whispering to Skeppy. Skeppy left the room after, leaving the two alone.

“George, you don’t need to pretend.”

“I’m not-”

“You *do* like him. And that’s okay. It’s not bad.”

“I know it’s not, I just-”

“George,” George groaned, hitting his head on the table in front of him. “It’s okay. Why do you think you don’t like him?”

“Because! I’m- I’m not-” George sighed. “I’m not gay.”

“Tell me about Dream.” The angel lifted his head up again, looking at Bad in confusion. He only stared back, smiling sweetly. George was quiet for a moment before he responded.

“He’s, um...” George could feel his face somehow grow warmer. “He’s really nice. Uh- he let me stay at his apartment for a few weeks, even though I was a complete stranger. He’s an amazing cook...” As George continued to ramble on, a smile slowly came to his face. “His voice is really nice to listen to, and he’s really, really warm. His hugs are just- they’re the best. I wish I could see his eyes properly- but they’re still so pretty. He-”

“Okay, George, you can stop now,” Bad chuckled, folding his arms on the table. “Do you know how long you were talking?”

“Uh... No?” George tilted his head. “Why?”

“You were talking about Dream for about five minutes.” George felt his face flush again.

“That- that doesn’t mean anything.”

“Sure, that could not mean a thing,” Bad shrugged, though his smile never left his face. “ *But* , the things you were saying...”

“Whatever,” He grumbled, huddling into the hoodie he wore. “I still don’t like him.”

“I went through the same things you have, George,” Bad ran a hand through his hair. “Sure. Maybe you really *don’t* like Dream. *But* I want you to know that it’s okay if you do. And if you do, you can tell me. No one else will know- other than maybe Skeppy. But Skeppy wouldn’t tell anyone.”

“...How come you are so persistent in saying that I like him?”

“Because,” Bad shrugged. “It’s just a feeling I have. And honestly, I think Dream likes you too.” George blushed.

“There is *no* way he likes me,” George scoffed, waving his hand in the air dismissively. “He’s straight. Besides, he’s *way* out of my league.”

“How so?”

“I mean- have you *seen* him?” George leaned back in his chair. “He’s just, so- ugh! He’s so infuriating but also just so nice all the time. He’s attractive. He’s a flirt and he’s so protective and sweet. There’s no way I could even be his *type* .”

“Why can’t you be his type?”

“I’m just so- *inferior* . I’d be *beyond* lucky to have a guy like him- much less him in general. He’s cool and amazing, and he deserves someone that can treat him like the great guy he is- not someone who runs away from him because of some stupid- hey, what is that look for?” George noticed a weird look Bad had been giving him. It was a little smirk, like he had just won a bet, but didn’t want the other to know he won already.

“You’d be lucky to have a guy like him?” Bad repeated. George nodded.

“Yeah! He’s hot- but that’s not even the best part about him! He cares so much about me all the time, and made sure I was okay. Whenever he found out I wasn’t okay and he wasn’t there, he’d make up for it by sitting with me and hugging me. He just- ugh. He makes my heart race by just being around.”

“George...”

“Like, honestly! Just thinking about him is making me all nervous and-”

“ *George* ,” George went quiet. The two stared at each other in silence, though George couldn’t understand why. It seemed like Bad was letting him think, but what was he supposed to think about? Did he say something weird? Did he-

...

“...I’m sorry.” George whispered.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Bad smiled. “You-”

“No, I- I lied to you. I shouldn’t have lied. I’m sorry.” George interrupted, his face beginning to flush again. Was he really about to admit *that* to Bad?

“It’s okay.”

“...How did you know?” George asked softly, wrapping his arms around himself. “I feel like I... hid it pretty well...”

“Well, you did,” Bad nodded, sitting up a little straighter. “But something told me you... you know. Something about the way you two interact... I honestly thought you two were secretly dating.”

“Really?” Bad laughed, nodding.

“Yeah, I did. You guys walk so close together, holding hands... the way you two look at each other? That’s practically out of any romantic movie scene that you gag at because of how stupid it sounds.”

“Oh, whatever,” George huffed. “...But please don’t tell anyone. *Please* .”

“I promise I won’t tell anyone until you say otherwise.”

“ *If* I say otherwise.”

“I love you, George,” George felt his face become warm at how casually Azazel spoke to him. His heart fluttered in his chest, beating so strangely. He hoped Azazel couldn’t see his red face in the moonlight, or hear his heart beat in the silence.

“I- I, um-” Azazel laughed quietly, bumping George’s shoulder. George squeaked at the sudden interaction, body tense.

“Come on, I’ll drive you home. It’s really late.” Azazel held his hand out to George, and George hesitantly took it, being pulled up with a weird amount of strength. He fell forward into Azazel’s

arms, blushing harder than before.

“Um, s-sorry,” He tried to pull away from the taller male, but he was pulled into a hug that only got tighter and tighter as he tried to escape. Eventually, he gave into the hug, but he didn’t hug back. He stood as stiff as a tree, mentally begging for it to end.

Chapter Twenty Three - Break Down

George scrolled through his phone mindlessly, occasionally smiling at some stupid meme that showed up on his screen. It was later in the day, and Bad and Skeppy had left for... a reason George couldn't seem to remember. Maybe it was for a date?

Whatever the reason, George was alone and, for once, his mind wasn't buzzing with thoughts. His heart felt lighter than usual, his shoulders loose- like if you had something on your shoulders for hours on end, then it was suddenly taken off.

Yawning quietly, the angel stretched his arms above his head, letting out a little surprised yelp as he felt his phone slip through his grip. It smacked him in the face.

"Ow..." George rubbed where his phone had hit him, picking it back up with his other hand. He giggled to himself, wondering just how stupid that looked. Well, at least no one else saw it.

Just as he started to scroll through his phone once more, his phone vibrated softly, a notification popping up at the top of his screen. Without really looking at it, George clicked on it. His small smile fell, his heart picking up speed.

Dream: George?

George stared at his screen, watching as Clay started to type a message out again. He wasn't sure what to do- should he respond? Should he click off? Block him? Just keep staring? Clay already knows he's looking at the message. What could he even do?

Dream: George please we can talk about this

Dream: I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner

Dream: I should have told you but I didn't want you to turn me in

Dream: George please I know you're there

Dream: George?

The angel debated in his head, his heart aching, yearning to say something. But he knew if he responded, something bad would happen. What? He wasn't sure. All he knew was nothing good could come out of texting him back.

...

But he couldn't help himself.

Georgie: Leave me alone

Dream: George!

Dream: George please I'm so sorry

Dream: Come back

Dream: We can talk about this

Georgie: Clay just leave me alone please.

Dream: George

Dream: You don't have to come back just please talk to me

George threw his phone to the other side of the couch as it started to vibrate again. Just a moment before he threw his phone, Dream's picture showed up on the screen, asking to call. Without any thought, he had just thrown his phone away from him. He pulled his knees up to his chest.

He hesitated when the phone stopped vibrating, staring at it nervously. The angel could hear his heart beating in his chest painfully, each beat hurting a little more than the last. His mind was buzzing with thought.

Just when he thought he was okay- as okay as he could be, anyway-... Clay just *had* to text him. He just had to ruin his day of calm, relaxing time on the couch.

George grabbed his phone again, seeing that Clay had messaged him a few more times.

Dream: George I really am sorry

Dream: I didn't want to hide it from you

Dream: I didn't know you'd have a reaction like that

Dream: I'll leave you alone but please

Dream: I still care about you so much

Dream: If you message me or come see me I'll tell you whatever you want to know

Dream: If you want to know anything

Dream: I'm sorry

Dream: I love you

If George hadn't been exhausted from no sleep and crying for ages, he was sure he would be crying again. But he felt empty, hallowed out. His heart was still racing, his face warm. His eyes burned.

He left the conversation without a response, turning off his phone completely. He pulled his legs closer to his chest, laying his head on his knees. He sighed.

After a few moments, George lifted his head back up, glancing around the empty room. He bit his lip, turning his phone back on. He put in his password, and messaged Bad that he was going on a walk.

And so he left, pulling the hood of the hoodie over his head as he walked out the door. George had shoved his hands and phone into the pocket, keeping his head low as he explored where he was.

He figured out he wasn't all that far from where he had first met Bad and Skeppy, being just a few streets away from the shop they met in front of. George didn't really care about that, though- his eyes set on a nice, secluded area that seemed weirdly familiar to him.

There were trees on every side of George as he walked, the calming sound of birds in the air chirping softly. George sighed. He still couldn't quite figure out why the place had seemed familiar to him, but he tried not to think about it too much as he made his way up the trail.

The trail tapered off after ten minutes of walking, leaving George to find his own way through. Not that he minded- he just kept walking in a straight line. His mind, though still buzzing quietly with thoughts, was calmer than before.

George gasped softly as he made it to a small clearing, looking out into the sky in front of him. And he realized pretty quickly why he had recognized this place.

A small flower crown that was slowly dying laid on the ground, completely undisturbed. The flowers were dandelions- there must have been thousands of them, making the crown look professionally made.

The angel fell to his knees, a sob escaping him. Tears rolled down his cheeks, the sound of a river below raging softly- just barely audible over the sobbing. He couldn't understand exactly why he was breaking down now- but seeing the flower crown broke him down.

Maybe it was the memory of Clay. Maybe it was the memories of them cuddling together, George being completely unknowing of the fact that he was the demon he was looking for. Maybe it was the fact that George should have figured it out.

He could feel the ghost of hands on his shoulders. Though they weren't really there, his shoulders burned. A quiet voice whispered in his ear, other memories popping into his head.

"I'm sorry- please- please don't hurt me-" George whimpered, flinching as Azazel lifted his hand into the air. His eyes were shut tightly, and he couldn't open them. Fear coursed through his veins

as he was curled into himself, braced for impact. But nothing seemed to be coming.

“I would never hurt you, George,” Azazel said softly, gently grabbing the shorter male’s wrists. Another whimper escaped from George at the touch on his bruised wrists. “Never on purpose.”

“...O-Okay...” George muttered, pulling his arm away from Azazel. “I’m sorry...”

“It’s okay, George,” Azazel laughed, running a hand through his hair. The shorter male rubbed his wrist subconsciously, pain shooting up his arm occasionally. “Come on, let’s get going before we’re caught.”

Chapter Twenty Four - Creepy Techno is Creepy

George sighed quietly, wrapped his wings around himself as he sat somewhat near the edge of the cliff. He stared down at the flower crown that he held in his lap. His mind raced with the memories he made not too long ago with Dream, the ghost of an arm wrapped around him in a comforting manner.

The sun was setting in front of the angel, but he didn't look at it. He didn't want to. He kept his eyes on the flower crown that Dream had made for him, his heart aching. George wanted to go back to Dream- back to Clay-... but his fear overruled his want.

He couldn't just go back to him. He was a *demon* .

"Why did it have to be you?" George asked no one but the wind, gently running his hand along the crown. He shivered, wrapping his wings closer. He wished he hadn't grown so close to Clay- to anyone here. It would have made his job so much easier.

If the angels knew George had lied... He couldn't imagine what they'd do. He had a job to do. Someone could be at risk. Someone could die at the hands of Clay. But he couldn't bring himself to do anything.

"He wouldn't kill anyone," George muttered. His thoughts said otherwise- knowing demon's were heartless killers. Why would Clay be any different? Just because he was sweet to George and said he cared- cares?- for him doesn't mean it was true or real. "Ugh. Why does this have to be so... *complicated* ?"

George finally looked up from the flower crown, looking at the stars above him. How long had he been out? His phone vibrated.

BBH: George are you ok?

BBH: You haven't come back yet and me and Skeppy are getting worried

George cursed under his breath, standing up. He set the flower crown on the ground, starting to go back the way he came as he messaged Bad back.

George: Yeah I'm ok

George: Sorry

George: Got a little sidetracked

George: I'm coming back now tho

BBH: Good!

BBH: Me and Skeppy are going to bed. There's some food for you in the fridge! Help yourself to whatever :D

The angel chuckled, hiding away his wings and halo just before walking into the streets, where a few cars drove past him, and where even fewer people walked around, minding their own business. He shoved his phone into his pocket, about to look up when he suddenly bumped into something. He nearly fell onto the ground, but something caught him before he could. George slowly opened his eyes, coming face to face with the flirty guy he had seen two times before.

Immediately George pulled away from him, wrapping his arms around himself. The guy had a smirk on his face, as he always seemed to have- what was up with guys that always seemed to be smirking around George?

“Well, hello again~” George cringed, taking a step back from the male. “You know, I don’t think I’ve ever gotten your name. Can I just call you mine?~”

“No-” The guys shrugged.

“It was worth a shot,” He cleared his throat, a smirk still present. “My name’s Dave. But just call me Techno. What’s your name, cutie?”

“Don’t call me that,” George muttered, shivering despite the warm hoodie he was wearing. “My name is George.” Why did he tell him that?

“That’s a nice name,” The angel stepped back as Techno stepped closer. “What are you doing out so late, anyway? Where’s your boyfriend?”

“What- he- he isn’t my-” George spluttered, his face turning bright red. “He’s not my boyfriend!-” Techno chuckled.

“Sure,” George was about to respond again, but he kept on talking. “Do you need someone to walk you back to your place?”

“No. I’m good,” George responded quickly. “I can walk back by myself.”

“Are you sure?” The angel nodded. “Alright, if you say so. Catch you later, cutie.” Techno winked before casually walking away, leaving George a cringing mess. He felt so uncomfortable with the stranger- was he really a stranger anymore, now that he knew his name?- calling him that. But it wasn’t like he could do anything about it.

He got back to Bad and Skeppy’s place pretty easily, walking through the door. His mind kept flashing back to the interaction with Techno, which still left him completely uneasy. He shivered at the memories, shutting the door behind him. He walked into the living room, surprised to see Bad laying on the couch, a cup in his hand.

“Bad?” George questioned. “I thought you were going to bed...” Bad shrugged, taking a long sip of whatever was in his cup. The angel sat down on the other side of the couch, curling up into the hoodie he refused to take off. Bad stared at him curiously.

“You seem upset,” Bad’s words seemed to slur together just a little, but George didn’t pay much attention to it. “What happened?”

“Nothing,” George lied with a sigh, feeling Bad’s eyes stay on him. “...Fine. There’s this guy I keep bumping into. And he... he’s kinda creepy.”

“How so?”

“He just keeps talking to me and flirting,” George chuckled quietly. “The first time I bumped into him was with Dream. He got really jealous when he started flirting with me.” Bad practically begged for George to tell him the story, so he did exactly that.

It didn’t take too long to explain- he just said they were going for a walk together, and George ran into him and said some stupid flirt, and that Dream wrapped his arm around George, pulled him close, then told the guy to ‘fuck off’ and said that George was his- and Bad only giggled at the end.

“But that’s really all that happened, other than I teased him for being jealous afterwards.” Bad awed softly, taking another big sip of his drink.

“You guys are- are like, *perfect* for each other!” George felt his face burn up.

“What?! No- Bad!- Shut- shut up-”

“Bad? George?” George turned around, seeing Skeppy standing a little ways away. “What are you two doing awake?”

“I just got back,” George shrugged, looking at Bad again, who was giggling. “I... don’t know what’s up with him.” Skeppy sighed, walking over to Bad before taking the cup away from him.

“I’m sorry, George,” He muttered, bringing the cup to the kitchen. “He’s just- he’s tired. I’m going to bring him back to bed.”

“Okay...” George watched as Skeppy somehow picked Bad up bridal style, a small smile on his face. “Uh... Goodnight, then?”

“Night, George- you should go to bed soon, too.”

“I will.” George replied, hearing a bedroom door shut soon after. The angel sighed, staring at the ceiling for a moment before standing, heading off to the spare bedroom. As soon as his head hit the pillow, his eyes closed, and he immediately fell asleep.

“I won’t do it again,” George flinched away from the hand Azazel lifted up, tears threatening to fall down his cheeks. “George...” George tensed at the sudden change in tone, closing his eyes and letting the tears fall as he felt a hand against his cheek. He leaned into it, though his cheek burned at the touch.

His heart raced in his chest, though it felt so much different to when he first met Azazel. Anxiety coursed through his veins, making him jump even at the slightest of sounds or movements.

“George, I have to tell you something.” George slowly opened his eyes, feeling his warm tears continue to flow down. Azazel pulled his hand away, and George’s eyes widened at the sight in

front of him.

Chapter Twenty Five - The Hoodie

Chapter Notes

I'm seriously loving watching all of you theorize about Azazel (and the whole story in general)- I swear, all of you are so cool and nice, like- what?-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“George?” George lifted his head up to see Bad poking his head out of the kitchen. “Can I wash your hoodie? You can borrow any of mine or Skeppy’s if you’d like!” George blinked a couple times, gripping the fabric of the green hoodie tightly.

“I don’t really want to take it off.” George muttered, noticing Bad’s little frown.

“You have to take it off at some point,” Bad walked closer to George, who tensed. “You can put it back on after-”

“You can’t make me take it off.” George huddled himself further into the hoodie than he already was, his mouth and below being covered by the fabric. He pulled his knees up to his chest and pulled the hood over his face.

“George, it’s just a hoodie,” The angel felt his heart ache slightly, taking in a deep breath. “I promise I’ll give it right back to you as soon as it’s dry.”

“No.” He felt ridiculous arguing with Bad about this, but he seriously didn’t want to take the hoodie off. So, when Bad walked closer, George pressed himself against the couch, making himself as small as he possibly could while holding the hoodie he wore tightly.

“George, come on- please? It won’t take that long. Like I said, you can borrow any of mine or-”

“I don’t want to. I like *this* one.” Bad ran a hand through his hair. George really did feel bad for making such a big deal, but he knew he’d feel worse as soon as the hoodie was ripped away from him.

“Why??” George sat there for a moment before looking away from Bad, feeling the others eyes burning into him. He closed his eyes as he burrowed his face further into the hoodie.

“...It smells like Dream.” He finally replied after what felt like hours of silence. George didn’t bother to open his eyes and look at Bad. He felt the couch next to him shift down slightly, and George was sure Bad just sat down beside him.

“It’s Dream’s?” George nodded, finally opening his eyes to look at Bad. A sad frown settled on his face, looking at George with concern. “I... Didn’t know that.”

“Well...” Bad sighed quietly.

“I’m sorry, George,” George poked his head out of the hoodie just a bit. “I didn’t... know it meant so much to you.”

“It- it doesn’t, I just...”

“You miss Dream,” George nodded sadly, his tight grip becoming looser. “I get it. You want to keep the one thing you have of him.”

“Yeah...”

“Why don’t you just go talk to him?” George tensed, and Bad seemed to notice it right away. “I’m sure you two can make up if you two just talk...”

“I don’t want to see him right now.” The angel murmured, the smell of Dream starting to overwhelm him. But he didn’t mind it all that much.

“I’m guessing you still don’t want to talk about it?” George nodded, and the two sat in a strangely calm silence. On one end, it made George feel comfortable and calm, but... it also made him anxious, wondering if he should break the silence or not. Turns out, he didn’t have to. “Do you want to know how Skeppy and I first met?” George glanced over at Bad.

“Yeah.” Bad laughed, a smile coming to his face.

“I had my own Minecraft server quite a few years ago now, and, surprisingly, a lot of people played on it all the time,” Bad explained. “Then, one day, I got on because I’m hearing from some Admins that there was someone that was trolling on the server- which wasn’t allowed.”

“It was Skeppy, and- goodness, he was destroying the whole server. I was really upset with him, and I had never heard of him playing on the server beforehand... and so I temporarily banned him,” Bad shook his head, his smiling growing wider. “Few months later, I’m on the server, and I saw that Skeppy had joined in. I went to check if he was trolling, but he actually found me first and asked to talk to me privately.”

“So, we did just that, and he apologized for trolling on my server. I told him it was okay, and we stopped talking for a few days. I would see him on the server all the time, but I tried not to bother him too much since he wasn’t trolling anymore.”

“How did you two get together?” George asked with a tilt of his head, a smile on his own face. He watched as Bad’s face flushed a light pink.

“Oh, goodness,” He laughed, rubbing the back of his neck. “Um. Well, of course, we ended up talking again after that. We started talking a lot, actually. We became friends over the span of a few months, texting each other every day.”

“After about a year of being friends, I realized I had a crush on him. I had known for years before that I was gay, but I never quite had a crush like Skeppy. Every single day, I sat staring at my phone, hoping he would text me.”

“And once night, we’re calling each other, which we had been doing a lot. Long story short, both of us had confessed that we liked each other- though we didn’t talk about it for a few days. We were really tired that night, and... Well, you know.”

“That’s cute,” George laughed. “How long have you been together for now?”

“A little over seven years now,” Bad sighed happily. “It’s been the best years of my life, honestly.”

“I’m sure,” George muttered, playing with the hoodie’s string for a moment before pulling his arms through the hoodie. Bad stared at him curiously as he took it off, holding it in his arms. He hesitated before handing it to Bad. “Here.”

“Are- are you sure?” George nodded, shoving it into Bad’s arms before he could regret taking it off.

“Yes, just please go wash it.” Bad smiled at him, taking the hoodie into the kitchen to wash with the rest of the clothes. The angel shivered, wrapping his arms around himself. He had gotten so used to having a hoodie on at all times the past few days, and now being without one felt... strange. It didn’t help that he was wearing a short sleeve.

“Do you want to borrow a sweatshirt from me or Skeppy?” George shook his head.

“I’m... fine. I’m going to take a nap, tell me whenever it’s done washing?”

“Of course!” The two shared a smile before George got up and walked into the spare bedroom, quickly huddling under the sheets. He felt strangely alone without the hoodie, though he knew that was ridiculous. He felt ridiculous for feeling like this, but he couldn’t help it.

George yelped as he felt a hand strike his cheek, the mark already starting to burn as he stared up at Azazel, who glared down at him. After a few moments of the two staring at each other, George trying not to cry, the other’s eyes softened.

“I’m sorry, George,” He muttered, reaching a hand out to George, who quickly backed away from it. “It’s because I’m a demon. I can’t control myself.” Azazel had told George a few nights ago that he was a demon- and now, whenever it was just the two of them, Azazel would be in that form. He had slick, black horns that curled around almost like goat horns. Large, pitch black wings stuck out of his back- almost see through in parts. They were angular, looking as sharp as a knife.

“Come here, George,” George shook his head as he backed away from the other male, who stepped closer. He felt the wall press against his back, and he cowered against it, shutting his eyes tightly. “I said I was sorry...”

“P-please stay away from me.” George said, his voice shaking. He slowly opened his eyes again, Azazel’s face only a few inches away from his. “Please...”

Chapter End Notes

This isn't important to the story at all, but I've been playing D&D with my friends and I had a skeleton named Dream and I'm upset because he died earlier today before I could get him a boyfriend and name him George. Rip Dream the Skeleton Simp.

Chapter Twenty Six - Weird Dream

“George?” George ducked behind a tree, breathing heavily as he put a hand over his chest.

“George?” Came the voice again, but it wasn’t one that the angel normally heard. He knew this was a dream, but it didn’t keep him from panicking.

How come he couldn’t figure out who’s voice this was?

“Mrrp?” Looking down at his feet, he saw two cats- both looking very familiar to George.

*“Patches? Luca?” He felt tears begin to stream down his cheeks as he crouched down. Patches was a tabby calico- **Dream’s** tabby calico. The other cat was George’s, before he died- he was a grey tabby. “What- how-” Patches rubbed her cheek against one of George’s hands, meowing softly at him.*

George scratched her cheek for a moment before turning to Luca, who stared back at him curiously. Just as he reached out to pet him, Luca disappeared, causing George to gasp. When he looked over to where Patches was previously, he noticed that she was gone, too.

*“Oh, **Georgie** ~” George quickly stood again, looking behind him. For the second time, he gasped as he realized whose voice it was.*

Behind him stood a man who looked exactly like Dream- only he wore some sort of mask to cover his face. It was a round, white mask with a horrifying, permanent smile drawn on it. It looked so simple- but maybe that’s what made it so scary to George. He stepped back.

“Dr-Dream?” George stuttered, watching as the demon walked closer to him. Not being able to see his expression, George felt... scared.

“Come here, George~” The angel screamed as Dream lunged at him with full force, stepping to the side. If he had moved a second later, he would have been tackled to the ground. He flapped his wings, flying as high as he could in the sky to get away from Dream.

As soon as he felt he was high enough, he let out a sigh of relief, his wings flapping a little slower than before to keep him hovering. His heart raced still, aching. Why was Dream here? He never-

“Hey, Georgie~” Once again, George screamed as he was tackled in the air by the man in the mask. “Why are you trying to get away from me, Georgie? I love you~” He purred in the angel’s ear. Normally Dream saying those words would make him blush, but as opposed to how he normally would say it- softly, or with a laugh. Just a sweet tone in general- this tone was much scarier, with a deeper, threatening undertone. It made George’s skin crawl.

George gasped awake, shooting up in the bed he laid in. He pressed a hand against his cheek, which felt weirdly damp. The angel rubbed at his eyes, the tears running down his cheeks already slowing down.

“Why am I-”

“George, your hoodie is done being- Are you okay?” George jumped slightly in surprise as the door opened, revealing Bad, who held a hoodie in his arms. Bad quickly sat down beside him, his voice laced in concern as soon as he realized George was crying.

“Yeah- Yeah, I’m fine,” George laughed. He grabbed the hoodie that Bad handed to him, quickly slipping it on. Immediately he was comforted by the smell of Dream again, and he curled into the hoodie. “Sorry. Just a weird dream...”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Bad smiled sweetly, looking about ready to make some tea and talk for hours. George laughed a little at the thought, pulling the sleeves over his hands- which was way too easy.

“No, it’s okay,” George answered honestly. “I’m okay.”

“If you say so,” Bad went quiet for a few moments before he perked up again. “Oh! Me and Skeppy are going out to see a movie! Do you want to join us?” The angel shook his head.

“I think I’m good,” George smiled. “Wouldn’t want to ruin your little date.” He watched as Bad’s face went pink, a shy, awkward smile coming to his face as his glasses slid down his nose just a bit.

“You- okay,” George bit back another laugh. “Well, we’re leaving in about twenty minutes- so, if you change your mind, you can come along, too. If not, that’s okay! Feel free to log in on one of the computers and do whatever.”

“Okay,” The shorter male sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Thanks, Bad.”

“Of course!” Bad stood up and just about walked out the door, but then he turned back to George with a slightly more worried, sad expression. It caught him off guard, seeing how happy he looked just two seconds ago. “And George?”

“Yeah?”

“Dream is *really* worried about you.” And just like that, Bad left the room, leaving George in a weird silence. His shoulders drooped a little, pulling the sleeves further down his arms. He flipped the hood over his head and flopped back down against the bed, staring at the wall in front of him.

He felt as if he only sat there for a few minutes at most, but then he heard the front door creak open, then slam shut as Bad and Skeppy left. George blinked, not quite sure what to do. He had just taken a nap, and he would go back to it, but... He didn’t quite want to have another dream again.

So instead, there George laid, staring at the wall while he occasionally blinked. Not too many thoughts flashed through his mind, surprisingly. But a couple memories did.

“Forgive me, George? I promise I’ll change,” Azazel reached out to George, gently caressing his cheek. Even at the soft touch, George tensed at it. His wrists ached, and he knew for a fact that bruises were already forming under his blue hoodie. “I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to- you know that, right?”

“Yeah.” George muttered weakly, but it seemed to be enough for Azazel, as he pulled his hand

away.

“I love you, George,” Azazel whispered into George’s ear, making him shutter. “...Say it back.”

“I...” George gulped, wanting nothing more than to get out of the room with Azazel- but he had no place to hide. “...I can’t, I-”

George was shaken from his memory at the sound of his phone vibrating on the bed. Curiously, he picked it up- and his heart stopped.

One of the angels had just messaged him.

We found the demon.

Chapter Twenty Seven - In A Bush

Chapter Notes

Yo I got an instagram if you guys wanna go follow me-
https://www.instagram.com/_septiplier_awayyy_/

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“Hey, George?” George hummed, his body refusing to let him move or even open his eyes. He was so **exhausted**. He knew he should have slept the night before, but he couldn’t. Something kept him from sleeping. He felt the shoulder under his head move under him just a bit. “George, wake up.”*

“Yeah?” He grumbled softly, finally lifting his head up. He opened his eyes and looked up at Azazel. He had a soft smile on his face, but something in his eyes threw George off.

“Let me take you to a place I love,” Azazel stood, reaching his hand out for George. He hesitantly took it, letting the taller male lead him away.

George shot up out of the bed, shoving his phone back into his pocket as he quickly put some shoes on and darted out the door. The angel mentally yelled at himself for not paying more attention to everything around him when Skeppy and Bad picked him up.

To avoid weird stares, George walked through the streets as fast as he could, trying to find something- *anything*- that could tell him where he was, and how to get back to Dream’s. His heart raced in his chest, anxiety running through his veins.

He knew he had to get to Dream before the other angels did.

George pulled out his phone again, clicking on Dream’s name in his phone and quickly typed out a few messages.

Georgie: Dream!

Georgie: Dream please respond to me

Georgie: Clay!

He lifted his head to look around, but only saw other people minding their own business. He didn’t see anyone he recognized, which he supposed was good. George looked back down at his phone, seeing that Dream had just seen his message. His heart skipped a beat.

Georgie: Clay where are you?

Dream read that message, too- but he didn't reply. George anxiously tapped against the side of his phone as he walked, looking up and around to find where he was. After a minute or two of waiting for a response, George clicked the call button.

But no one picked up.

It just kept ringing and ringing for what felt like hours to the angel, before finally an automated voice responded to him. Not Dream.

George shoved his phone back into his pocket, hyper aware of the height it had. Glancing around, he finally saw something he recognized. A park. A small smile came to his face as he walked just a little bit faster towards it, knowing exactly where to go from there.

The closer George walked towards Dream's apartment, the faster his heart went with anxiety. He had a horrible feeling about all of this, but he couldn't stop himself- he had to go see if he was okay. He had to warn him, to do *something*.

Walking through the park, George heard soft conversations pass by him, his heart yearning for something similar to some of them. He scanned the faces of everyone and anyone around him, but still, he recognized no one.

Just as George was about to walk out of the park, he heard rustling in a large section of trees and bushes. He glanced over, stopping completely to stare. Nothing seemed to move. George tried to press himself on, to keep going before something happened to Dream, but he couldn't move. He narrowed his eyes on some bushes near him, stepping just a bit closer.

...

"*George !*" George screamed as an arm reached out, grabbing his leg. He tried to push the hand off him, but he was dragged into the bush. "George, shut up! Oh my god-" A hand was placed over George's mouth, and he was pulled close to a warm body. He ripped the hand away from him, whipping around to face the person that pulled him into the bushes. He opened his mouth to yell at them, but all words died in his throat.

"D...Dream?" The angel whispered, and the male in front of him smiled. "Dream, what are you- wait! The- the angels, they-"

"Shh, I know they found me- why do you think I'm in a *bush*?"

"I don't know, maybe because you're a *creep*?" Dream rolled his eyes, but the smile on his face never seemed to fade.

"Whatever," The demon lifted his head out of the bush for a moment before tucking back inside, his eyes wide. He grabbed George's hand, and he felt his heart jump to his throat. "We need to go."

"What do you-" George yelped as he was pulled out of the bush, being forced to run beside Dream. He stumbled a little, but the demon pulled him along. George looked behind them, a gasp escaping him.

Two angels were behind them, one of them being the one that messaged George that they found Dream. The other one had a bow.

“What the fu-”

“George,” George looked over at Dream, who stared dead ahead. “I’m going to need you to trust me.”

“Wh-what?” So many things were happening at once. George’s head was spinning with thoughts and fears.

“Can you do that for me?” Dream glanced to George for a second as they whipped around a corner

“I-I-” George’s mouth was dry. “Yes?” He responded, but it sounded more like a question than an answer. Dream didn’t seem to care.

“Run back to my place. The door should be wide open. Hide up there, okay?”

“Okay- but what about you?” Dream looked away from George, looking behind them instead. George could feel his heart somehow beat faster against his chest as they made it to a fork in the road. “Clay, what-”

“I’ll be okay. Just hurry up and *go* !” The angel struggled slightly against Dream, but wasn’t strong enough as he pushed the shorter male towards Dream’s place.

“ *Clay* !” Dream ran the other way, away from the angels and George as the two angels turned around the corner. George was completely frozen as they ran after Dream, completely ignoring him. He felt his heart stop once more as the two angels stopped, the one with the weapon pulling back their bow, an arrow at the ready.

Before George could even process what was happening, he ran forward and lunged towards the angel with the bow. He knocked the angel to the ground, but they kept their grip on their bow and arrow.

George was kicked off by the angel, knocking him to the ground. He felt all the air in his lungs escape as he hit the ground. George panted for air as he sat up, facing the angel in front of him. There was a bow aimed directly at him.

In a flash, George screamed as his shoulder burned with pain, tears streaming down his cheeks. He looked down to his shoulder, completely unable to move the arm. His eyes went wide at the sight of a golden, blood soaked arrow sticking out of him. What he knew to be a crimson red stained the hoodie he wore.

Next thing George knew, he was on the ground again, staring up at the sky.

“ ***George!*** ” Then everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

...I don't know why I'm putting it here too but I am
https://www.instagram.com/_septplier_awayyy_/

Chapter Twenty Eight - Goodbye, George.

“Azazel, how much further?” George whined softly, looking up into the sky. Trees surrounded them at basically every angle, the sounds of birds chirping in the distance- though they seemed to be dying down as the sun started to set. “I think it’s supposed to rain soon...”

“Just a few more minutes.” Azazel sighed, and George went quiet as he looked around the forest. He wasn’t quite sure how long they had been walking for, but it had to be for at least an hour or two. His legs felt heavy, as did his eyelids.

George felt something cold hit his hand, and he looked up again. Something cold hit his nose, making him jump slightly in surprise.

“There’s the rain,” Azazel muttered, quickly coming to a stop in a small clearing of trees. George stopped beside him, looking out in front of them. The sound of a river raging below them echoed in the forest, almost deafening. George hesitantly stepped forward a little more, coming up to the edge of a cliff. Tiny rocks crumbled under his feet and fell below. “I’m sure they said there was also going to be-”

George yelped at the sound of thunder and lightning crackling somewhat nearby. He stared down at the river below him, just barely able to see it through the darkness and fog.

“We should get going,” George muttered, though he didn’t want to move. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to be in a forest during a thunderstorm.”

George was met with no response, only the sound of rain and wind whistling around him. Then down below the cliff, quite a ways away from them, lightning struck a tree, thunder following closely after. George’s hands flew up to cover his ears from the sound, his eyes shut tightly.

“Azazel?” George muttered, pulling his hands away from his ears after a moment.

“Yes, George?” The shorter male shivered at Azazel’s tone.

“We should leave.”

*“We should,” Azazel agreed, and George let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding. He heard footsteps come up from behind him, then pause. “ **Goodbye, George.** ” George gasped as hands pressed themselves into his shoulder blades, shoving him towards the black abyss. He whipped around in the air, everything around him seeming to slow down.*

Azazel stood at the top of the cliff, smirking down at him. He waved before turning around and disappearing.

“Azazel!” George screamed, looking below him. The river was so close to him now that George could see sharp rocks sticking out of it. He closed his eyes tightly, warm tears streaming down his cheeks as he braced for the pain.

George screamed as he shot up from the comfort below him, feeling pain rip through his shoulder

once he did. The angel whimpered, falling back to whatever he was on. He felt warm tears practically pour down his cheeks, letting out shaking sobs.

“George!” George felt a hand grab one of his own, holding it so tightly it almost hurt. He looked over to his side, his vision swimming. He blinked a couple times before he realized who it was.

“D-Dream...” George sobbed. A warm hand pressed against his cheek, keeping his head turned towards the demon.

“God, I thought you’d never wake up,” Dream laughed. “What were you *thinking* ? I told you to run...” George closed his eyes, melting into Dream’s hand. Dream used his thumb to wipe some of the tears away.

“I got worried...”

“Well, your worrying almost got you *killed* . Again.” The angel heard Dream let out a shaky sigh. When he opened his eyes, George noticed Dream was tearing up. “How’re you feeling?”

“Like shit,” George laughed, his shoulder aching. “My shoulder hurts.”

“Well, no shit, *dumbass*- you took a fucking arrow for me.”

“You should be grateful,” George smiled up at Dream, his tears already slowing down. “You could have been shot and killed. But I took it for you.”

“Oh, yeah, you’re a *real* gentleman,” Dream rolled his eyes, but he, too, was smiling. “You’re so stupid sometimes, you know that? You had me so worried.”

“Sorry...” George felt Dream start to move his hand from his cheek, and he quickly grabbed the demon’s wrist to keep it there. “P...Please don’t move.” He could feel his cheeks warm up as Dream chuckled.

“I won’t, until you want me to,” Dream muttered softly, rubbing George’s cheek once more. George sighed, closing his eyes again as his eyelids started to feel heavy again. “Hey, no- you can’t just go back to sleep like that.”

“Why? I’m tired...” George grumbled, but opened his eyes again, staring up at the eyes he knew to be green.

“I’ve been waiting for hours to just hear your voice again, to make sure you weren’t going to die- George!-” The angel hummed as he opened his eyes again. “Dude, I know my voice is *so* boring, but you gotta stay awake for me. Okay?”

“I feel lightheaded,” George watched as Dream’s eyes widened slightly. Before George could stop him, Dream pulled his hand away from his cheek and moved the blanket that covered George. His face flushed as he realized he was shirtless. “*D-Dream* ! Why the hell am I-”

“Fuck,” Dream pulled the blanket back up over George’s chest, standing quickly. “You’re bleeding again. Hold on, please stay awake, okay?”

“Drea- *Clay* !” Dream walked out of the room, leaving George all alone. He huffed, forcing his eyes to stay open. Well... he tried to.

“George, I swear to god if you fell asleep-”

"I'm not asleep," George groaned, opening his eyes again. Dream had come back with a bag of supplies that he couldn't quite see. "Calm down."

"Calm down?? How am I supposed to-" Dream interrupted himself to take in a deep breath and put a smile on his face. "I'm sorry. I took off your shirt and *my* hoodie to take care of the arrow wound, and kept them off just to make it easier to keep an eye on."

"You sure it's not because you're a creep?" All the talking helped keep George just a little more awake.

"Maybe because of that, too," Dream smirked, then winked. "You don't look half bad."

"*Dream !*" Dream laughed, pulling the blanket down again.

"Calm down," The demon was still laughing, practically wheezing. George felt his heart flutter. He missed that wheeze. "-So just keep talking to me, okay?"

"Huh?" George hissed in pain as he felt something press against his shoulder, cursing under his breath.

"Sorry," Dream glanced at George for a moment with an apologetic look. "Where did you go after you ran off?"

"I... Um..." George turned his head so Dream wouldn't be able to look at his face without moving completely. "I stayed with Bad and Skeppy."

"You-" Dream sighed. "Okay. I... suppose that's better than any other place. Are you mad at me?"

"Why would I be- ow, fuck-" George hissed again, clenching his teeth. "Why would I be mad at you?"

"I never told you I was, you know... A demon," Dream muttered. "I still feel bad for that. I was planning on telling you, but I was just so worried about you turning me in, so I kept putting it off."

"You..." George paused for a moment, debating what to say next. "What are you doing down here?"

"On Earth?" The angel nodded. "I came here to get away from Hell."

"No one sent you?"

"Well-" Dream chuckled nervously. "Technically I *was* sent here to... kill someone, but I didn't want to. I still took the job, and I just kind of... Live here now. I think the other demons know I'm not going to do the job. No one has contacted me since I came here."

"Oh..." George went quiet, staring off at the wall for a few moments. "...I'm sorry I ran off."

"No, it's okay, I understand. I was the thing you were looking for, and you trusted me, and I betrayed that trust. If anything, I should be the one apologizing."

"No, *you* don't understand-" George closed his eyes tightly. "I didn't run off just because you lied to me. Yeah, that sucked, but-"

"Hey," George opened his eyes again as a hand held his cheek softly, turning his head to face Dream. "It's okay." George glanced off to the side, feeling Dream's eyes digging into him.

“...Am I done bleeding?” The shorter male frowned as Dream pulled his hand away again, nodding.

“Yeah, I just need to wrap it up again so it won’t get infected or anything,” Dream grabbed something from the bag. “Are you still feeling lightheaded?”

“A little bit.” George muttered, letting Dream wrap up his shoulder. Weirdly enough, it didn’t hurt as bad as he expected.

“I’ll get you some water, okay?”

“Wait-” George reached out and grabbed Dream’s wrist before he could stop himself. “...Can you stay here with me?” Dream smiled at him.

“Of course.”

Chapter Twenty Nine - Touch Starved

“-eah, he’s with me,” George grumbled quietly at the soft voice that echoed in the room as he pulled the blankets further over his head. “Sorry. I’m sure he didn’t mean to worry you or anything... No, he’s asleep right now.” The angel sighed to himself, listening to the voice talk. He could barely hear another voice, though it was too distorted and quiet for him to understand.

“I think everything’s okay with us. Don’t worry so much,” The voice laughed, making George’s heart skip happily. “Yeah, yeah. I got it, Bad. I couldn’t *imagine* doing that to him.” George peaked out from behind his blankets, watching as Dream paced slowly around the room with a phone pressed against his ear. A smile was stretched across his face, not seeming to notice the angel watching him.

“Okay, go back to your *boyfriend* , it sounds like he wants you,” Dream laughed again, George hearing Bad on the other side of the call. He sounded a little flustered. “Yeah, I already told you I’d take care of him. Bye, Bad. Tell Skeppy I said fuck off!”

“ *Langu-* !” The demon wheezed as he hung up, his smile wider than ever as he turned towards George. Somehow, he seemed to smile more at the sight of George being awake. George smiled just a little bit more, too.

“Hey, Georgie,” George pulled the blankets down further, smiling up at Dream. “You look pretty happy. Were you dreaming about me?~” He felt his cheeks flush red as he rolled his eyes, giving Dream a playful glare.

“You *wish* ,” Dream wheezed again, sitting on the edge of the bed, next to George’s feet. “But I am happy.”

“That’s good!” George went to sit up, but Dream immediately told him to stop. “You’re not getting up.”

“What? But I want some water-”

“I’ll get you some,” Before George could yell at Dream, he spoke up again. “I’ll bring you something to eat, too.”

“I can get up and do it myself, Dream-”

“Nope,” Dream walked over to the door, turning to George. “You are staying *right* here and I’m going to take care of you. I’m getting you some pain meds, too.” Dream turned away and opened the door, Patches sprinting into the room immediately. George couldn’t help but smile as the cat jumped up on the bed.

“Mrp?” Patches walked a little faster than normal up to George’s face, sniffing his nose. George giggled, lifting one of his arms to pet the calico tabby. She purred loudly at the touch, laying herself on top of George’s chest. Even as George’s arm grew tired and he put his hand down, she purred happily- a little cat smile on her face.

“She’s been super worried about you,” Dream laughed quietly as he walked back into the room, a cup of water in one hand, and a pill in the other. “I tried not to let her in here while you were sleeping because I didn’t want her to wake you up or step on your shoulder.”

“Eh,” George shrugged, immediately regretting it as pain shot through his body. He hissed in pain,

causing Patches to stand up to move further down on George's body. She laid down on his legs.
"Ow-"

"Here," Dream handed George the pill. He took and glared at it for a second before plopping it into his mouth, taking the water from Dream. He breathed in through his nose, then took a sip of water, washing the pill down. "That should help in about thirty minutes."

"Thanks," George muttered, handing Dream the water back. He put the water on the bedside table. "You seriously don't have to do this."

"Why, because I'm a demon and demon's aren't supposed to be nice?" Dream laughed, but quickly quieted down as George looked away. "Well... I feel like it's the least I can do."

"*The least you can do*?" George repeated, turning to Dream again, who nodded. George stared at him. This... demon had let George stay at his house for weeks, despite not knowing him, made him food every *single day*, and had been so supportive and sweet every moment. "You've already done so *much* for me!"

"Yeah, well, it's not enough anymore," Dream shrugged. "I hurt you, and this happened. So I'm trying to make up for it." George would be willing to bet that his heart would explode if Dream kept talking. His heart thumped against his chest, echoing in his ears, almost louder than all of his thoughts.

"You're too nice to me." George muttered, causing Dream to stare at him in confusion.

"*Too nice?*"

"Yeah. You-" George took in a deep breath. "I don't deserve this." The angel jumped slightly in surprise and Dream cupped both of his cheeks with his hands.

"George, you've *got* to be kidding me," Dream stared directly at him, and George couldn't look away.

Dream's hands were so warm- somehow warmer than George's cheeks already were. He was feeling... nice. It was a *weirdly* nice feeling, one George only now realized he had only felt with Dream- only when Dream wrapped his arm around his shoulder, hugged him, or held his cheek... any touching moment between the two had his skin crawling- in a good way, of course. It had his face blushing, tears threatening to spill over.

"Why the hell would you *not* deserve this? You-" Dream's eyes went wide with concern as George blinked, feeling hot tears spill down his cheeks.

"...S-Sorry," George laughed weakly, closing his eyes. He let himself relax in Dream's touch, his skin tingling. "I don't- I don't know why I'm-" George went silent as Dream pulled his hands away from his cheeks, instead wrapping his arms gently around the shorter male.

George shoved his face into Dream's shoulder, wrapping his okay arm around him. Dream muttered something about 'being sorry for hugging him without any warning', but George ignored it, simply letting himself enjoy a hug for once without much thought.

Chapter Thirty - Dinner and Blushes

“George?” George hummed softly, not bothering to lift his head from Dream’s shoulder. They had been hugging for quite a while now- how long? George wasn’t sure- and neither of them had spoken up until now. “Is there anything in particular that you want for dinner?”

“No,” The angel responded, his voice just above a whisper. He hoped Dream could still hear him, despite his voice being quiet and muffled. Luckily, it seemed like he could, seeing how Dream hummed softly in response. “Make whatever you’d like.”

“How does grilled cheese sound?”

“Good.” There was silence for a moment before Dream chuckled right next to George’s ear. George was sure his face was flushed a bright red.

“You have to let go of me, Georgie,” Blushing harder, George let go of Dream- and he hoped Dream didn’t sense the hesitation he had. If he did, he didn’t say anything about it. “I’ll bring you back some grilled cheese once it’s done, and we can sit and talk all you want. Or you can ignore me for being an asshole, if you’d like.” George couldn’t help but laugh at that.

“You’re not an asshole,” George paused for a second. “You’re a demon. They’re very different.”

“Well,” Dream stood a little taller. “This *demon* will be right back, okay? I love you.” George was sure he would never get tired of the feeling in his heart when Dream said those words.

A little while later, Dream came back with two plates and a smile. He handed George his food and sat on the floor, despite the angel telling him not to. Other than that, the two ate in silence, and George wasn’t quite sure he liked it.

He wanted Dream to speak up- he wanted to hear Dream talk again, because he didn’t realize just how much he missed it. He missed the way Dream laughed, the way he would wheeze and gasp for air if he laughed hard enough. He missed the way Dream’s eyes sparkled when teasing him. He missed Dream just being *near* him, radiating heat at all times.

Dream looked up at George, and they made eye contact. George wanted to look away, but he found that he couldn’t. Dream’s eyes showed patience, a soft smile reflecting just that.

Was he waiting for George to speak up?

“Um,” George looked away, staring down at his plate. Everything in him told him to look back at Dream, back at Clay- but he refused. “How are you doing?” It was a weak starting point, but it was still a start.

“I’m good. Happy, even,” Dream laughed quietly. “I was so worried about you not wanting to be near me once you woke up. So... this is going better than I imagined. How are you?” Such a simple question- but George had no clue how to respond.

He couldn’t just say he was relieved to see Dream again. He couldn’t say he was still afraid of his hidden horns and wings. He couldn’t say his heart was racing, or beating out of his chest.

So what *did* he say?

“I missed how warm you are,” As soon as the words left his mouth, he watched Dream’s face flush slightly. But it certainly couldn’t be compared to how flushed George’s face became. “I- I mean, um-” Dream laughed, nearly falling back against the ground. George groaned, covering his face with his hand.

“I missed how cold you are,” Dream said as his laughter died down into chuckles. George felt a hand pull the hand covering his face away. He opened his eyes to see Dream smiling down at him, interlacing his fingers with George’s. “I’ve also missed how you blush anytime I tease you, or done this.” He gestured slightly to their hands.

“Well, I’m sorry I’m not used to *this* .”

“Don’t be,” Dream muttered. When George blinked, he could have sworn Dream moved his face closer. There was *no* way their faces were just inches apart before. “It’s cute.”

“Whatever,” George rolled his eyes, smiling just a little when Dream squeezed his hand gently. He squeezed back. “You’re stupid.” Dream gasped, putting his other hand over his heart.

“You *wound* me, Georgie the shortie,” Once again, George rolled his eyes at how dramatic Dream was, but he felt his heart skip a beat or two at the smile the demon had on his face. “You should finish your food.”

“I’m not hungry anymore,” George muttered, glancing around the room. “But it was really good- thank you.”

“Of course,” Dream let go of George’s hand, picking up the angels plate. “By the way, I’m pretty sure you’ll be fine in a few days. I don’t know much about how angels heal- but they do heal a lot faster, don’t they?”

“Yeah, so long as I don’t move my arm much,” George sighed. “Never thought those arrows would hurt that much.” Angels had... special arrows. Not many knew what exactly made them so special, and that included George- all he knew was that it could *seriously* hurt and even *kill* an angel or a demon. He shivered at the thought of what would have happened if he hadn’t tackled that angel.

“You really could have died... again,” Dream spoke in a much softer voice now. “I still can’t believe you were *stupid* enough to tackle that guy and take the arrow.”

“Well, I’m sorry I didn’t want my *best friend* to die!” Dream stared at George for a moment, blinking a couple times. He looked... confused. But, after a few seconds had passed, a large, dorky smile came to his face. Dream chuckled quietly, and George could have sworn the demon was blushing just a little.

“I’m your best friend?” George felt his face flush, rolling his eyes.

“You’re such an idiot.”

“You’re mine, too. I love you, George.” Dream got up and left the room, leaving George to lay in the bed with red cheeks. A smile came across his face, and he let a soft, happy giggle escape him.

Chapter Thirty One - Best Friends

“George?” Dream spoke up softly, making George open his eyes and look at the demon. They were sitting on Dream’s bed- George laying down and trying not to move his arm too much, while Dream sat with his back against the wall, by George’s legs. They were completely quiet for at least an hour, and George closed his eyes to let himself relax.

“What’s up, Dream?” George felt his heart rate pick up as Dream looked away from him, deeming the door to the closet much more interesting to look at. He looked so... nervous that it was making George nervous in return.

“I know that angels get scars where their wings go, and... another scar related to how they died...” George closed his eyes again, his body tense. He had a feeling he knew exactly where this was going. “If you... If you’re comfortable with it, could you tell me how you actually died? How you got those scars on your shoulders?” The angel let out a shaky sigh, feeling the eyes of the demon on him.

They sat in silence for a few moments, and Clay seemed to be giving George his time to think, which he appreciated. Memories flashed through George’s mind, and he chuckled softly.

“I wasn’t exactly lying when I said I fell, you know,” George opened his eyes again, meeting Clay’s curious gaze. “I...”

“Take your time.” Clay muttered, giving George a patient smile. The angel smiled back, using the arm he could move to run his hand through his hair. He took in a deep breath.

“I was pushed,” George was surprised at how easily the words came out of his mouth, how calm he felt talking about this. His voice didn’t falter, he didn’t shake- he felt... okay. “I was looking out over a cliff, and someone I was close to pushed me off.”

“Oh...” Clay reached out and grabbed George’s hand, wrapping it with his two hands. “George, I- I’m so sorry...”

“It’s okay,” George chuckled again, closing his eyes. “That friend I told you about, at the arcade? He pushed me off.”

“Did... he mean to?”

“Yeah,” George sighed. “I looked back at him when I fell, and he had the most... happy smile on his face. He even waved before he walked away.”

“How could he-” George heard Clay take in a deep breath. “How could he hurt you like that? You’re... you’re an amazing person...”

“Oh, believe me, he did more than just that,” George couldn’t help but laugh again, looking into Clay’s eyes once more, sensing his confusion. “He wasn’t a great person. Well... I guess he wasn’t really a *person* .”

“What do you mean?” George bit his tongue, hesitating for just a moment.

“He was a demon,” George didn’t say anything for a few seconds, letting those words sink into Clay. “It’s why-”

“That’s why you were so scared of me,” George nodded, feeling the grip that Clay had on his hand loosen a little. “Oh... oh my god, George. I’m- I’m so-”

“Don’t,” George smiled. “It’s okay. You... you aren’t going to hurt me. I know that.” Clay stared at him, and George had a feeling he knew that even George didn’t even believe his words.

“What was his name?” Clay finally responded, his voice almost coming out like a growl. George blinked.

“Why?”

“I want to see if I know him.”

“...You aren’t going to do something stupid if you *do* know him, right?” Clay laughed, his grip tightening again.

“I won’t do anything stupid.” George raised an eyebrow curiously, but when Clay said nothing more, he sighed.

“...Azazel.” And just like that, the energy in the room changed. Clay looked tense, angry even. His grip on George’s hand got tighter, but not so tight that it was uncomfortable or hurt. It was just enough to make George’s heart race with anxiety.

“I *know* him,” Clay growled, and George pulled his hand away from the demon, his body shaking ever so slightly. “He’s the fucker that sent me down here in the first place.”

“-You aren’t going to go murder him as soon as I turn my back, are you?” George glared in Dream’s direction, watching as the demon put his hands in the air.

“I won’t! Even if the asshole *deserves* it for hurting you-”

“Dream.”

“-like, how could he do that?!”

“*Dream*.”

“You’re so-”

“*Clay*!” Dream went silent as George yelled his name, blinking a couple times. “Oh my god. Thank you. I appreciate how much you care- really, I do- but holy *shit*, you don’t need to go murder him.”

“Even if he deserves it for hurting a precious flower like you?”

“A precious-” George groaned, his face heating up. “Just don’t fucking kill him, okay?”

“Fine, I won’t,” Dream grumbled, sitting himself down on the couch. “But if I see him again, I can’t promise I won’t break one of his bones.” With a roll of George’s eyes, he walked off into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

He really did appreciate how much Dream cared- how Dream was so willing to do anything for

him, really- but watching him get angry about it was a little terrifying to George. He didn't want Dream getting in trouble for him, too, but mostly Dream yelling about how much Azazel sucked and how he wanted to- as he so elegantly put it- 'smash in his skull with a pipe' wanted him to make him shut up.

George didn't doubt that Dream would do as he said- really, he believed he would with all his heart- and that seriously scared him. After Dream had admitted to knowing him, he was pissed, ranting about all sorts of things about him. He only went quiet when he noticed that George was about to cry.

He calmed down a little after that, but Dream was still tense and upset by the news he had gotten. George couldn't handle sitting in the same room as him, feeling the anger radiating off of him, so he excused himself to shower- though Dream had told him that it wasn't a good idea.

But he didn't really care, he just needed some alone time anyway from Dream. Which, if George had to be honest, he already missed the presence of him. Despite how angry he was, he was still so sweet, making sure that George was okay every five minutes. And even if that were annoying as all hell, George liked it. He liked knowing that Dream would take care of him and protect him.

So, when he came out of the shower and was met with a calmer energy and a passed out Dream on the couch, a happy smile came to his face. George sat down beside him, his own eyelids feeling heavy.

Just before he fell asleep, he remembered hearing Dream muttering something, something that George was sure he would have understood if he wasn't about to fall asleep. All he could tell was that Dream sounded as if he were awake and not sleep talking. He didn't think too much of it, easily falling asleep beside his best friend.

Chapter Thirty Two - Almost.

When George had told Dream that he was tired of staring at the same, boring walls in Dream's room... George had been surprised when the others face lit up seemingly with an idea. He ran off saying he would be back and that the angel should take a nap in the meantime, but how did he expect him to sleep after doing that?

So, there George laid, using his okay arm to hold up his phone in front of his face. He dropped it a couple times, making him curse to himself before picking it back up. Whatever Dream was doing, it was taking a while- a little over an hour. George found himself texting Bad, a small smile on his face.

BBH: How are you doing by the way??

BBH: I heard from Dream that you're with him??

George: I'm good and yeah

George: Sorry if I worried you

BBH: it's okay you little muffin

BBH: you did scare me though

BBH: but anyway

BBH: you and Dream doing good now?

George: yeah we're great!

BBH: that's good to hear! :D

BBH: he sounded so happy when I called him asking where you were

BBH: he really missed you

George sighed quietly, smiling just a little bit more at his phone screen. Patches meowed by his feet, making her way to his chest before laying down again with a soft purr.

BBH: do you plan on telling him?

George: I could never

George: there's no way it would end well anyway

The angel watched his screen, watching the three little dots appear and disappear before appearing again after a few moments.

BBH: ok george this is skeppy

BBH: i stole Bad's phone

BBH: you need to man up and ask him out dude!

BBH: ok Bad is about to murder me bye

George: ...what

BBH: Sorry!

BBH: And I was not about to murder Skeppy

BBH: he's just being dramatic

BBH: but take your time!

BBH: you don't have to ask him out

George: i know i dont

George: which is exactly why im not

BBH: alright

Soon after that, the conversation died down and they both stopped responding, leaving George to have a blushing face with a cat on his chest. He dropped his phone beside him, gently placing his hand on Patches' head.

"Mrrp?" Her head perked up as soon as George moved his hand, making him chuckle quietly. Her purrs grew louder as George pet her.

"Patches," George muttered, and Patches looked at him curiously. "Do you know what your weirdo owner is doing?"

"Mrrp." The tabby calico rubbed her head against George's hand. He laughed, scratching behind her ear.

"Yeah, me nei-"

"George!" George yelped, jumping in surprise at the sudden voice. The door swung open, revealing a smiling Dream on the other side. Patches, at all the commotion, launched into the air and darted out of the room, making both the males laugh- Dream going into a wheezing fit.

“You scared me, Dream!” George giggled out, smiling over at his best friend. Dream seemed to smile wider, his eyes sparkling with joy as he kept wheezing. As soon as his laughter died down, he responded.

“Sorry, sorry,” He scratched the back of his neck, walking over to the angel. “Come on.” He held his hand out, which George stared at for a moment before looking back at Dream.

“...What?”

“You said you were bored of looking at my bedroom walls, right?” George nodded slowly. “Well, come on!” The shorter male stared for a few moments before placing his hand in Dream’s, letting him pull him up. Without letting go of his hand, Dream led him to the couch.

“What are we doing?”

“We’re going to watch a movie and eat dinner!” George frowned slightly as Dream let go of his hand, walking into the kitchen instead as he kept talking. “I know it’s not much, but it gives you something to do, and we get to hang out!” George sat down on the couch.

“Why don’t we go *out* and watch a movie?” Dream poked his head out of the kitchen and gave George a look he didn’t quite understand.

“With that arm?” Dream scoffed. “Hell no. I’m not letting you hurt yourself more if I can help it.”

“You’re ridiculous.” George shook his head and giggled.

“Aw, but you love it~” The angel felt his cheeks warm up.

“Shut up, no I don’t,” He grumbled, but immediately lightened up as soon as Dream walked back over with plates of spaghetti and garlic bread. “Thanks, Dream.” He smiled as Dream handed him a plate.

“Of course,” Dream placed his plate in his lap once he sat down, reaching over to grab the remote. He turned on the TV. “Anything in particular that you’d like to watch?”

“I don’t mind whatever.” George responded as soon as he swallowed his bite of spaghetti. He watched Dream smirk and click something, scrolling through movie genres before stopping on one, making his way through that.

“Since you seemed to enjoy the last one,” George felt his heart rate pick up. Dream had picked the horror genre. “I thought maybe we could watch another?~”

“...I hate you so much.”

“I love you too, Georgie.” Dream clicked on a movie and it began to play. George pretended not to notice how Dream scooted just a little closer to him, keeping his eyes trained on the screen in front of them rather than the dirty blonde demon next to him.

...As it turned out, that was a lot harder than George wanted it to be.

The beginning of the movie was a bit boring, with all the set up to the horrors that awaited. George snuck a glance over at the demon beside him, his eyes on the TV. He seemed a little distant, as if

he were thinking about something, but nothing too much out of the ordinary. He still had his signature smirk on his face, even if it was a little more soft than mischievous.

George didn't realize he was staring up until Dream looked over at him, his smirk turning into a small smile. And if George wasn't just seeing things, he could have sworn the demon was blushing.

The angel looked back at the screen, hearing a quiet laugh come from Dream as he, too, looked back at the movie. The laugh made George's heart jump into his throat. He couldn't help but move a little closer to the taller male, blaming it on the fact that the movie was starting to make him nervous in his own head.

He knew his face was flushed a bright red when he felt an arm snake around his waist, pulling him even closer to the mass of heat beside him. George bit the inside of his cheek, sneaking another glance up at Dream, who was already looking at him.

Still, a small smile was on his face, his eyes sparkling with joy and something that George hadn't seen before. Nonetheless, he felt himself blushing harder, unable to look away from the demon.

...

George wasn't sure how long they had been staring at each other for. Time had seemed to stop around them, the movie not a thing in their minds. The angel almost immediately relaxed as Dream cupped his cheek with his hand, the touch so gentle that George could have cried.

He was hyper aware of how close Dream was to him, and how he seemed to just be getting a little closer with every second. Dream ran his thumb along George's cheek bone, his smile only seeming to grow softer.

George wasn't sure if it was just his imagination, but he could have sworn Dream's eyes flickered down for just a second.

Their faces were only a couple inches apart, their noses almost touching. George could feel his heart trying to jump out of his chest as he stared at Dream, who tilted his head to the side just a bit.

George let out a high pitched, blood curdling scream as a loud noise played from the movie, making him jump back from Dream and fall off the couch.

"Ow! Fuck-" Dream didn't burst out laughing as George had expected. He gripped his shoulder, hissing quietly in pain. He heard Dream pause the movie and stand up, crouching down beside him.

"Are you okay, George?" Dream asked softly, a concerned look on his face. George put a smile on his face, noting how Dream seemed to be blushing almost as hard as he did.

"Yeah- yeah, I'm fine," George chuckled. Dream held a hand out to him, and the angel took it, letting the taller male pull him up. "Geez, that scared me so bad..." Dream laughed as the two sat back down beside each other.

"Clearly." Dream snickered as he turned the movie back on, letting out a little sigh. George looked over at him, watching his mouth move as he muttered something under his breath.

"What was that?" Dream glanced at George.

"Huh? Oh, nothing." The angel and demon stared at each other for a few moments, George with

his eyebrow raised curiously. When Dream looked back at the movie, he did the same- but he couldn't focus on it. His mind immediately wandered back to before the movie had scared him.

...Was Dream going to kiss him there?

There's no possible way, George thought. Surely he was just imagining how close Dream was- how he could just barely feel his warm breath against him, how the demon was blushing and tilting his head. It was all in his imagination. There was no way it could be real.

...But if it was real...

George felt his cheeks burn again as he tried not to imagine what would have happened if they did kiss- if the movie hadn't decided to scare him. He shook his head to free his thoughts- which, of course, didn't work- and attempted to focus back on the movie.

But, of course, as luck would have it for George, nothing would go his way.

A hand was placed on his thigh, near his knee. The touch made George's skin burn and tingle, despite the layer of clothing between the hand and it. His heart skipped around, happily singing inside of his chest. A wave of anxiety came over him.

Why was Dream doing this? Did he know how much of an effect he had on George? Was this all just to tease him, make him blush and flustered? Or did Dream have a reason for this?

George found himself wanting to blurt out these questions, but his anxiety kept his mouth shut.

Dream was just a touchy person- he had known this since, well, he met the demon. Surely he did this all the time, and he found no issue with it. But something about the blush on Dream's cheeks, something about the flustered half-smirk that was on his face, something about the way his eyes sparkled... something about it seemed off to George, but he couldn't figure out what it was.

...

Well, more like he refused the one idea he had as to why.

Chapter Thirty Three - Sleepover

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes place a day or two after the last chapter-

Also, I wrote this chapter before the A6d drama (at least, I wrote it before I even knew about it.), so A6d is in this story. I don't know if any of you will be upset by this, so I'm saying here that he exists in this story and he will be a reoccurring character. I'm sorry if any of you don't like him- I don't really like the things I've heard about him, but I'm not editing him out. He's a completely different person in this story.

“Hey, George? George, dude, wake up,” George grumbled quietly as he felt a hand grab his arm, gently shaking him awake. “George, I swear-”

“I’m up,” The angel groaned, opening his eyes. He glanced up at Dream, who smiled down on him. “What do you want?”

“It was sent to the group chat, but Skeppy and Bad are inviting us to come over for the night,” Dream explained, handing George his phone. He took it and read over the conversation, though he didn’t really focus on it. “Sapnap’s going. Obviously Bad and Skeppy will be there.”

“Are we going?” George gave Dream back his phone, placing his arm over his eyes. It was the middle of the day, but he was *exhausted*. He had been taking a good one hour nap before Dream had decided to interrupt- though he didn’t mind all that much.

“Well, do you want to?” The angel could feel Dream’s eyes digging into him. “We don’t have to go. After all, your arm-”

“My arm’s fine, Dream,” George laughed, carefully sitting up. “It doesn’t even hurt when I move it.” George moved his arm to show Dream, wincing slightly at the pain that shot through him. Dream raised an eyebrow, a smirk on his face.

“What was that about it not hurting?”

“Shut up,” George rolled his eyes, standing up. “It doesn’t hurt as bad anymore. I’ll be fine- we should go.”

“Okay, well, we’re free to come over any time,” Dream ran a hand through his hair, riling it up even more. George giggled quietly at the sight, unable to stop himself from smiling. “You should probably wear something to cover up your arm, though. Just so they don’t get too worried.” George nodded, quickly heading to Dream’s closet.

“Wait, fuck-” George cursed, turning back to a confused Dream. “I- your hoodie. That was your favorite hoodie, wasn’t it?”

“Huh? Oh!” Dream laughed. “Yeah-”

“Fuck, I’m sorry, I probably completely ruined it, and-”

“George, calm down,” Dream laughed harder, gently pushing past George to search through the

closet. "It's okay. Look, I have another one." He held up another bright green hoodie with a small smiley face.

"Why do you-"

"I have two so I can wear it when the other one is washing," Dream explained with a smile, placing it in George's arms. "I'm going to try and get the other one fixed, which shouldn't be too hard- so don't worry."

"I'm still sorry," George looked down at the hoodie in his arms before looking back up at Dream. "Wait... why did you hand me this?"

"You seem to like it a lot," Dream scratched the back of his neck, looking off to the side. "Besides, it- it looks better on you." George felt his cheeks burn up. He scoffed, sliding the hoodie on as carefully as he could to avoid hurting his shoulder.

"Well, um- thanks-" George smiled at Dream, who smiled back. "Uh... when are we going?"

"Anytime, really," Dream shrugged. "Unless you don't want to or you want to do something first, we can go now?" George hummed quietly, walking back over to Dream's bed. He picked up his phone and shoved it into the pocket of the hoodie.

"Let's go now."

"Dream! George!" Bad opened up the door, a bright smile on his face as he looked at the two. George chuckled and waved. Just before Dream and George had walked out, they had been told by Skeppy- in the group chat- to wear onesies or something comfortable. George and Dream had decided that their clothes were comfortable enough and left. But Bad, he was wearing a onesie- a duck onesie.

"Hey, Ba-" George couldn't stop a small squeak from escaping him as the slightly taller male hugged him, tensing. His shoulder burned a little, but he tried not to make it obvious that he was hurt. Bad pulled away fairly quickly, practically jumping up and down.

"Sorry!" He giggled, standing off to the side so the two could come in- which is exactly what he did. "I'm so happy you guys decided to come! I know it was such short notice, we would have said something sooner, but-" George looked up at Dream as the demon started to laugh at Bad's ramblings.

"How many energy drinks did you drink before this, dude?" Bad huffed quietly, crossing his arms across his chest.

"None-"

"He drank one," Skeppy said with a smirk, walking up beside his boyfriend. He snaked his arm around his waist, pulling the taller male closer to him. Skeppy was wearing the same onesie Bad was wearing. "But be happy I stopped him from drinking another."

"I was not going to-"

“Bad, hush- the grown ups are talking.” George watched as Bad blinked a couple times before he threw his arms into the air.

“I’m *older* than you, Skeppy!” He grumbled, glaring down at Skeppy, who just laughed. Dream and George laughed, too, which only seemed to make Bad even more angry.

“Oh, to not be the fifth wheel...” George looked over at Sapnap, his smile falling a little in confusion at the sight of a new person sitting right beside him. He tilted his head curiously.

“You aren’t the *only* fifth wheel,” The person- who had a French accent- laughed. “I’m here, too!” The person with the French accent was definitely tall- much taller than George. He seemed to be an inch or so taller than Sapnap. He wore square, black framed glasses that gently rested on the bridge of his nose. Deep brown eyes sparkled with joy as he gave Sapnap a playful glare.

Short, fluffy brown hair sat on the top of his head, curling ever so slightly at the ends. It was swept off to the side to keep it from getting in his eyes. He had a slight beard, which, of course, was the same color as his hair. He wore a simple, slightly too large black hoodie and black sweatpants.

“Oh! George, Dream,” Bad clapped, a smile on his face as he pointed to the male with the French accent. “That over there is Vincent- you can also call him A6d. And over there is Dylan, but just call him Mega.” George blinked in surprise as Bad pointed to a person in the corner, who waved.

Mega, as stated before, was sat in a corner, curled in on himself. He had short- but longer than A6d’s- brown hair that fell in front of his bright blue eyes. He had vitiligo- which meant he had two different skin colors- that split his face almost perfectly in half, his left half being darker than the right.

His mouth was covered up by a bright green scarf, the ends of it hanging behind his back. He wore a striped blue sweater- a dark and a lighter blue- and black pants.

“He’s mute, just letting you know,” Skeppy paused for a second before smirking. “And he’s an asshole.”

“Skeppy!” Bad yelled, glaring at his boyfriend. George watched as Mega lifted one of his hands and flipped Skeppy off, making Bad gasp. “Mega!” Dream laughed next to him, nearly doubling over with a wheeze. George couldn’t help the smile that came across his face.

“Hope you don’t mind that we invited people you don’t know.” Dream shrugged at Skeppy’s words.

“It’s alright,” Dream glanced over at George, and George couldn’t help but giggle as the demon gave him a dorky smile. “What’re we doing?”

Chapter Thirty Four - Spin the Bottle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Guys, we should do something other than watch old, shitty movies-” Dream had started, but was quickly interrupted by Bad yelling ‘language’ at him. George glanced over at the demon.

“What else should we do? We already played minecraft for, like, two hours,” Skeppy waved a hand in the air, his other arm wrapped around Bad’s waist. “And I don’t feel like playing more right now, personally.” Everyone was quiet for a few moments before Dream shot up from the spot on the couch next to George, making the angel jump in surprise.

“Let’s play spin the bottle.” He said with a smirk, giving George a glance. The angel felt his cheeks heat up- why did Dream look at him after saying that? Was he joking?

Without any warning, Sapnap burst out laughing, doubling over on the floor. His head fell into A6d’s lap for a moment before he lifted it back up, looking at Dream. It was almost as if Dream had said a joke, but... he didn’t. George guessed there was just an inside joke between Sapnap and Dream, considering how everyone but Dream looked just as confused as George felt. George watched as Dream narrowed his eyes at the other male, who quieted down after a moment.

“...What’s spin the bottle?” Now Skeppy was standing, a smirk similar to the one Dream often wore on his face. Bad, who was the one who asked, stared up at his boyfriend curiously.

“Okay, yeah, we’re playing spin the bottle,” Skeppy walked out of the room and into the kitchen. George heard the sounds of cupboards being opened for a few moments before Skeppy came back with an empty wine bottle. “Everyone on the floor, sit in a circle.”

Without a word, everyone did just that. George sat down, and Dream sat down beside him on his left side, while Sapnap was on his right. Everyone had easily found a spot... other than Mega, who stayed in his place in the corner. Skeppy playfully glared at him.

“Aw, Mega, are you too much of a chicken to play this game with us?” Mega pulled out his phone and started to type. After he was done, he put his phone down and Skeppy’s phone vibrated. He took it out and started laughing. “Okay, whatever, fuck you.”

“Language!”

“You don’t have to play. We don’t want you playing with us anyway.”

“Skeppy, don’t be mean-” Skeppy snickered quietly, wrapping his arm back around Bad’s waist. George sighed softly, scooting a little closer to Dream. The angel noticed the male’s smile widened.

“Okay- Dream, since you suggested it, you’re going first.” Dream shrugged and took the bottle.

“Fine by me.” As Dream set the bottle down and spun it, Bad spoke up once more.

“What are the rules? What’s happening?”

“You’ll see when the bottle stops-” Just as Skeppy finished speaking, the bottle had already stopped, and the bottle was pointing towards Bad. “Okay, well, nevermind then. Basically you and

Dream have to kiss now.”

“Oh, okay,” George blinked a couple times in surprise at how... calm Bad seemed to be about this. Everyone else in the room seemed to be in the same boat- even Mega, who looked up from his phone with his eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

When Dream didn’t move, Bad smiled and scooted forward a bit- everyone was just close enough to not have to get up and walk over. George bit his lip as he watched Bad lean in, only to press his lips against Dream’s forehead.

“No, Bad-” Skeppy laughed, putting his face in his hand. Bad tilted his head, clearly confused. “It’s- okay, just for reference next time- a *kiss* kiss. Not that.” Bad stared at Skeppy for a few more seconds before his face flushed, making everyone in the circle laugh.

“Oh-” When Bad pulled his onesie hood over his face, Skeppy pulled the slightly taller male into his side, still laughing.

“Okay, who’s going next? George or me?” Skeppy asked, and Dream pushed the bottle towards Skeppy, who smirked and spun the bottle without another word. George watched the bottle spin faster than Dream had spun it. It, of course, took a second or two longer for it to stop- and when it did, it landed on Bad again. “Yes!” Bad- and really no one else for that matter- had no time to react before Skeppy jumped on his boyfriend, knocking him to the ground with their lips pressed together.

“Whoa, holy shit, get a room-” Sapnap laughed, covering his eyes as everyone else joined in. Skeppy and Bad pulled away from each other, the blush on Bad’s cheeks surely bright enough to light up a pitch black room.

“L-language!” Bad glared at Sapnap for a moment before looking back up at Skeppy. George would have gagged at the lovesick look they gave each other if his heart wasn’t aching for something similar.

A few spins later, and it was Sapnap’s turn- and George had yet to be kissed by anyone, though he knew that was going to change since his turn was next. Sapnap glanced around at the group before spinning the bottle, and George noticed him peek up at A6d for just a second. A small smile came across the angel’s face... then it fell when the bottle stopped.

“Oh, George~” Sapnap looked up at George and wiggled his eyebrows, making him splutter for a second. The bottle had landed on him. George watched Sapnap’s eyes move to the demon behind him and, not too long after, a smirk came across his face. He looked back at George, who stared back. “Come here and kiss me~” George opened his mouth before quickly shutting it, not doubting for a second that his face was flushed red in embarrassment as Sapnap grabbed the hoodie he wore and pulled him forward, pressing a quick kiss to his lips.

George didn’t move for a good ten seconds after Sapnap had pulled away, laughing his ass off at, what George assumed, was his face. After George finally felt like he could move, he sat himself back down on his legs and glanced over at Dream, who was glaring at Sapnap. He almost whimpered at how... *angry* Dream looked.

“Okay, it’s your turn now.” Sapnap chuckled as he passed the bottle to George. He took it in shaking hands, spinning it on the ground. He tried to keep his mind on the game and keep a smile

on his face, but Dream had never looked that upset before and... it was worrying to him. He genuinely looked as if he were going to rip someone's head off, put it on a stick, and roast it over a fire until it was completely charred.

George looked up to the person the bottle stopped on, locking eyes with Skeppy, who shrugged. The angel sighed quietly, leaning over meeting the other male halfway. They quickly pulled away, and Skeppy turned to Bad with a small smile. He muttered something that George couldn't quite catch, but it had Bad blushing a little.

He pulled the hoodie sleeves over his hands, sneaking another little glance up at Dream. He still looked pissed, but he wasn't glaring at Sapnap anymore. Instead, he was glaring down at the bottle, seeming to be deep in thought. George bit his tongue and passed it to Dream, who paused for a moment before spinning the bottle again.

Now it was Sapnap's second turn, and his smirk had never left his face. The turns didn't take too long, since, for the most part, each kiss only lasted a second or two, and no one was really saying anything. Occasionally someone or multiple people would laugh, or say something to the group, but nothing other than that.

The bottle slowly came to a stop, stopping on A6d. George watched as the two looked up at each other, both with little blushes on their faces. He couldn't stop a small smile from creeping onto his face as the two leaned in, pressing their lips together for just a second longer than everyone else-aside from Skeppy and Bad- had. They pulled apart with clear hesitation on both sides, staring at each other again.

"Are you two *lovebirds* done?" Dream smirked, though George could still see anger bubbling behind his playful cover. The two sat back down, and Sapnap glared at the demon for a moment before passing the bottle on to George.

The bottle was passed around the whole group a few more times, and Dream had the bottle once again. He had kissed everyone but George in the room at least once- Bad he has kissed three times, and Sapnap twice. George couldn't watch any time Dream kissed someone, always looking off to the side. He knew that none of these really meant anything, but... looking at them made his heart burn and ache.

He wondered if Dream felt the same whenever he had to kiss someone.

"Oh, fuck you!" Dream's hands flew up into the air as it fell on Bad again.

"Please." George muttered before he could stop himself, a blush quickly spreading across his cheeks. Bad had yelled 'language' at Dream as he yelled, so he hoped that Dream hadn't heard him.

...But he clearly did.

Dream froze up, putting his arms down as he glanced over at George. George stared at him back, biting his tongue. Everyone around them was dead silent, as if they weren't there at all. The angel

almost spoke up, but he noticed something.

Dream's cheeks were slowly turning more and more red- well, more and more yellow gray to George. He was *blushing* .

Now that made complete sense, but George had hardly ever seen Dream blush- much less this much. Dream was always the one making people blush. His cheeks were a bright red, eyes wide with shock. His mouth was open a little as he just... stared. George couldn't stop his heart from practically leaping out of his chest at the reaction.

"Um... Are you two okay?" George and Dream looked over at Bad.

"Yup!" Dream said quickly, pressing his lips against Bad's for just a second before pulling away and sitting back down on the ground. Sapnap was snickering, though he was clearly trying to hold it in, keeping his hand in front of his mouth.

"How about we play a different game?" A6d suggested, and everyone silently agreed. "What about...truth or dare?"

"What a school girl req- ow! Bad- what was that for?" Skeppy jumped as Bad poked his finger into Skeppy's side.

"Be nice." Skeppy rolled his eyes, but a smile came across his face.

"Fine, let's play truth or dare, or, whatever."

Truth or dare wasn't nearly as bad as George had expected- in fact, it's what he imagined it would be like in middle school party- with stupid dares like, go outside and scream ducks, or weird truths like, do you like this specific thing.

No one was super into it, since it was starting to get late, and everyone seemed to just be getting more and more tired. It led to some weird truths and dares, and lots of fits of giggles from a few of them, but that was all.

George had backed off the game after about ten minutes, sitting on the couch while scrolling through his phone. Dream had gotten up a couple minutes after him and sat beside the angel, seeming bored of the game as well.

He couldn't stop a yawn from escaping him as he looked out the window, seeing a few trees swaying softly with the breeze outside.

"Tired?" He heard Dream's voice mutter, the couch shifting as Dream moved closer to him. He nodded.

"Yeah. I'm going to be right back, okay?" Dream hummed softly as a response, and George stood up, stretching out his back, arms, and legs before walking into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

The angel looked into the mirror, his own, tired eyes staring back at him. The sounds of the group outside the room were muffled, and he couldn't hear a word they were saying. He sighed quietly, letting his wings and halo pop out for a few minutes as he tried to relax his beating heart.

He unfolded his wings out from behind him, flapping them softly. He watched them move in the mirror, stretching them out as far as they could go. Another yawn escaped him as he glanced up at his glowing halo.

George jumped slightly as he heard a thump from somewhere outside the bathroom. He quickly hid his wings and halo again, walking out of the bathroom only to freeze up as he turned the corner.

Dream had Sapnap pressed up against a wall, no one else in the living room anymore other than those two. George couldn't quite hear them, but Dream was practically growling at Sapnap, who was smirking at him.

"Bet you wish I was George right now, don't you?" Sapnap slyly said, his smirk only seeming to grow wider. Dream shoved him against the wall harder, ready to push his arm into the other male's throat.

"*Bet you wish I was A6d right now, huh ?*" George stood with his jaw dropped, watching as Sapnap's smirk quickly was replaced with a flushed face, his eyes wide.

"I wouldn't mind that, either~" George saw A6d poke his head out from the kitchen, a smirk on his face. A6d started to laugh as Sapnap blushed harder, pushing Dream off of him. Dream huffed, turning to walk away from them. Then he froze, George locking eyes with him.

Chapter End Notes

Sap6d is an underrated ship-

Chapter Thirty Five - Shared Blushes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George stared into Dream's eyes, watching the anger disappear in mere seconds. The angel couldn't stop himself from giggling as Dream's face started to flush red- though it wasn't nearly as bad as it was during spin the bottle.

He stepped forward, opening his mouth to speak, but all that left him was a squeak as Dream swiftly walked over- which didn't take long, with his long legs and with them only being a few feet away from each other- and hid his face in the shorter male's good shoulder.

"D-Dream?" George stuttered, feeling warm arms wrap around his waist and pull him closer to the other male. "Dream, are you-"

"Shut up." Came Dream's voice, muffled by George's shoulder. He could feel his heart racing in his chest, singing like a bird in the morning. He was certain his face was flushed a brighter red than Dream's- though Dream seemed much more embarrassed than him at the moment.

Bet you wish I was George right now, don't you?

Sapnap's sassy comment echoed in his mind, no doubt not helping with his blush at all. Even still, he slowly hugged Dream back. Why was Dream so flustered? And for the second time in one night?

He never got this flustered. Sure, maybe a little blush here and there whenever George, for once, had a response to him, but it was never even *close* to this degree. George had to admit, he quite liked seeing Dream so flustered. It was a nice change up to his normal, playful attitude- not that he hated it. No, he liked it. But this? It was... cute.

"Stupid fucking Sapnap..." George chuckled at Dream's muttering, just barely able to hear it.

"Are you okay, Clay?" George could practically feel Dream hesitate before responding.

"Yeah, sorry," George almost pulled Dream back into the hug when the other male pulled away, but he held himself together and let him go. Dream was still blushing, looking off to the side rather than George. "Uh-"

"Okay, *lovebirds*," Sapnap snickered as he came out of the kitchen, Skeppy, Bad, and A6d following beside him. "Are you two-"

"Sapnap, I swear, I will rip your throat out and feed it to my cat." George bit his tongue.

"...Okay, rude, I was just asking if you two are done." Dream sighed, running a hand through his hair. George stepped a bit closer to Dream, trying and failing to ignore their hands brushing against each other.

"Whatever, yeah," Dream muttered, his voice calmer. "Are we going to sleep?"

Ten minutes later, everyone was laying on the floor somewhat near each other- other than Mega, who had left, telling them that he didn't really want to stay. George was right next to Dream, though his back was towards the demon. He wasn't sure what way he was facing.

Skeppy and Bad, of course, were huddled up together, wrapped up in each other's arms- Bad already seeming to be passed out with his head against Skeppy's chest. Skeppy was quietly muttering things into his ear, running a hand through the taller male's hair.

A6d and Sapnap were closer to a corner than the rest of the group, turned to face each other. They talked quietly to each other, one or both of them occasionally giggling at something or other.

George closed his eyes, trying to keep his mind off the fact that there was a mass of heat behind him that he wanted to curl into and never move again. Of course, his mind wandered to just that, and to everything that happened earlier.

He couldn't hide from himself that he was still a little saddened by the fact that he never got the chance to kiss Dream during spin the bottle. This was just some horrible way of torturing George, torturing his aching heart- though... would it have been much better if he had gotten to kiss Dream?

Sure, it would be the best thing ever to George. But, if he did, wouldn't he just hope more than before? Wouldn't he just be even more heartbroken when Dream finally found out and didn't like him back?

George groaned quietly, pulling the blanket that he and Dream shared further to shove his face into it. He pushed his thoughts away as best as he could, feeling Dream move behind him. The angel shut his eyes tighter, ignoring the soft laughter coming from the corner. And, soon enough, he fell asleep without too much issue.

"-what?? No way, that's-" George closed his eyes tighter at the loud voice, shoving his face further into the mass of heat in front of him.

"Dude, shut up!" The angel heard Dream's voice whisper-yell close to his ear. "You're being so loud, you're going to wake everyone up-"

"Well, I'm sorry," The other voice, which George now recognized to be Sapnap's, muttered, and George could practically hear the eyeroll. "But oh my god, are you actually going to?"

"I don't know yet," George felt the mass of heat move just a bit, being moved closer to it. "I feel like maybe it's too much..."

"Dude, he would *love* it, I'm sure of it." There was a moment of silence, and George nearly fell back asleep, but Dream sighed. The shorter male felt the breath blow a few of the hairs on the top of his head.

"I'll do it."

"Fuck yes!" George bit his tongue, holding back a laugh. He wasn't sure what the two were talking about, but he didn't care- he was just happy that Dream wasn't about to murder him.

"Language..." Dream and Sapnap chuckled at the sound of Bad's grumpy, tired voice. The two

kept talking to each other quietly, but George couldn't keep himself awake, the warmth from the mass practically surrounding him lulling him back to sleep.

George woke up again to the sound of soft laughter filling the room, making him grumble and lift his head up. He opened his eyes and squinted towards the sound, his eyes adjusting fairly quickly to the darkness.

A6d and Sapnap were still huddled in the corner, though much closer than George remembered. They were practically cuddled up together, a blanket wrapped around them as they stared at each other with little smiles. Their laughter had died down now, and the two quietly talked- much too quiet for George to hear.

The angel shrugged it off, shoving his face back into the mass of heat he now recognized as Dream. He hardly paid attention to the fact that they both had their arms wrapped around the other and their legs tangled together. If George hadn't been so tired, he would have blushed and stayed awake, simply enjoying the calm environment.

But instead, he fell back asleep, feeling Dream pull him impossibly closer to his chest.

Chapter End Notes

George: Oh no Dream would never like me back

Them: literally cuddling every chance they get

Them: literally have almost kissed more than once

Them: has literally been teased relentlessly by Sapnap, Bad, and Skeppy

George: ...He would never-

Chapter Thirty Six - Truth or Dare

“George, George! Wake up!” George’s eyes shot open as his body was being shook, waking him up from his dreamless sleep. Before he could even focus his eyes on the man in front of him, he heard him yelling again. “George! Quick, hold my hand!” George laced his fingers with the male in front of him, now recognizing his voice as Dream’s- but he sounded... panicked.

“What- what’s happening?” The angel groaned, blinking a couple times when all he got in response was laughter. From multiple people. He finally was able to focus his eyes, looking around the room.

Like he thought, Dream sat in front of him, his head tilted back as he laughed. Their hands were laced together in a gentle hold, one that made George feel his cheeks heat up. Around them were Skeppy, Bad, A6d, and Sapnap, who were also laughing, probably even harder than Dream was. Dream’s laugh was softer, more like the ones he and George shared when they were alone.

“I’m sorry, George-” Dream chuckled out, meeting George’s eyes- and the angel could have sworn the smile on his face was enough to knock the wind out of him. His hair was a ruffled mess, sticking up in weird places. His eyes were sparkling with pure joy and something George couldn’t quite place, and a subtle blush was on his cheeks. “I just- I just wanted to see if you’d do it.”

“...So nothing’s happening?” Dream laughed again.

“Nothing’s happening,” George blinked two times before laying his head back down on the floor, curling his legs up towards his chest. “George- you gotta wake up.”

“Make me.” The angel muttered, closing his eyes. A smile slowly crept up on his face as he heard and felt nothing happening... but that smile quickly disappeared as he was pulled off of the floor by his hand, the sudden movement making his body fly forward and smack against the body in front of him.

He already knew who it was, but he moved his head from the mass of heat and looked up, Dream’s face inches from his own. That alone was enough to make George’s whole face flush a bright red, but the playful smirk the demon wore as he wrapped one of his arms around George’s waist and hold him closer... George was sure his face was hotter than the sun.

“Are you awake now, Georgie?” George shuttered at the whisper, letting go of Dream’s hand. He moved it to Dream’s chest, making a very weak attempt at pushing him away. The demon chuckled quietly, his smirk only seeming to grow wider.

“Get a room, you two!” Sapnap snickered, and George let out a breath when Dream let go of him. He watched as Dream glanced over at the other male, giving him a playful glare- though the playful look was much different to the one he was giving George.

“You and A6d didn’t get a room last night,” Dream practically purred out, crossing his arms across his chest. “Didn’t count you as the loud type, Sapnap~” Sapnap’s face went red as Skeppy and George burst into laughter, leaving Bad to tilt his head in confusion.

“Oh, I didn’t either~” A6d responded, wrapping his arm around Sapnap’s shoulders.

“We didn’t even- *what* ?!” Sapnap groaned. “We were literally just *talking* ! Not-” Skeppy fell to the ground, laughing so hard that he couldn’t even support himself anymore. George could see the tears in his eyes.

“God, you’re almost as easy to tease as George,” Dream laughed, snaking his arm around George’s waist. George couldn’t stop the squeak that escaped him. “And that’s kind of embarrassing. George is *so* easy to tease.”

“What?! No I’m not-” Dream glanced down at him and raised an eyebrow as if to say ‘really?’. George grumbled to himself and looked away, watching Bad help Skeppy off the floor.

“Okay, guys, me and Skeppy are going to go get food-”

“What? I didn’t say I was going-”

“-What do you all want?”

Ten minutes of people talking over each other later, Bad and Skeppy were out the door with a list of everything everyone wanted. That left George, Dream, Sapnap, and A6d... and what did they decide to do while the couple was gone?

“Okay, and we *all* have one chicken out, okay?” Sapnap looked at everyone in the group, and everyone nodded. George bit his tongue as Sapnap cleared his throat. They had decided that playing truth or dare while Skeppy and Bad were gone was a good idea- and George went along with it to pass the time. He was a little worried about what kind of truths and dares the group would do without the innocent child known as Bad, but he tried to keep his thoughts positive. And he tried to keep his eyes off of Dream, who sat beside him. “George, truth or dare?”

George felt everyone’s eyes on him, staring at Sapnap for a moment. He couldn’t figure out what the other male was going to say, whether he chose truth or dare. His face was pretty neutral, other than the small smirk. George took in a deep breath.

“Truth.”

“Aw, come on, not starting off strong?” Dream snickered softly next to him. George elbowed him in the side, making the demon laugh.

“Okay, George,” George felt his heart rate pick up as Sapnap adjusting himself on the ground, his smirk growing. “Have you ever..... cheated on a test?” George blinked in surprise.

“...That’s it?” Sapnap laughed.

“Dude, I’m not gonna start it off weird. Answer the question!”

“Yes, when I was in middle school,” Sapnap made an ‘ooo’ing noise, then started to giggle like a teenage girl. George rolled his eyes, glancing between A6d and Dream. “Dream, truth or dare?”

“I’m not a bitch. Dare,” Dream had the biggest smirk on his face. “Do your worst, *shortie* .”

“Okay, this isn’t bad, but it’s going to be funny, hopefully,” George giggled. “Pretend to be Sapnap for the next two minutes.” As soon as his words left his mouth, he watched as Dream stood up and laid himself in A6d’s lap, a hand dramatically held to his forehead.

“ *Oh, A6d, you’re so hot, speak to me in French!~* ” Dream pulled off a *weirdly* accurate impression of Sapnap. “ *A6d, I just met you, but I think I’m in lo-* ”

“Dream, what the fuck?!” Sapnap tried to be angry, but he couldn’t stop himself from laughing at the end of his sentence. George pushed down the feeling he got when Dream placed himself in A6d’s lap and chuckled.

“What, is it not accurate enough?” Dream smirked, glancing over at George. “George! Is this not accurate?”

“Not accurate enough.” George laughed as Sapnap threw his hands into the air.

“George! I thought you were on my side!”

“I’m on nobody’s side,” George shrugged, surprised to feel little pain in his shoulder. “But, Dream, I’m just going to say your two minutes are up.”

“Aw, dang,” Dream got out of A6d’s lap, sitting back down beside George. “But- A6d, truth or dare?”

This went on for another fifteen minutes, all without too much happening. Most of the truths were weird asks, like ‘what is the worst date you have ever been on’, and stupidly funny dares like ‘eat a spoonful of ketchup’- which, George *absolutely* wanted to kill Sapnap for that one, almost using his chicken out for it.

...But then things took a turn.

“Dream, truth or dare?” Sapnap asked with an innocent smile. George was about to tell Dream to go for a truth, not quite trusting the smile, but Dream responded with a smirk.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss George.” At those words, Dream’s smirk fell from his face, his eyes going wide as he stared at Sapnap as if they could talk with their minds. Sapnap snickered, a smirk coming to his face.

George bit his tongue and looked over at Dream, who looked back at him. He felt his cheeks flush as Dream’s eyes drifted down for a mere second. The demon’s eyes were full of anxiety, and George hated it. Not only for the reason he had no clue why Dream was anxious, but for the fact that Dream was anxious at all. The only time he could recall seeing that look was when he woke up after being shot in the shoulder.

“...I, uh,” Dream looked away from George, his cheeks growing pink. “...I can’t.”

“What? You’re using your-”

“Yes,” George flinched at the harsh tone Dream used on Sapnap. “A6d, truth or dare?” The angel tried to keep his mind from wandering to why Dream didn’t want to, keeping his mind on the game. He snuck a glance up at Dream, seeing his smirk returning to his face.

“Uh, dare.”

“I dare you to kiss Sapnap.” A6d and Sapnap made eye contact for a second before A6d smiled and launched himself at Sapnap, the force of the jump knocking Sapnap down to the ground in a kiss.

Sapnap laid there in shock for a second or two before he closed his eyes, and George averted his

eyes as he watched Sapnap wrap his arms around A6d's neck. He had looked over at Dream, who seemed just as surprised as George felt- but he looked over to the door as he heard it open.

"Nope!" He heard Skeppy yell as he walked in the room and saw A6d on top of Sapnap, kissing. He grabbed onto Bad, who was right behind him, and started to push him out the door, ignoring Bad's questions.

George watched as Dream grabbed a pillow and chucked it at the two, who pulled away from each other. They panted softly as they both glared at Dream.

"Bad and Skeppy are back." A6d and Sapnap both blushed, only now seeming to realize what just happened. They quickly got up, sitting a few feet away from each other as they both seemed to contemplate what just happened.

George laughed, getting up. He walked over to the now closed front door, opening it to see Skeppy talking to Bad.

"Hey, it's safe to come in now."

Chapter Thirty Seven - Trying

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Thanks for having us,” Dream smiled as he and George walked out of Bad and Skeppy’s house. “That was really fun.”

“Of course! We gotta do it again some time,” Bad giggled, waving to the two as they hopped into Dream’s car. “See you guys later!”

“Bye!” George and Dream yelled out in unison. As soon as George sat down and shut the door, he sighed, leaning back in the seat.

“How’s your shoulder?” Dream asked almost immediately, starting up his car as he looked over at the angel.

“It’s good, Dream,” George laughed. “I don’t know why you’re still so worried about it.” He watched Dream open his mouth and then quickly shut it, staring at George with his eyebrows furrowed slightly in thought. George could feel his cheeks heating up the longer Dream stared at him without speaking.

“You say that like you *couldn’t* have died,” Dream sighed as he focused his eyes on the road, backing out of the driveway. “You’re my best friend, and I watched you get *shot* with an *arrow*. Wouldn’t *you* be worried if your best friend got shot?” George felt his heart jump and sink simultaneously at Dream calling him his best friend.

“If you got shot, I *would* be worried,” George muttered, staring out his window. He watched as a small raindrop hit it and slid down slowly, another one following closely after. “Why do you think I took it for you?” The angel heard Dream chuckle softly, no doubt shaking his head.

“You’re such an idiot, George.”

By the time the two had gone inside, it was pouring down rain outside- and windy. The trees shook almost violently with each gust of wind, and the rain felt like ice smacking you in the face. George had his arms wrapped around himself as soon as they were inside, shivering quietly. If he listened closely, he could hear the wind whistling outside and the sound of the tree branches hitting against the windows.

“I thought it was supposed to be warm today...” Dream grumbled, and George watched him disappear into his room. Curious, George followed after him, noting that Patches had run up to him and walked beside him.

Dream was gathering up a few blankets from the bed when he walked inside, the demon humming softly to himself. He turned around and jumped at the sight of George, making him laugh.

“You couldn’t have said anything?” Dream had a big smile on his face as he walked up to George, so he assumed he wasn’t too upset. Dream handed him the fluffiest blanket, which George immediately took and wrapped around his shoulders. “Come on, let’s go to the couch.”

George hummed in response, following the other male to the couch. For once, they didn't sit side by side- instead, they sat on opposite sides of it, facing each other. George was huddled up in a ball, legs pulled up to his chest to fit better under the warm blanket.

The only sounds were the wind, trees, and rain- which was comforting to George. He felt safe, especially all wrapped up with a giant blanket and hoodie, and with Dream being right there with him.

George bit his tongue, pulling his eyes away from the demon in front of him, instead staring at his lap. A few thoughts flew through his head as he felt Dream's eyes leave him, a soft, content sigh coming from him.

"Dream?" George didn't look up from his lap as he spoke in a whisper, tightening his grip on the blanket he held around him. He felt Dream's eyes on him again, and it felt almost like his eyes were digging into the angels skull. Almost.

"Yeah, George?" George closed his eyes tightly, his mind fighting with itself as he wondered if he could do this. "...George?-"

"Can you show me your wings and horns?" George blurted out, his grip on the blanket even tighter now as silence filled the room. He, hesitantly, opened his eyes and looked up at Dream, who stared back with curious and confused eyes. Then the curiosity changed to concern.

"Are you... sure?" Dream spoke in an even softer voice now. "I don't want to... scare you or make you nervous or anything..."

"I want to get used to it."

"We can always do this later-"

"Clay." Dream went silent as his name, and the two stared at each other. "I want to try. I'll tell you if I want you to change back, okay?"

"...You promise?" George nodded. "And you won't push yourself too hard?"

"I promise I won't." They stared at each other for a second longer, and George could tell Dream was hesitating still. Even still, Dream listened, revealing his dark horns and wings. George bit his tongue, watching as Dream adjusting his wings behind him. The demon moved his eyes off of George, though George noticed him sneaking glances at him.

Much to George's dismay, there were so many similarities between Dream and Azazel in just the way they looked in their demon forms. Which made sense, but George didn't like it. The large, black, goat-like horns that came out the top Dream's head were much shorter compared to Azazel's, but the resemblance was obvious.

The wings, strangely enough, seemed to be the most different. While Azazel had pure black bat-like wings, Dream's faded out into what George assumed was a deep red. Dream's even seemed less sharp and angular compared to Azazel, though not by too much. Azazel's were more broad and intimidating, and Dream's were, while still intimidating, less so and they looked smaller- though not by much.

But one thing George didn't notice the first time he saw Dream's demon form was a long, thin black tail that currently laid next to his leg, completely still. The end of the tail was the same color as the end of Dream's wings, looking like an arrow. Yet, the tip of the tail was slightly rounded.

He didn't know that demon's could even *have* tails. Azazel didn't have one.

...

George stood up, letting go of the blanket he had wrapped around him. Dream looked over at him at the sudden movement, and looked as if he were about to say something, but George quickly walked over and placed himself in Dream's lap, facing towards him. Along the way, his blanket slid off his shoulders and fell to the ground, but he didn't care.

"George?-" He felt Dream tense under him as he shoved his face into the demon's shoulder. After a moment of silence, Dream spoke up again, but this time, it was a softer tone, no longer sounding surprised as he relaxed. "Are you okay?" George hummed with a small nod, keeping his face hidden away in Dream's shoulder.

His heart was racing in his chest, and he couldn't tell if it was good or bad. The image of the wings and horns was terrifying to him, but Dream, while also being terrifying in his own way, felt so warm and comforting. He felt safe with Dream, but the wings and horns had him on edge. George tried to push it past him, tried to convince himself that Dream wouldn't hurt him.

It didn't quite work, but George kept himself there, pushing himself to try and relax. He tried to focus on the rise and fall of the others chest, breathing in sync with him.

Just as he started to relax, just as he started to feel better than before, a flash of light came from outside, and soon followed a loud rumble that shook the apartment slightly.

He gasped, pulling his face away from the shoulder it rested in. He glanced up, and he could have sworn he saw Azazel's face instead of Dream's for just a second. He could have sworn he saw the evil smirk, the anger that boiled behind his eyes. He could have sworn he even *heard* him.

Another crack of thunder made George whimper, watching Dream's eyes shift to concern.

"Geor-"

"Change back. Change back *please*." Immediately after George said that, the wings and horns disappeared. "I'm sorry, I don't- I don't know why I'm so-"

"Hey, George, shh," Dream smiled just a little at him. "Can I hug you?"

"...Please..." George hid his face back in Dream's shoulder, feeling warm arms wrap around him carefully. The angel curled into the other, hugging him back.

"You did so good, George," Dream whispered softly, rubbing his hand up and down George's back. "I'm so proud of you. You're really brave, you know that?" George let out a dry chuckle.

"You're so weird." George paused for a moment. "And me? *Brave*?"

"Definitely."

"You're crazy, too." Dream laughed quietly, his grip on George tightening just enough that George could notice.

"I am, but you really are brave. You're trying so hard to do something you don't need to do."

"But I didn't do it. I don't know why- I just-" George took in a deep breath. "I can't."

"But you tried, and that's all that matters. You tried to push past your fears." They were quiet for a

few moments, the two wrapped up in each other's arms. Another crack of thunder echoed loudly, and George tightened his grip on Dream.

"You know... there was a thunderstorm going on when I died," George muttered, though he wasn't quite sure Dream could hear him. "This is the first time I've been through one since." The grip Dream had tightened more, and George could care less about the tightness. It felt comforting, like nothing could hurt him with Dream practically wrapped around him, almost protectively.

"I'm so sorry any of that ever happened to you. I'm sorry you had to go through dying at the hands of him."

"It's okay, Dream-"

"No, it's not. If you had never met him, you would still be alive and enjoying your life not as an angel. You wouldn't be so... scared of anything similar to what you went through."

"But if I never died, I wouldn't have met you." George whispered, waiting for Dream to respond. When he didn't, he continued. "Sure, everything then sucked, but I don't think I've ever been this happy in my life. Meeting you was, is, and will continue to be the best thing that has ever happened to me."

"I love you, George." George felt his heart jump in his chest at the words. They were quiet after that, simply holding each other. George shivered quietly, and felt Dream shift. He couldn't stop the quiet whine that escaped him as Dream moved his arms off of George for a moment, which was met by the soft chuckle of Dream.

Then he felt the fluffy blanket being wrapped around him and Dream, and Dream's arms were wrapped around George once more, rubbing shapes into his back. George sighed in content, moving himself in Dream's lap to lay more comfortably. His head rested against the demon's chest, the sound of his heart beating echoing into George's mind as he closed his eyes again.

The last thing he could remember was Dream's soft humming, and the comforting warmth from both the demon and the blanket.

Chapter End Notes

Fluffy beans.

Chapter Thirty Eight - Love Advice

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Georgie, wake up,” George groaned at the soft voice in his ear, shoving his face into what he knew was Dream’s chest. “George, I know you’re comfortable, and you don’t want to move, but I’m going to be late for work.”

“You have work today?” George lifted his head up, meeting Dream eyes.

“I do,” Dream sighed. “I wish I didn’t. I’d rather stay here with you.” Thunder crackled outside, making George jump in surprise.

“Well... you need to make money.” George stood up hesitantly, stretching as soon as he did. Dream got up behind him, running a hand through his hair.

“Yeah, I know,” George watched as Dream looked at him up and down. “You think you’ll be okay here by yourself? With the storm?”

“I’ll be okay,” George smiled, grabbing the fluffy blanket that he had dropped on the floor when he stood up. He wrapped it around himself, curling into it. It smelled like Dream. “I’ll go see Bad and Skeppy, or maybe Sapnap, if I don’t want to be alone.” Dream hummed quietly and walked into his bedroom, where George followed him.

“I can drop you off while I drive to work, if you’d like?” George shook his head.

“No, it’s okay.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.”

George regretted not taking the offer.

Well, he didn’t at first. He was okay for the first ten minutes, with Patches in his lap, seemingly unfazed by the loud thunder. Then George’s mind started to wander, and he started to feel cold, alone. The blanket that was wrapped around him didn’t do much for the cold, and not even the heater named Patches could warm him up enough.

He shivered, wishing that Dream didn’t have to go to work. He was lonely, and despite the thought of cuddling with him making his heart race and his cheeks flush, he wanted to be back in Dream’s arms.

A little squeak escaped him as thunder crackled a little ways away. Patches glanced up at him curiously, a soft purr coming from her. George smiled at her. He lifted his head up, looking over to the door.

“Mrrp?” Patches rubbed her face against George's hand.

“I could have sworn I saw something,” George scratched gently behind Patches ear, and she purred

louder almost immediately. "I might just be going crazy though. Did you see anything, Patches?" Judging by Patches blank expression, George figured he was probably just crazy.

But his imagination was not very kind to him. He could have sworn he felt someone's eyes on him, but there was no one else there. He was just in a dark room with a cat, and that was it. And the more he tried to ignore the feeling, the stronger it got.

Biting his tongue, he pulled out his phone, much to Patches dismay. He clicked on Bad's name and quickly asked him if he could come over. No even a few moments later, Bad responded, asking if he needed a ride. Of course, George said yes, and that led to where he was now- many hours later.

"How are things with you and Dream?" Bad asked with a small smile, his eyes sparkling with joy. George had a smile on his own face, the two having just been laughing about something stupid. Skeppy was playing Minecraft in the other room, which was just fine with George.

"It's going great." George couldn't help but smile at the thought of Dream.

"Anything interesting happen since you came over?" George sat there for a moment, his cheeks flushing.

"We... we did end up cuddling for a while before he went to work." Bad awed quietly, and George rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

"That's adorable!" Bad giggled. "You two are so- ah! You two are so cute together! Have you told him how you feel yet?" George shook his head quickly.

"No- I could never." Bad raised an eyebrow curiously. "I told you, Dream doesn't... like me. Not like that. He's my best friend."

"Skeppy was my best friend, too. He still is. I thought he didn't like me, but," Bad laughed. "Obviously I was wrong about that." George sighed.

"How did you do it?" George asked quietly. "How do you... I don't even know how to say it."

"Are you asking me for love advice?" George felt his cheeks warm up as Bad giggled like a teenage girl, practically jumping up and down.

"Not-" George covered his face with his hands, groaning loudly. "Whatever. Just help me. Please. I don't want to ruin everything with him with how I'm feeling."

"What do you mean by ruin?"

"I don't want him finding out and hating me forever for it. I don't want things to be awkward between us..." George bit his tongue. "...How do I, just, I don't know... completely hide my feelings and get rid of them?"

"If you try to get rid of your feelings, it won't work. You can't force feelings, and you can't force yourself to not feel a certain way," Bad said, giving George a small smile. "Believe me. It doesn't work that way. If you try to get rid of your feelings for Dream by shoving them away, they'll just grow stronger."

"I'm sure it doesn't help that I live with him..." Bad nodded.

“You should learn to live with your feelings,” Bad paused for a moment. “Are there any other reasons why you don’t want to have feelings for him?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean... oh, how do I say this...” The taller male muttered, staring at the wall for a moment. “Are you... Do you feel like it’s wrong to like Dream?”

“No- I’m- I’m not homophobic-”

“I know, I know,” Bad paused again, clearly trying to figure out how to say something. “Well. How did you grow up? What were everyone's views on that kind of stuff?”

“No one was really against it.” George shrugged.

“Did you ever tell anyone you liked guys?” George hesitated before shaking his head.

“No, I... haven’t... told anyone in my family.”

“Why is that?” George shrugged. “Do you think they’ll hate you?”

“No.”

“Are you ashamed of the fact that you like guys?” George froze. He wasn’t ashamed, per say- nor was he against it. He wasn’t quite sure what it was- but something about his sexuality always seemed like something he couldn’t talk about with himself. He has known he was gay for so long, but he tried to keep it deep inside of him, not even letting himself imagine that it was true.

Wasn’t there a term for that? George could have sworn he heard something about it before.

“Okay, you don’t have to answer that,” Bad interrupted George’s thoughts. “...I’m not sure why you seem so sure with the fact that Dream doesn’t like you at all- much less why you think he would hate you for liking him.”

“Because he just- he doesn’t like me.”

“Are you still denying the fact that Dream so obviously likes you??” Skeppy groaned as he walked into the room, raising an eyebrow at George.

“He doesn’t-”

“Just ask him *out* already! It’s not *that* hard.” A small, playful smirk came across Bad’s face at Skeppy’s words.

“Says the one who *wasn’t* the one who asked out his now boyfriend.” George couldn’t help but laugh as he watched Skeppy go silent, blushing slightly. “But, Skeppy is right about one thing. Dream does, without a doubt, like you. I mean, he flirts with you so much-”

“He flirts with everyone-”

“He constantly tells you he loves you-”

“Again, he does that with a lot of people, not just me-”

“Does he look at anyone else like they’re his world?” George was quiet. “He’s almost always looking at you with a silly smile, like he’s the happiest person in the whole wide world.”

“You’re just saying this to make me feel better about my feelings.” George muttered. “There’s no way he likes me.”

“Did you not see his face whenever he got close to getting you during spin the bottle?” Skeppy’s arms flew into the air dramatically. “Or when we stopped playing- did you see how upset he was? You were the only person he didn’t get to kiss during that. The *only* person.”

“That doesn’t mean-”

“Okay, you know what?” Skeppy pulled out his phone, scrolling through it. “Let’s call him and find out.”

“Skeppy!” Bad yelled. “No!”

“Skeppy, don’t-”

“Oops, I hit the call button.” Skeppy smirked, hitting speaker on his phone. Bad sighed.

“Skeppy, I can’t believe you-”

“Hello?” Bad went silent as Dream’s voice came through the phone. George felt his heart racing in his chest as Skeppy had the biggest smirk on his face.

“Dream, important question. Do you like George?” The whole room was silent, and George was holding his breath. He expected to hear Dream laugh any second now, but it never came. In fact, the only thing that came was the sound of beeping as the call ended. “What the hell! He hung up!”

“Language!”

“Well, I’m pretty sure he’s still at work- unless he got off early,” George muttered. “And see? I told you. That reaction-” George was silenced as a pillow was thrown directly at his face.

“*Skeppy* !” Skeppy chuckled. George hugged the pillow to his chest, watching as Bad glared at Skeppy. The taller male, gently, smacked the other’s arm.

“Ow- what was that for??”

“Out!” Bad ignored his question. “If you’re going to behave like that, then you can leave.” Skeppy rolled his eyes, though George could tell the two weren’t actually angry at each other. The shorter male huffed and stared at the ground as he slowly walked out, muttering under his breath.

“...But! Cuddles later.” Skeppy’s head shot up at that, a smile coming across his face as he walked away, making Bad laugh. “I’m sorry he did that.”

“It’s fine,” George smiled, running a hand through his hair. “I think I’m going to head back to Dream’s, though.”

“Aw, already? Well, it was still nice being able to talk to you!”

“Yeah, it was,” George giggled, standing up. “Thanks for having me over.”

“Of course. Just, before you go...” George, who had started walking over to the door, turned to look at Bad. “Don’t just assume Dream doesn’t like you.” George opened his mouth to respond, to say he would rather keep his expectations low and have things be slightly better than his worst fears than hope for anything better and the worst happening. But he didn’t, and he shut the door behind him as he left, thankful that the rain seemed to be stopping now.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact about demons that I'm going to give you guys because I can, and you guys can do with the information as you will-

Demons, depending on how long they've been dead for/how long they've been in Hell, will have longer horns. So, you can always tell who had been in Hell for a long time, because their horns are super long- and the ones who haven't been there long have shorter horns.

Chapter Thirty Nine - Get in the Bed

Chapter Notes

Before the chapter starts, I would just love to say- thank you guys all so so so much for reading. I've been having so much fun writing this story and planning stuff out with my girlfriend for it and just. All the comments I get either make me laugh or make me smile and just feel really great. Thank you guys so so much, and don't forget to stick around for the note at the bottom of the chapter, because I'm going to be dropping a little more lore on demons there on this chapter.

(By the way, this story will be over 50 chapters total. I'm on 49 right now-)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was shivering when he walked into Dream's apartment, hood up and drenched with rain. It had seemed like the rain was going to stop when George left Bad and Skeppy's, but, of course, by the time he was halfway there, the rain started to fall even harder than before. Luckily the thunderstorm had ended before he left.

"George!" George looked up at the male in front of him. "Oh my god, you walked in *that* ? Why didn't you call me?!"

"I thought the rain was stopping," George laughed, wrapping his shaking arms around himself. "And I wasn't sure if you were off work yet." Dream sighed, gently grabbing George's hand. George felt his cheeks warm up as Dream pulled him over to the couch, sitting him down.

"You're going to end up catching a cold." Dream grumbled as he grabbed the fluffy blanket George had been using, laying it on top of the angel. George curled up into it, smiling up at Dream. "What's that look for?"

"You're so nice to me," George giggled. "Thank you." Dream rolled his eyes, but a small smile came to his face.

"You should probably change into something else." George groaned, pulling the blanket over his face.

"But I'm so comfy!" The angel heard Dream laugh, bringing an even bigger smile to his face.

"Go change," George couldn't keep his heart from jumping about in his chest, nor could he keep his surely stupid-looking smile off his face, even as Dream pulled the blanket off of his face. "I'll make some chicken noodle soup."

"You're acting like I'm actually sick," George laughed, but he got up, pulling the blanket around his shoulders. Dream scoffed and rolled his eyes, walking off to the kitchen without another word.

George giggled to himself, his smile refusing to leave, even as he walked into Dream's room to change.

"I'm not going to get sick!" George laughed, watching as Dream raised an eyebrow.

"We'll see about that," He shrugged, a small smirk coming across his face. "If you *do* get sick, I'm not going to help you." George gasped.

"What??" George sniffled, poking out his bottom lip. "Aw, but *Dweam*- " The angel couldn't get in another word as the male in front of him wheezed, nearly knocking over his bowl of soup. George couldn't help but crack a smile at it, watching as Dream struggled to breathe. Calling him '*Dweam*' wasn't even that funny, so George had no clue why he was laughing so hard at it.

"You're so fucking weird, George!"

"Says you." George placed his empty bowl on the table in front of them, turning to face the demon. He opened his mouth to speak, but all words left him when Dream met his gaze, his eyes shining with pure joy. The look softened as soon as they made eye contact, the others smile falling into a half smirk, half smile that made George's heart skip a couple beats.

George watched Dream as he looked at him up and down, his little smirk growing.

"You really do look cute wearing my clothing." He stated casually, making George's face flush immediately. "Everything I have is so big on you, and it makes you look even tinier than you already are."

"Shut up, you're just- you're tall as hell."

"You just think that because you are tiny."

"I'm not!" George huffed, wrapping his blanket tighter around him. "I'm *average height*."

"Keep telling yourself that, shortie," George glared at Dream, who only laughed at the look. "You're not all that threatening. Especially in my clothes."

"I hate you."

"I love you too."

"Come on, let's move our beds down here." Dream muttered just loud enough for George to hear. They were currently playing Minecraft with everyone else, all on call. They had invited Mega and A6d to the world, and they joined- which only brought even more chaos.

"Why?" George asked, but picked up his bed, following Dream to their secret room under their house. Inside was all their valuables, like their diamonds and netherite. The angel placed his bed down in an empty corner, Dream walking over and placing his bed beside George's.

"So no one can break our beds and have us go to spawn." George clicked his bed and ran off, going back up to their main floor with Dream right behind him. Though the reason seemed reasonable, something told George that wasn't the only reason.

"What're you two whispering about?" Skeppy's voice echoed through the call, and George was sure there was a smirk on his face.

“Nothing,” Dream responded. George looked at the chat as Mega typed something, and he burst out laughing.

“Mega! Language!” Bad huffed. George glanced over at Dream, watching the others eyes move around his screen as he made his character run around. The angel smiled, looking back at his screen. He yawned quietly as he ran around the map mindlessly.

“George and I are gonna go.” George glanced over to Dream again, who was already looking at him. There was a small smile on the demon’s face, and George couldn’t help but smile back.

“What?” Sapnap groaned. “You guys have only been on for, like, two hours.”

“We’re both tired,” Dream laughed. “Bye, guys.” Everyone else said their goodbyes as George and Dream hung up, leaving the server before taking off their headphones.

“...I’ll sleep on the couch tonight, since I’ve been-”

“No, George, you’re sleeping on my bed.” George sighed.

“I feel bad for kicking you out of your own bed so much.” Dream stared down at George, who stared back.

“Then why don’t we just share the bed?” George felt his face flush as Dream shrugged. “It’s not like we haven’t before, and it’s big enough for both of us.”

“But-”

“But what? Don’t wanna sleep with me?~” Dream laughed as George covered his face with his sweater paws.

“I hate you.” George muttered, pulling his face out of his hands before walking to Dream’s room. He could hear Dream’s footsteps behind him. “Are you sure you don’t want me to sleep on the couch?”

“Yes, George, I’m sure. Now get in the bed.”

Chapter End Notes

Another fun fact about demons, tails addition-

Not all demons have tails. There's no real reason for it, just... some do, some don't. Dream has a tail, and Azazel doesn't. George didn't know demons could have tails purely because the only demon he knew was Azazel- and he was never told (because he never asked) that demons could.

Chapter Forty - A 'Date'?

"Georgie~" George turned around, seeing nothing but gray walls disappearing into black- into nothing. He couldn't hear anything other than the occasional whisper of his name, which made him turn around every time.

He faced forward again, his legs seeming to move all on their own. He felt as if he weren't moving at all, though- nothing around him changing. It felt like a never ending room, and he was simply walking in place, but he knew that wasn't true.

Laughter echoed through the halls he walked, a slight wheeze making George freeze up. He knew that wheeze.

"Dream?" He called out, his voice echoing into nothing as the laughter went silent. He opened his mouth to speak again, but only let out a squeak as he felt arms wrap around his waist and pull him into a mass of heat.

"Hey, Georgie," George melted into the touch, closing his eyes. He knew it was Dream without turning around- and the voice only confirmed what he thought. "I missed you."

"I missed you too," George muttered, feeling Dream's arms tighten around him. "Where were you?" George opened his eyes after a moment, confused by the lack of response from the other male.

The angel turned around in Dream's arms, expecting to see his smiling face staring at him. So, when he was met with a white mask with a drawn on, black smiley? He jumped back, pulling away from the demon.

"Dream?" Dream didn't look quite the same. He had the same hair, same clothes, same body- but the mask wasn't normally there. His horns weren't that long, curling around once with a nice, sharp point at the ends. His wings were never that large, and pure black.

...Right?

"Georgie...~" George took a step back from Dream as he stepped forward, the demon's voice edging on something dangerous. The angel kept backing up until his back hit a wall, closing his eyes tight. He heard Dream chuckle lowly in his ear, making him shiver.

George hesitated before opening his eyes, expecting to see the mask just a few inches away from him. But there was no one there, and there was nothing pressing into his back. He looked around himself, seeing nothing but pitch black all around him. It sounded like he was outside, wind blowing through trees, but he saw no trees, and his hair wasn't flying around in the air.

He took in a deep breath before he started walking again, looking all around him for anything to change. But nothing did, like he wasn't walking at all. The only thing that let him now he was moving was the sound of his footsteps, and the sound of flowing water growing louder.

George kept walking until the sound of the water got much too loud, covering his ears as he glanced behind him. Of course, like every other time he checked, there was no one there, so he turned back around. He let out a scream as he felt a body ram into him, knocking him to the ground.

The mask was inches away from his face, the 'eyes' seeming to stare into George's soul. He

shivered at the sight, quickly trying to shove the demon off of him. He glared at the mask the demon wore as his wrists were pinned to the ground above his head with ease. George fought against it, but nothing he did seemed to do anything.

“Hey, Georgie~” The voice of the demon was different now- a distorted version of Dream’s playful tone. It was almost like there were two different voices speaking to him, one being Dream, while George couldn’t tell the other one. It was deeper, more dangerous. Something about it seemed familiar to the angel.

“Get off!” George struggled against the demon, who, despite wearing a mask that covered its face, George could tell was smirking.

“Georgie,” The voice of the demon wasn’t mostly Dream anymore, a perfectly terrifying mix of his and the other voice. George’s head was painfully numb as he searched his mind for whose voice it was. “I love you~ Do you love me?~”

George whimpered, closing his eyes. Dream’s voice, as the demon kept talking, got quieter and quieter, almost as if it wasn’t there at all. The other voice got louder, a slight purr in the tone.

George’s eyes shot open as he realized who it was.

*“Say you love me, George.” Azazel’s voice hissed, the grip on his wrists tightening drastically. George bit his tongue, staring up at the demon that looked almost identical to Dream. “ **George** .”*

George gasped awake, shooting up in the bed he laid in. Immediately he looked to his side, only seeing blankets pushed off to the side and a slight divot in the bed. The angels wrists ached, but when he looked, there were no bruises.

He hid his face in both of his hands for a moment, then ran his fingers through his hair. George just started to relax when he heard the front door open and close with a creak.

“Georgie? Are you- oh!” George jumped slightly as the bedroom door opened to reveal a smiling Dream, his eyes sparkling with joy. The demon spoke again, but George couldn’t hear him. All that he could hear was a loud ringing noise in his ears, until he felt something grip his shoulders gently and shake him.

“Huh?”

“I asked if you were okay,” Dream was no longer smiling, his eyebrows furrowed in concern. “You look... shaken up.”

“Yeah, I’m-” George paused for a moment. “...I just had a dream, don’t wor-”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Dream interrupted, sitting himself down next to George. He felt his hand be enveloped by warmth, and, when he looked down, he saw Dream’s hands wrapped around his.

“No, I’m okay. Thanks, though...” George pulled his hand away, glancing out the window to his side. “Where were you?”

“You didn’t get my message?” George shook his head. “Well, I left to get us both some hot chocolates. It’s supposed to be rainy and cold for the whole day. I set them down in the kitchen before coming in here to check if you were still asleep.”

George hummed softly, watching as the trees swayed gently in the wind outside. Cars drove on the street he could just barely see, a little slower than usual. Everything outside seemed to have a slight shine to it, like it had been raining only an hour before.

“Are you sure you don’t want to talk about it?” George turned back to the demon. “You look really...”

“Yeah, I’m sure,” The angel chuckled quietly, putting a smile on his face. “Let’s go drink our hot chocolates.” Dream’s eyes lit up as he stood, and George followed after him, his feet seeming to move all on their own.

Ten minutes later, and George was already feeling better, his dream far from his thoughts as Dream ranted on and on about his walk to get the drinks. The angel didn’t quite pay attention, but little things he said stood out to him every few moments. He was too focused on Dream’s eyes, watching the way they shined happily as he explained in immense detail of what happened.

“-And, get this, some guy walked up to me- and let me tell you, he was fucking *tall* . Taller than *me* ! Anyway, he walked up to me and straight up asked me out to Pizza Hut.” George focused back on the conversation now.

“What?”

“I know!”

“...What did you say?”

“Well, I mean, I had no reason to say no, so he gave me his number so I could text him later about a time and date,” George felt his heart sink and bubble with annoyance. “He was also British! I think he’s-” George couldn’t bring himself to pay attention to the rant anymore, sipping his borderline cold hot chocolate as he tried to force himself to calm down.

There was absolutely no reason for him to feel so... upset about Dream talking to someone. He never felt like this when Dream talked to Sapnap or Bad or anyone else. What was so different about this? Why was he upset in the first place?

...

No, he couldn’t be *jealous* . There was nothing to be jealous of. It wasn’t like Dream was his- it wasn’t like Dream couldn’t talk to other people and go on dates with them.

Dates? It wasn’t a date. They were just hanging out, that’s all. People do that. It wasn’t a *crime* for Dream to talk to someone else, someone that was probably-

“George?” George shook his head quickly, glancing up at Dream. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Did he sound passive aggressive? “What were you saying?”

“I was saying you could come with,” Dream smiled. “He said he would pay, and it would be fun to have you there, too.” Was George imagining things, or was Dream just inviting him out of pity?

“It’s okay, he asked *you* out. I’ll just go hang out with Sapnap or something.” Dream stared at him for a moment, almost like he wanted to say something else.

“...Okay, well, let me know if you change your mind.” George hummed, taking a long sip of his cold hot chocolate.

Chapter Forty One - Deafening Silence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next day, George was sitting silently next to Dream as they played Minecraft together on their world. He was constantly aware of just how close their chairs were to each other, and, for the first time, he wanted to scoot further away. His heart was racing with anxiety from just sitting next to him, but not the kind of anxiety that felt nice. It didn't make his face flush at the thought- actually, it was probably doing the exact opposite.

He felt sick. He felt colder than normal, and he desperately wanted to be alone, away from Dream. His heart ached at the thought, but everything else in him wanted to run off and never see him again.

"George?" George bit his tongue and hummed softly in response, refusing to look over at the demon that sat beside him. "Are you okay? You've been acting weird ever since you woke up yesterday..."

"I'm fine," George put a smile on his face, but even without seeing it, he had a feeling it wasn't very convincing. "Just tired."

"Are you getting sick?" The angel looked over as Dream started to lift his hand. He leaned back a bit, avoiding Dream's hand.

"No, no- I'm not," He waved his hands in front of him, laughing slightly as he spoke. Dream held his hand in the air for a few moments before pulling it away. "I'm- I'm okay."

"If you say so..." George bit his tongue and looked back to his screen, feeling Dream's eyes on him for a few more seconds.

The rest of the day was similar. It was full of tense silences, and George being constantly aware of their distance. Occasionally he would get way too uncomfortable with how close Dream sat next to him on the couch, and he would excuse himself and go to Dream's room for some alone time.

He felt so far away from him, like they hardly knew each other. George wasn't even like this when he first met Dream- so what was happening now?

The angel shook his head, shoving his face into one of Dream's pillows. He shivered, but otherwise didn't move as he felt himself relax into the bed. George let out a long sigh, the image of Dream popping up in his head.

There was nothing different about him, yet George felt scared of him. Maybe it was the dreams he was having.

George wasn't lying when he said he was tired. The dreams he had been having for the past two nights left him shaken up and exhausted, even if he had slept more than eight hours both nights.

The masked demon was horrifying to George. It looked almost exactly like Dream, other than the mask, with everything other than the demon features. Its teeth were almost wolf like, large and

sharp enough to bite through bone with ease. The wings and horns were more like Azazel's- the wings being larger and solid black, while the horns were longer and sharper, while Dream's horns rounded out slightly at the ends.

And the *voice* .

So far, both dreams had started with Dream's soft, playful voice that he often used on George. But as the dream went on, it shifted to something more sinister and threatening, and sounded more like Azazel.

Even the masked demon would start acting differently throughout the dreams. First it would be sweet- hugging George from behind, muttering sweet words into his ear, and everything would feel warm and cozy- but as it got to be more like Azazel, the masked demon became more aggressive- grabbing his wrists, growling, towering over George.

As the days went on, it was starting to get harder for George to even *stand* beside Dream. Even when Dream wasn't doing anything but smiling at laughing, George couldn't shake his fear away.

So when George finally came out of Dream's room and started talking to him in the kitchen, and suddenly Dream had his hand raised in the air? He couldn't stop himself from flinching away, shutting his eyes tight as Dream's laughter died down pretty quickly.

George slowly opened his eyes again, seeing Dream's hand still in the air, but lower now. Dream's happy smile had fallen into a concerned frown, his eyes softer than before. The demon held out his arms, silently asking George if he wanted a hug with a small, encouraging smile.

The angel shook his head and wrapped his arms around himself, turning away from the taller male. A tiny part of him wanted to run and jump into his arms, but the rest of him screamed for him to walk away and hide.

So, that's what he did- other than the hide part. Instead, he sat down on the couch with his legs pulled up to his chest, Patches sitting beside him with a worried meow.

Dream came a little while later with two plates in hand, handing one of them to George. He took it hesitantly, watching Dream sit at the other end of the couch out of the corner of his eye.

They sat in silence as they ate- well, Dream ate. George poked at his food and only took a bite when Dream was looking at him-. Dream looked as if he wanted to say something, but didn't know what exactly. And that was fine with George. He just wanted to curl up in a ball, all alone, like he was before he met Dream.

As soon as they were both done, Dream had asked if George was going to bed now or later, saying that he was going to bed then. George had responded that he was going to sleep on the couch soon, and, for once, Dream didn't fight with him, telling him to take the bed. Instead, he and Patches headed to his room without much else said, leaving George all alone in the living room.

And as soon as Dream had left, his heart ached for him to come back, even if he wanted to curl up and die all over again in his presence.

clap angst *clap*

Chapter Forty Two - Breaking the Silence

George gasped awake, sitting up on the couch. His wrists ached with a dull pain, and even though he already knew nothing was there, he looked down at his wrists anyway. Of course, like the past five dreams, there were no bruises there.

With a small sigh, the angel grabbed his phone from off the ground and turned it on, squinting at the bright light that came from it. After a moment, his eyes finally adjusted, and he had some notifications from Dream from an hour ago.

Dream: hey George im at Bad and Skeppy's so dont be too worried if im not there

Dream: dont forget to eat something when you wake up

Dream: i know you havent been eating as much

Dream: i made pancakes if you want those

Dream: text me when you wake up

Dream: i love you Georgie

George ran a hand through his hair as he typed out a quick message and sent it. He shut off his phone and put it down before standing up, yawning as he walked over to the fridge. Glancing around for just a second, he found the pancakes Dream had told him about. While they looked amazing and more than likely tasted even better, he felt sick just looking at the food.

A frown settled on the angels face as he shut the fridge. He knew he should eat *something* , but just thinking about it made him feel sicker than he already did. So, instead, he decided to go play Minecraft.

George ran around the world aimlessly, trying to think of something to do. He had already gone mining and even did some farming, and there wasn't exactly anything he could build.

He ran into his and Dream's house, going to check up on the iron that was smelting in the furnaces, only for him to freeze as he heard the front door open. He heard the rattling of keys for a moment before hearing a small sigh.

"George?" Dream's voice, which was softer than usual, called out, and George could already feel his heart racing in his chest. He almost didn't answer, letting him find the angel on his own, but decided against it.

"In here." The door opened up behind him, shutting soon after.

"George, can I talk to you?" George felt his heart sink as he clicked off the game, turning in his chair to face Dream, who had a sad and concerned frown on his face. George's mind flew through

all the things Dream could be mad at him about in the span of two seconds before he nodded. The angel bit his tongue as he watched Dream hesitate. “Are... are you okay?”

“...Yeah-”

“Are you telling me the truth?” George was quiet for a moment before he opened his mouth to speak, but Dream interrupted. “I know you haven’t been sleeping great, and you haven’t been eating much. You’ve been super quiet and jumpy, too.”

“I’m just tired, Dream...”

“You can talk to me, you know. I’m your best friend...” George closed his eyes, gripping the arms of his chair a little tighter. “You don’t need to tell me what’s going on. But I *know* you aren’t okay. I’m- I’m really, really worried about you, okay?”

“Dream...”

“You know I’m here for you, right? You don’t have to, but you can talk to me about anything. Even if you really don’t want to talk about it, I’m here. I know you don’t exactly like hugs, but if you want one, I can give you one... Okay?” George opened his eyes again, meeting Dream’s eyes.

“...Okay.” They stared at each other for a few moments.

“Did you eat anything?” George shook his head. “I’ll go make you something, then.”

“Wait-”

“Nope, you’re going to eat something. Even if it’s just a little bit.” Dream said, leaving George no room to argue as he left the room.

A little less than a half an hour later, George’s stomach growled quietly at the smell of chicken noodle soup. He groaned, leaning back in the chair he sat in. He was only looking at random, stupid posts on some website, but that didn’t mean he wanted to get up.

The angel stared at the screen, trying as hard as he could to not focus on the amazing smell coming from the kitchen. But he couldn’t help himself. He stood up, pulling the hood of the hoodie he wore over his head before walking out of the room and into the living room, where Dream stood with his eyes wide in shock, like he hadn’t expected George to come out.

“I was just about to go ask you how much you wanted,” Dream chuckled softly. George smiled weakly, following a few paces behind Dream to the kitchen.

Dream had insisted that he had a little more than what he asked for, much to George’s dismay, but he couldn’t stop him. After Dream handed him his bowl, George walked over and sat down on the couch, right against the arm of the couch. Not too long after, Dream came in and sat down in the middle of the couch, rather than the opposite side of George like he had been doing the past few days.

The silence was deafening to George. He wished Dream would turn something on, even if it was really quiet, because *anything* would be better than this. Luckily for George, it seemed like Dream felt the same way, because after a minute or two, he grabbed the TV remote and turned it on, playing some movie that George paid no attention to.

No, his mind was, as usual, on the demon beside him. He watched as Dream looked at him every now and then, but he always looked away pretty quickly, like he was afraid of George catching him.

He wondered if Dream could tell how tense he was, how nervous he was to even be beside him. Was Dream being quiet because he didn't want to bother George, or was he thinking about something to say to him? He was definitely thinking, his eyebrows furrowed ever so slightly as he stared at the screen.

George looked down into his bowl, finding that it was already empty. He had been mindlessly eating as he thought and watched Dream. He sighed softly, placing the bowl down on the table in front of the couch. The angel glanced over at Dream afterwards, making eye contact with the demon as he, too, put his bowl on the table.

Dream's eyes immediately had softened as soon as they looked at each other, almost as if he were silently telling George something. And that look alone would have broken George, but, to top it all off, Dream gave him a small, sweet smile that was just *barely* noticeable.

The back of George's eyes stung as he bit his tongue, unable to stop himself from laying his head in Dream's lap. He closed his eyes, but for the split second he saw Dream's face, his eyes were wide in shock.

"I'm sorry." George whispered, feeling Dream's eyes on him. He didn't bother to open his eyes. "I'm sorry I've been so weird. I- I haven't been feeling great, and I keep- I keep having these *stupid* dreams, and..." George paused for a moment, letting himself breathe for a moment.

He felt a hand slowly comb through his hair, pushing it back as it did. The angel felt himself relax at the gentle touch before he continued.

"I... I don't know. You... every dream I've had recently, you've been in it," He explained. "All of them start out nice, with us just... hanging out. But whenever I look at you, it isn't- it isn't you. Well, it is, but- You... Your wings and horns are different, you don't... have a tail, and you're wearing a mask."

"And the longer I look at you, the more you change. Not- not physically. You just... you sound different, you act different and it- it's *terrifying*. We go from talking, to..." George sighed. "You just... start acting more and more like... Azazel." The hand in his hair stopped moving for just a moment before resuming, and George finally opened his eyes to look up at Dream.

Dream looked sad at what George told him, a soft frown on his face as he looked down at George. It almost seemed like he was thinking about how to respond, silently staring off with the occasional blink. George opened his mouth to speak again, afraid that Dream was going to hate him for what he said, but he spoke before George could.

"Do you think I'm going to hurt you?" George's heart broke at how Dream said that. His voice was quiet, just barely above a whisper, with fear in his tone.

"N...No, but..."

"Am... Am I like Azazel?"

"No! No- you're... you're nothing like him." George said, shaking his head. "I just... you... I don't know."

"Is it because we're both demons?" The angel shrugged a bit, looking off to the side rather than

Dream's face. "I promise you, George... I'm not going to hurt you-"

"I know! I know you won't, but-"

"Hey, hey... shh," George closed his eyes again, trying to keep his mind on the hand running through his hair. "It's okay. We'll... I'll try to help you any way I can to help you believe I won't hurt you, okay? I'll do whatever it takes to prove you can trust me, even if I am a demon..."

"...Thank you," George muttered.

"Of course. I'm your best friend, right? I'll do whatever you need to-"

"Clay?" George opened his eyes, staring up at Dream, who went silent. "I...I- Um... Can you... turn into your demon form again?"

"George... you don't have to push yourself. We can start off slow."

"I want to see it... please..." Dream sighed softly, pulling his hand out of George's hair.

"Are you sure?" George nodded. "Afterwards, when you tell me to change back, can I see your angel form?"

"Um... yeah, sure." Dream smiled a little at that, and George could sense his hesitation before he turned into his demon form.

Chapter Forty Three - A Step Forward

“Before I do this... Why don’t you move back to your spot, and I’ll go on the other side of the couch?” Dream suggested softly. “Not because I hate having you right here, but because I don’t want to be too close and make you uncomfortable.”

“You won’t make me uncomfortable...” George muttered, getting an eyebrow raise from the demon.

“We can work on getting closer at some point. I think, for right now, you should take it slow.” George sighed quietly. He wanted to argue that he would be fine, but he knew that probably wasn’t going to be true. So, he lifted his head up from Dream’s lap and moved back to his side of the couch, pressing his back against the arm of it. Dream did the same on the other side, a small, patient smile resting on his face when he faced George. “Ready?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell me when you start feeling uncomfortable, okay?” George chuckled.

“I will.” While Dream being sweet to him was nice, George really just wanted him to hurry up and do it already. The demon opened his mouth to say something, but he quickly shut it, staring at George for a moment before he revealed his demon features.

They sat silently as Dream shuffled his wings behind his back, his arrow tipped tail moving to his lap. George watched the tail as the tip occasionally lifted itself up and hit against Dream’s leg, almost like how a cat's tail would.

“Hey, George?” George hummed softly in response, looking up into Dream’s eyes. “They say Disneyland is the happiest place on earth. Well, apparently no one has ever stood next to you, or seen you smile.” George couldn’t stop the smile that came across his face, feeling his cheeks grow warm.

“You’re so weird.” The angel giggled, his heart starting to race in his chest at the smile Dream wore at his response.

“I made you smile, though.”

“You did,” George nodded. “You do that a lot, actually.”

“I’m glad, I love seeing you smile. It’s a wonderful look on you.” The angel rolled his eyes, glancing up at Dream’s horns. “You know what’s an even better look on you?”

“What?”

“My hoodies.”

“I wear them all the time, though,” George giggled.

“Exactly.” Dream had a small, playful smirk on his face, his tail whacking against his leg more frequently than before. “It makes you look even *better* than you normally do.”

“You’re seriously so weird, why are you doing this?”

“Because! It’s who I am,” Dream paused for a moment, his smirk going into a smile. “And it seems

like it's distracting you." George hummed softly, his eyes moving towards the wings behind Dream's back as he shuffled them again.

"You're too nice, you know that?" Dream scoffed. "I'm serious."

"Always are."

"Am not."

"I know." George hummed, and the two went back into silence as the angel looked between the wings, horns, and tail Dream had. The demon still wore a smile on his face, his eyes shining with joy. "Do you want me to change back?"

"Hm?"

"We can always do this more later. I don't want to overwhelm you- you seem like you're in a much better mood now and I don't want to ruin that." George giggled quietly, playing with one of the sleeves of the hoodie that went over his hand.

"I think you just want to see me in *my* wings again." George teased, letting out a laugh when he noticed that Dream blushed a little.

"And what if I do?" The wings, horns, and tail disappeared as Dream spoke. "They're really cool."

"They really aren't, but whatever you say, Dream," George watched Dream's smile widen as he revealed his wings and halo. He would never say it out loud, but Dream's smile was one of the best things about Dream. He wouldn't be able to tell you why, but it's what he believed. "Happy?"

"Very." Dream looked as if he wanted to ask something, but he stayed quiet, and George didn't want to push him to say something- if anything at all. So, George glanced around the room, feeling Dream's eyes on him. The angel shivered quietly, shuffling his wings behind his back. "Hey, George?"

"What's up?"

"This is going to sound weird-"

"Everything you say sounds weird." Dream chuckled, rolling his eyes.

"Whatever. Can I... Can I touch your wings?" George blinked in surprise. "You don't have to let me, I just- I don't know. They look really cool, and-"

"Yeah, uh- sure. Go- go ahead?"

"...Can you sit on the ground in front of me?" George didn't respond as he stood up, doing just as Dream told him. He sat with his back towards the demon, sitting just far enough away that his wings wouldn't brush against Dream's legs. His heart started to race in his chest, and he kept his eyes glued to the screen in front of him. The movie was still playing, but he couldn't hear it.

George had never let anyone touch his wings before- not that anyone wanted to-, but no one other than himself had touched them. Even then, he hardly touched his own wings. It just didn't seem necessary.

The angel tensed a bit as he felt Dream's hand graze against the translucent feathers for just a moment before pulling away again, seeming to hesitate.

“Are you sure this is okay?” Dream’s voice was softer than before, almost sounding concerned that he would hurt George.

“Yeah. Just don’t pull my wings off, okay?” Dream wheezed quietly behind him, and George felt the hand against his feathers again, this time more confident. George closed his eyes.

He felt Dream’s fingers gently brush down the feathers, stopping occasionally to mess with a feather before continuing. Dream kept doing this for a minute or two while George relaxed at the feeling, each touch making his heart jump.

Then he felt a light tug at his wings, and he opened his eyes. The hand pulled away after, and George hesitated for a moment, waiting for Dream to speak up.

“Can you unfold your wings?” Dream asked quietly, and George unfolded the wing the demon had been messing with. Almost immediately, Dream was petting the feathers again, running his hand along them. It didn’t take any longer than a minute for George to feel Dream gently grabbing his wing. “Do you mind if I...”

“Do whatever,” George shrugged, and he could practically *hear* the smile Dream had on his face. He let Dream move his wing around- folding it up, unfolding it, stretching it out almost as far as it could go.

“Your wings are so cool...” He heard Dream mutter under his breath. George chuckled quietly.

“Um, thanks?”

“...If you want me to stop, you can tell me,” George let Dream fold his wing behind his back.

“No, it’s okay. It... it’s kind of nice, actually.” He heard Dream chuckle behind him, the hand pulling away. George shuffled his wings a bit, his feathers feeling weird.

“Thanks for letting me do that,” George turned around to face Dream, who had the biggest smile on his face. George would have been lying if he said his heart didn’t flutter at the sight. “Seriously, your wings are really cool.”

“I think you’re just weird,” Dream rolled his eyes at that. “But yeah, no problem?”

“Oh- just so you know, the date I’m going on?” Almost immediately, George felt his heart ache, but he hummed curiously. “That’s tomorrow night. I just wanted you to know.”

“Okay.”

Chapter Forty Four - Date Watching

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Are you sure you don’t want me to drop you off at Sapnap’s?” Dream asked as he and George walked down the stairs together. George laughed. Dream had asked him this at *least* five times in the past ten minutes.

“Yes, Dream! I’m sure!” Dream was going on his *date* with that one British person he had met, and George was heading to Sapnap’s to hang out while he was gone. While he would never admit it to Dream, it was mostly because he didn’t want to be alone to think about what was happening on this *date* of Dream’s. That, and because he hadn’t hung out with Sapnap all that much. “His apartment isn’t that much of a walk.”

Of course, George had messaged Sapnap before this to make sure it was okay with him, and he seemed pretty excited. Apparently Sapnap had two roommates, but they both weren’t there and wouldn’t be there for the next few days. And Sapnap had *cats* . Not one, not two- but *three* . All *his* cats.

After hearing that, *that* was the only reason George wanted to go anymore.

“Well, still, I’d hate to have you-”

“Just go, Dream!” George laughed again, gently shoving Dream towards his car. “You’re going to be late for your *date* .” He didn’t mean to say it quite that aggressively, but Dream didn’t seem to notice the extra aggression.

“Okay, okay- just- be safe, okay? Text me when you get to-”

“I will! Bye, Dream!” Dream wheezed, hopping into his car.

“Bye, Georgie!” George giggled as Dream shut his car door, though he could still hear Dream laughing inside. His heart felt warm, but it quickly disappeared as he remembered exactly why the demon was leaving.

Instead, his heart felt heavy and cold. He tried to push out all his thoughts of what could possibly happen on that date and started on his way to Sapnap’s apartment, which really wasn’t that far. It was only about a ten minute walk.

“What do you *mean* Dream is on a *date* ?” Sapnap practically yelled as George pet one of the cats, who was an orange tabby named Storm.

“I mean that Dream is on a date,” George sighed, unable to keep himself from sounding a little upset. He scratched underneath Storm’s chin, causing them to purr. The angel noticed a smirk coming across Sapnap’s face, and, before he could get a word out, the other male spoke up.

“Are you *jealous* , George?” George scoffed, standing up as Storm walked away from him. “Oh my god, you *totally* are-”

“Shut up!” George punched Sapnap’s shoulder- not hard enough to hurt all that bad, but hard enough to make Sapnap glare at him. “I am not.”

“Whatever you say, dude,” Sapnap shrugged. “I know you like him.”

“I do no- wait, *how* ?!” Sapnap burst out laughing.

“Dude. You- okay. I’ve known basically ever since we all got on a call together and played Minecraft for the first time.” George groaned. “Me, Skeppy, and Bad have talked about-”

“ *What* ?!” Sapnap laughed harder, grabbing the arm of his couch- the closest thing to him- to keep himself from falling over. George glared at his friend, in complete disbelief. Sapnap *knew* this *whole time* , and apparently had talked to Skeppy and Bad about it?! Was *that* how Bad found out? “What the *hell* , Sapnap!”

“To my defense, Bad already knew, too-” George groaned again, shoving his face into his hands. If he was obvious enough that both Bad and Sapnap knew, what did that mean for Dream? Did *he* know? George shivered in fear at the thought.

“Does Dream know?” He pulled his face out of his hands as he heard Sapnap scoff, waving his hand in the air.

“He’s an *idiot* , George. Dense as a rock. He has *no* clue.” George couldn’t understand why, but Sapnap sounded a little frustrated with that. George let out a sigh of relief.

“Good...” George muttered. Sapnap blinked at him a couple times, and George felt his heart race with anxiety as a smirk came across the other males face. “What?”

“You said Dream was on a date, right?” George nodded. “Where at?”

“Pizza Hut.”

“Wanna go get some pizza?”

“Sapnap, this isn’t going to work-” George whisper-yelled as he adjusted the hat on his head, pulling it down a little. They were just about to walk into Pizza Hut with stupid hats and glasses that covered their faces, and George had switched into Sapnap’s clothes- which, while big on him, weren’t nearly as big on him as Dream’s clothing. “This only works in movies!-”

“Come on, I thought you said you wanted to see what Dream was up to?”

“You-” George groaned. “Whatever. Do you see him?”

“Yeah, he’s right over there. Order the pizza, I’ll pick out our spot.”

“Wait, Sap-” By the time the words left his mouth, Sapnap was already walking away, finding a spot for the both of them. George groaned again. Luckily there was almost no one there. George put a smile on his face as he walked up to the counter.

He quickly ordered just a pepperoni pizza, looking over to where Sapnap had sat down. The person took the order and politely asked for George to sit down, saying the pizza would be out shortly.

George headed over to sit next to Sapnap, not exactly wanting his back turned to Dream and his date. Speaking of his date...

The person sitting across from Dream was slouched over a little, but it was obvious they were, in fact, tall as hell. Their hair was mostly covered up by a gray beanie, but some brown, curly hairs stuck out from underneath it.

They had a huge smile on their face as Dream talked, their dark brown eyes sparkling. They were tanner than George, but not by all that much- just enough that you could easily tell without them standing side by side.

They wore an orange turtleneck and black jeans, nothing really that stood out all too much.

George felt his heart ache. This person was attractive- of *course* Dream would go on a date with them. Why did they *have* to be *attractive* ?

"You're staring, George," He heard Sapnap snicker beside him. George elbowed him in the side, staring down at the table in front of them instead. "Can you hear them?"

"Not with you talking my ear off." George smiled, earning an elbow to his own side. He laughed quietly, and the two went quiet. The angel closed his eyes, trying to hear what they were saying.

"-Weird question, but do you play Minecraft?" He heard a British voice say, a slight chuckle in their tone.

"Is it that obvious?" Dream's wheeze echoed in George's mind. "Yeah, I do."

"We should play it together sometime!" George tapped his fingers on the table, his chest bubbling up with anger. He knew there was no reason for him to be upset, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't bring himself to keep listening to the two talk, but he kept hearing Dream's wheeze, though softer than it usually was. Even still, George's heart ached.

"Here's your pizza," George could hardly bring himself to smile at the waiter as they walked up, placing their pizza in front of them.

"Thanks." Sapnap said before the waiter smiled and walked away, and George could feel Sapnap's eyes on him. "Dude, you look miserable. And like you're about to murder someone."

"I-" George sighed, pushing up the sunglasses that rested on the bridge of his nose.

"Eat your problems away, it's what I do." George smiled at that, looking up at Sapnap, who took a huge bite of a slice of a slice of pizza. The angel took a smaller slice, taking a bite.

"How's it going with you and A6d?" He watched as Sapnap started to blush, shoving his face into his pizza again as he looked away.

"...Good." There was a soft smile on the slightly taller male's face, one that George had never seen before on him. "We've talked a lot, just us. We, uh. We're planning on hanging out soon, actually."

"You gotta tell me what happens," George giggled quietly. "Think you two are going to get together?"

"I don't know," Sapnap paused for a moment. "I kind of hope we do. I do want to get to know him better, though." George hummed, and the two sat in silence as they ate their pizza.

...

Though, a few minutes later, after George had finished his first slice and had started to reach for his next one, Sapnap shoved him under the table, and he was about to get up and yell at him when he saw exactly why Sapnap had done that.

“Sapnap? What’re you doing here?” He heard Dream say with a slight chuckle. George watched as his eyes drifted down, making eye contact with him. “...George? What are you doing?”

Now, that was a perfectly normal question to ask. It made George look around himself a bit, releasing just how... awkward this position was. He was practically on his knees in front of Sapnap, who still had his hand on his head, while his face was almost right in front of the other males crotch.

“Uh-” George quickly tried to think of something, anything to say that would sound normal.

...

Do you want to know what he said?

“Drugs-” Was what came out of George’s mouth as he blushed, moving away from Sapnap. Sapnap and Dream howled with laughter.

“We’re spying on your little date,” Sapnap answered honestly once they had calmed down. George kicked him in the leg before getting back up, sitting in his chair. Dream tilted his head, making George’s heart flutter for a moment.

“Date? This isn’t a- wait, why are you-” Dream couldn’t seem to decide on what to say, his face flushed ever so slightly as he went completely silent.

“...It- it was Sapnap’s idea-” George squeaked out, wanting to sink back under the table again to hide away from Dream’s eyes. Dream looked over at Sapnap, who shrugged.

“Yeah,” He admitted with no shame. “I used to do this with Bad a lot- figured it would be fun.” Dream blinked a couple times, opening his mouth to speak when George noticed the person Dream was on a date with walking up.

“What’s going on?” They asked curiously, looking between the three of them. George stared down at the table again.

“These are my friends- Sapnap and George. Guys, this is Wilbur,” George hesitantly looked up again, meeting the other British males eyes. He smiled at George.

“Hey there.” He chuckled.

“Hey, mind if we join you here? We’re already done with our pizza.”

“Yeah, sure, dude,” Sapnap replied, and the other two sat down on the other side of the table. Almost immediately George had wished he sat on the other side of the table, but he pushed it down as he tried to make conversation.

It didn’t end up going too well. George had hardly spoken the entire time, not exactly paying

attention. And now he sat beside Dream in his car, staring out the window into the night sky. Soft music played from the radio, much too quiet for George to really hear the words well, but loud enough to fill the silence that was in the car.

“How’re you feeling today, George?” Dream spoke up in a quiet voice, though when George looked over at him, he still had his eyes on the road. The angel sighed.

“I’m good. Tired.” Dream hummed in response, silence filling the car again for just a moment. “How’re you?”

“I’m good, too.” Dream smiled, and George noticed the little glance that Dream gave him. “What do you want to do when we get home? Do you... want to try again?” It was hardly for a second that George was confused by what Dream was talking about.

“...Not really, I just want to go to sleep.” Dream hummed again, and there was silence the rest of the way back.

George sighed quietly as he pulled the blankets further up, pulling his knees closer to him. His eyes were closed, and there was a slight warmth pressed into his back. He knew Dream was facing away from him- he couldn’t feel his breath on his neck, and Dream often had an arm wrapped around George’s waist when they laid together.

He was exhausted, but his body refused to let him sleep just yet. His mind kept drifting to the date Dream had, anger and sadness bubbling in his chest. Again, he *knew* he had nothing to be upset about, but Dream going on a date... certainly that meant he had no chance, right? He knew he had no chance before, but this confirms it... right?

...

George’s eyes shot open as something finally hit him.

Dream didn’t go on a date with a girl.

Dream went on a date with another guy.

Chapter End Notes

George is a dumb gay but that's okay he'll get there eventually

Did you guys enjoy jealous George?~

Chapter Forty Five - Waking Nightmares

“Georgie~” George bit his tongue, continuing to walk down the dark corridor that seemed to lead to nothing. Soft wheezes echoed around him, making his heart race. He knew exactly who those wheezes belonged to, but he knew it wasn’t really him.

He knew this was a dream. But he couldn’t wake himself up- his body refused to let him do anything but walk down into the darkness before him, dark gray walls surrounding him on all sides. His footsteps echoed with the wheezing.

The angel knew he had to remember this was a dream. He thought maybe that could help him- knowing and reminding himself that this was a dream, and the demon behind him wasn’t Dream, and it wasn’t Azazel.

“George~” Dream’s voice chuckled, and George felt a hand grab his own. He pulled it away, closing his eyes tightly as he tried to walk faster to get away from the voice. Of course, that didn’t seem to help. It never did.

“Just keep walking, George,” George muttered to himself, opening his eyes again. He paused, staring at the two pathways in front of him. Both looked to be the exact same, both leading to the same darkness he had been walking into. No sounds came from either path.

As he debated in his mind of which path to go down, he felt arms snake around his waist, pulling him into a mass of warmth. Immediately he closed his eyes, feeling himself melt in the touch.

Was he forgetting something?

“Hey, Georgie,” George couldn’t stop the smile that spread across his face at Dream’s quiet voice.

“Hey, Dream,” His heart thumped happily against his chest as Dream hummed, pulling the shorter male closer to him. He felt so warm in Dream’s arms, like a blanket or two had been wrapped around him.

When George opened his eyes again, he noticed he was in Dream’s apartment, standing in the middle of the room. What was he doing before?

George turned around in Dream’s arms, looking up to see a smiling mask staring back at him. He gasped and pulled away, the room crumbling back into gray walls that he could hardly see in the dark. He knew without looking that the two pathways were behind him now, and the masked demon stood in front of him, seeming like he could just easily slip into the darkness, never to be seen again.

The angel stared at the demon for a few seconds before turning around and running down the left path, footsteps echoing louder than they were before. He couldn’t hear another set of footsteps, but something told him the masked demon was still behind him.

He closed his eyes for just a moment as he ran before he turned to look behind him, having no time to react with anything other than a scream as he was knocked to the ground. Immediately he was pinned, staring up at a very familiar face- not a mask.

“George.”

“A-Azazel?” George whimpered, watching as the demon above him smirked. The wings of the demon were spread out wide, like he was proud. The angel shut his eyes tightly, wishing that he could just wake up already.

George’s eyes shot open as he flinched back slightly from a mass of warmth in front of him. He took in deep breaths, looking up at a peaceful, sleeping face. Dream’s face. The angel sighed softly, then squinted his eyes. It was too dark in the room to see well, but he could have sworn he could see something dark poking out of Dream’s head.

Then things started to click.

George had his arms wrapped around the others stomach, his legs tangled with Dream’s. His face had previously been in Dream’s chest, tucked comfortably under Dream’s chin. The other male had his arms wrapped around George’s waist.

But George could feel something loosely wrapped around one of his legs, and something else wrapped around almost his whole upper half.

There were horns poking out of the head of the male in front of him. The something that was wrapped around his upper half were rough, warm wings. The thing wrapped around his leg was a tail, which lightly thumped every few seconds.

George changed into his angel form, pushing the mass of heat away from him with his wings. It didn’t do much- in fact, it only seemed to make the demon stir in their sleep. George whimpered, making eye contact with the demon, who blinked a few times before narrowing their eyes.

“George..? What’s-” The demon gasped softly, and George felt the wings and tail disappear, and watched as the horns disappeared in the blink of an eye. “Hey, hey, George. It’s okay. It’s me, Dream...”

“..Dream?” George watched the male in front of him smile tiredly, illuminated by a soft, yellow glow.

“Yeah. Just me. You’re okay.” Dream was whispering to him quietly, slowly rubbing his hand up and down George’s back. George sighed again as he relaxed into the touch. After a few moments, George felt Dream stop his movements and stopped whispering to him. Just as he was about to open his eyes- when did he close them?-, he felt Dream pull him closer, George’s face going into the demon’s chest.

The angel was sure he was blushing at this, but he tried to pay it no mind as Dream went back to rubbing random shapes into his back.

“You’re okay, Georgie. You’re safe. I’m not gonna hurt you,” He heard Dream whisper. George couldn’t help the small smile that came across his face as he huddled closer to the demon, his brain drifting in and out of sleep already. “I won’t let anyone hurt you, okay?” George hummed quietly in response, wrapping his wings around the other male.

He heard Dream keep talking to him, and he tried- really, he did- to stay awake and listen, but his body pulled him back to sleep, comforted by Dream’s quiet words and gentle touches.

Chapter Forty Six - Mortal Pains

"I told you that you were getting sick." George shot a glare at the demon, who was walking over to him with a smirk on his face and a bowl in his hands.

"Shut up." George huffed, immediately regretting speaking. His throat felt scratchy and sore, making it hard to talk without it hurting. He could hardly swallow *water*, his throat hurt so bad.

He couldn't breathe through his nose, so that left him breathing through his mouth instead. Of course, this didn't help his throat- but what could he do? *Not* breathe?

The angel had a large, fluffy blanket wrapped around him, leaving only his face visible. Even with this, he shivered violently, curling up even more in an attempt to stay warm. Dream had tried to keep him away from a bunch of blankets, saying that his body was too warm, but he eventually gave in.

Dream handed him the bowl he held, and George took it with hesitation, staring down into it. It was chicken noodle soup, of course, and the angel couldn't help but let out a soft giggle at it.

The sickness had hit him hard once he woke up that morning, all huddled up in Dream's arms. He had changed back into his human form since then, and George didn't forget to note that Dream had looked a little saddened by that fact.

"You're gonna get sick too, if you keep sitting next to me." George pushed past the pain from talking as Dream sat down beside him, wrapping an arm around the shorter male's shoulders.

"Please," Dream scoffed. "I'll be fine. Eat your soup."

"Okay, *mom*," George couldn't wipe the smile off his face as Dream wheezed beside him. Though George didn't really want to, he drank some of the broth. He didn't want Dream yelling at him for not eating- and the warmth running down his throat felt nice.

"No, *Bad* is the mom. He's the mom friend." George hummed, nodding in agreement. "How is it? Too hot? Not hot enough? Do you want-"

"Dream," George giggled, looking over into the eyes of his best friend. They shined with concern, though happiness seemed to bubble underneath. "It's good. Thank you." Dream's smile softened at George's words, and George felt himself being gently pulled closer to the taller male.

"You seriously shouldn't have that blanket on, Georgie," The demon's voice got quieter than before, and George could have sworn he wasn't *this* close to him a few seconds ago.

"But it's so *warm*," George muttered, leaning his head against the other man's shoulder. He closed his eyes, holding the bowl in his lap.

"Are you falling asleep, Georgie?" George hummed, not even trying to open his eyes. He heard Dream laugh quietly. "George, come on. Let's at least move somewhere more comfortable for you." George groaned as he felt Dream move, opening his eyes to watch the demon as he took the bowl of soup away to the kitchen before coming back with a small smile.

George had expected Dream to try and pull him away back to his room, but he didn't. Instead, the other male laid down on his back on the other side of the couch, holding his arms out to George, like he expected him to just come lay down on top of him.

...

Was that what he was expecting?

“Come here,” George didn’t need to be told twice.

He gently flopped himself onto Dream, laying his head down on his chest. He sighed contently as he felt warm arms wrap around him, underneath the fluffy blanket. George closed his eyes, listening to the beat of Dream’s heart. He wasn’t sure if it was just his mind playing tricks on him, but the beating seemed a little faster than what he’d expect from how calm Dream seemed.

“I don’t have work today, so we can stay like this all day, okay?” He distantly heard Dream say, and he simply hummed in response, his head and heart pounding as he felt himself drift off.

George still didn’t feel great when he woke up, but he didn’t mind it all that much. After all, he was wrapped up in Dream’s arms and was laying on top of him. He could feel his cheeks flush at the fact that they were cuddling. It wasn’t like he had never cuddled with Dream before, but... they had never laid like this together.

It was normally Dream laying with his chest against George’s back, the demon’s arms wrapped around the angel’s waist. Rarely was it them facing each other, with George’s face in Dream’s chest and their legs tangled together- and *that* had only started recently anyway, since the time they had spent the night at Bad and Skeppy’s.

He found himself wondering if Dream knew how couple-y this was, if Dream knew exactly why he got so flustered any time this happened. Was Dream doing it on purpose? It didn’t exactly seem like something he would do, but why else would he be doing this? George had doubts that it was purely because Dream was a cuddly person.

The angel opened his eyes, glancing up at the demon to see if he was still awake or not. His eyes were closed, his lips parted ever so slightly. There was a slight, peaceful smile on his face.

George couldn’t stop the smile that came across his own face at the sight of his best friend so peaceful. He knew it was weird to keep staring at him while he slept, but he couldn’t help but notice just how many freckles dusted the demon’s cheeks. They were all fairly subtle, pretty much unnoticeable from far away. Even up close, you probably wouldn’t see most of them unless you were staring at them.

He wished that he could see Dream’s real eye color, even if only for a moment. The shades of yellow he saw weren’t enough to do the other male justice. He knew he was likely to never see the true color of Dream’s eyes, but that didn’t stop him from wishing. He didn’t want to see anything else more than he wanted to see Dream’s eyes.

...Though maybe it was for the best.

After all, if George liked his eyes *now*... there was no way he could possibly hold himself together if he ever saw the demon’s true eye color.

Chapter Forty Seven - Dinner Date

Chapter Notes

Hey guys- guess what! I'm gonna start posting short stories up of people (just a little bit ago, I put one up of Tommy and Tubbo)! They probably won't end up being all that long, but I figured it'd be fun to put out other little things while I'm writing this! So, if you wanna read them, check my page from time to time! Who knows, maybe I'll have one out (warning, I have no clue how many there will be- it all depends on how I'm feeling and all)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“George, are you *sure* you’re feeling better this time?” George rolled his eyes, pulling the blanket tighter around himself. “Last time that you said you were, you were *literally* just high off of cold medicine.”

That was technically true. The day before, in the afternoon, George had told Dream that he felt perfectly fine. Dream, though a little worried, believed him and they went out for a walk, and... let’s just say George might have almost fallen over five separate times and might have almost passed out.

So they had headed back after that, and Dream had refused to let the angel even get up for anything other than a shower and for the bathroom.

But George felt much better now. The headache he had gotten at some point had gone away, he wasn’t freezing cold, his throat didn’t feel like death, and his chest felt lighter. Something in him just told him he was fine now, even *if* he still had a little bit of a stuffy nose.

“Yes, Dream, I’m sure,” George laughed. “Besides, the last time we hung out with *just* Sapnap, Bad, Skeppy, and A6d was *ages* ago.”

“It was literally like a week or two ago.” George scoffed, waving his hand dismissively at Dream.

“Ages ago.” Dream wheezed softly, rolling his eyes at George. “Oh, don’t roll your eyes at me.”

“You can’t tell me what to do, shortie.”

“Yes I ca- wait, I’m not short!” Dream wheezed harder, leaning back against the arm of the couch. He held his stomach, shaking with each laugh that escaped his lips. George glared at him, but he couldn’t help but smile at the sight of Dream laughing so hard. The slight bit of anger he felt just seemed to melt away. “You’re so *stupid*, you know that?”

“And you’re short!” Dream sat back up, a bright, happy smile on his face as he looked at George. His heart fluttered happily in his chest at the look in the demon’s eyes. “You aren’t even that mad, don’t try and glare at me.”

“Shut up. I hate you.”

“I love you too~” Dream purred, his smile turning to a smirk as George felt his cheeks warm up. The angel scoffed again, crossing his arms across his chest.

“What did they even say we were going to do?” George asked as he pulled out his phone, looking through the many messages that were being sent to the chat. A6d at some point said he actually couldn’t go because of work, but Skeppy, Bad, and Sapnap were all going. He scrolled to find what they were going to do, only to find that Sapnap and Bad had an idea and wouldn’t tell anyone else. “Great Sapnap and Bad are, like, gonna murder us.” Dream laughed from the other side of the couch.

“Sapnap, yeah, probably- but not Bad. He couldn’t hurt a fly.” George hummed in agreement. “Do you want to go? If you think you still might be sick-”

“I’m fine, Dream, I promise,” George looked up from his phone, finding that Dream was already staring at him. “I’m not sick. We can go- if you want to as well.”

“Guess it’s settled then.” Dream typed something out on his phone, and George looked down at his own phone to find that Dream said they could go. “The original Dream Team is hanging out tomorrow night.”

“George, do you want to help me make dinner tonight?” George blinked, looking away from his computer screen and looked at Dream, who kept his eyes on his own screen. A small, peaceful smile was on the demon’s face, and George watched his eyes move around the screen as he ran around in Minecraft.

“Yeah, sure,” George giggled, looking back at his screen. “What’re we making?”

“I was thinking it’d be fun to try and make a pizza.”

“That’s going to end up horribly- you know this, right?” Out of the corner of his eye, George saw Dream nod. “Do we even have everything for it?”

“No, I’ll have to go shopping for a few things,” George furrowed his eyebrows, seeing that Dream logged off their world. He looked over at Dream, who was getting up. “I’ll go now, actually, so we can get started and maybe not be up until three AM while cleaning.”

“Aw, you really want to get away from me that bad?” George burst out laughing at how fast Dream turned to face him again, the look of worry and mistake clear on his face.

“No! I love hanging out with you, you know that!-”

“But do I?” George froze up as Dream took one of his hands between his own, and they stared into each other’s eyes. He could feel his cheeks heating up with a blush.

“George, I do. I can’t imagine hanging out with anyone else every day.” George bit his tongue, his heart skipping multiple beats in his chest. “You can come with me, if you want. I just thought it would be boring for you.”

“I- I was...” He chuckled quietly. “I’ll go with you. You can make *anything* not boring.”

And George wasn’t lying.

“Dude, come on!” Dream was walking beside him as he pushed the cart forward, smiling so wide his cheeks hurt. “I-”

“You almost ran into the displays, Dream!” Before this, Dream had been pushing the cart, and he had decided to be a child, running and jumping onto one of the bottom bars of the cart. He would have ran into a display of sweets if George hadn’t grabbed the cart’s handle and dug his shoes into the ground. “I don’t trust you.”

“Oh, come on. You know you want to do it, too.” He would never say it, but Dream was right. George wanted to do the same thing- jump onto the back of the cart and fly down an aisle with Dream. But he knew better than to risk breaking something and making Dream have to pay for it. His heart fell a little in his chest, wishing that he could pay Dream back somehow. He knew Dream told him that it was fine, but George didn’t care. He felt bad.

“You’re such an idiot.”

“There’s an empty aisle right here! Come on, do it!” George rolled his eyes as Dream forced him to turn the cart into the empty aisle. “George, you know you want to!”

“Dream-”

“Do it!”

“Dream, I’m going to break something!”

“No you’re not, come on! Just run and jump onto it, then get off!” They made eye contact, and George watched as Dream’s eyes sparkled with joy and mischief. “I’ll be right beside you, just in case, okay?” George sighed softly, practically melting at Dream’s soft words.

“Fine. But if I break something, it’s your fault.” Dream’s smile, which had become softer for just a moment, widened again with childish joy.

“Fine by me, Georgie.” George rolled his eyes and took in a deep breath, looking down the aisle to check for people before starting to run. He didn’t run as fast as he wanted to, mostly in fear of losing control, and Dream stayed right beside him, like he said he would. The angel hopped onto the back of the cart, feeling himself smiling somehow more than before as he sped down the aisle with Dream by his side. Both of them were laughing happily as George hopped off, slowing down the cart. “See?! You were fine! Wasn’t it fun?”

“Yeah, yeah, I guess,” George snickered, earning an elbow into his side. It didn’t hurt, just a gentle jab in the side. “Okay, that was pretty fun. But we’re almost done, right?”

“Yup, we just need some cheese now.”

Making pizza didn’t turn out quite as bad as George had expected.

Sure, there was flour everywhere- including all over themselves- and Dream almost added in way too much salt, and they might have burned the pizza’s a little bit because they were too busy laughing, but it had been so much fun.

Dream had started the flour war when he decided to throw a handful of flour at George’s face, laughing so hard that he didn’t see George grabbing two handfuls of flour himself and throwing it

at Dream.

The demon kept making stupid jokes that, for some reason, George couldn't help but laugh at. They shouldn't have been funny, but Dream saying them made them good. Patches had walked in at one point, stared at George and Dream for a moment, and promptly walked out at their weirdness.

To put it simply, George had a *blast* cooking with Dream again. It was even better than last time, and they sat on the couch side by side, eating their pizza as they chatted happily. It had been one of the most normal times they have had recently, and George couldn't be happier with that.

His heart skipped happily in his chest as Dream wheezed beside him, almost dropping his slice of pizza on the ground. The angel couldn't stop himself from smiling since they went shopping. He couldn't remember a time he ever smiled quite this much.

Chapter End Notes

(if you read the note before the chapter, you don't need to read this one)

Hey guys- guess what! I'm gonna start posting short stories up of people (just a little bit ago, I put one up of Tommy and Tubbo)! They probably won't end up being all that long, but I figured it'd be fun to put out other little things while I'm writing this! So, if you wanna read them, check my page from time to time! Who knows, maybe I'll have one out (warning, I have no clue how many there will be- it all depends on how I'm feeling and all)

Chapter Forty Eight - Karaoke Night with the Boys

Chapter Notes

Psst- hey- later on in the chapter, you might wanna listen to Rewrite the Stars from The Greatest Showman-

Dream had gotten into the shower after George had gotten out, leaving George out on the couch with just Patches for however long Dream would decide to take a shower for. It was sometime after they had finished eating their pizza, and George sat on the couch while he scrolled through his phone, Patches purring softly in his lap.

There was still the hint of a smile on his face as he scrolled through his phone. His mind was wandering from topic to topic, hardly focusing on anything he looked at. Most of the thoughts he couldn't even remember after a minute or two, but one kept popping up- and he remembered that one.

If he felt so bad for Dream having to basically use all of his money on the both of them, why doesn't he just get a job to help out?

At first, he told himself he would look for a job after hanging out with everyone, but... The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to at least look for a job that seemed interesting. So, he looked up jobs in the area while he waited for Dream to get out.

He didn't expect to find any that he wanted to take, but what was the harm of looking?

As it turned out, there was a job he was interested in. Midnight Snacks- the place he and Dream had gone to get hot chocolates- was hiring, and it seemed like they desperately needed someone to take the job. He had sent in a resume, and not even five minutes later, he had gotten a call that he would have an interview.

"What're you smiling at, Georgie? Thinking about me?~" George smiled, scoffing as he rolled his eyes.

"I got a job interview the day after tomorrow." Dream sat down beside him, his smile growing wider.

"Wait, since when had you been looking for a job?"

"I just started looking while you were in the shower." George shrugged, turning off his phone and placing it in his lap. He turned to Dream. "Figured I could help pay bills? I mean, it's not like I can really go back to Heaven anytime soon..." Dream hummed.

"Where are you going for the interview?"

"Midnight Snacks."

“Dude, we can get discounts on our drinks!” George giggled quietly, rolling his eyes once more. “But seriously, you don’t need to get a job just to help me out-”

“I want to. I hate that I haven’t been able to pay you back in any way for letting me stay with you.”

“But-” Dream sighed, the smile on his face becoming a softer one. “Okay. I’ll drive you to your interview. Oh- you probably need something a little more... fancy, I guess, for it, too. I’ll take you to go-”

“Dream,” George couldn’t help but smile more, watching as Dream quieted down once he said his name. “We’ll talk about that tomorrow, okay? Let’s sleep so we’re ready for whatever Sapnap and Bad have planned.”

“They probably have our deaths planned.” Dream gently took one of George’s hands with his own, and the angel let him pull him into Dream’s room. A soft smile rested on his face as he stared at their intertwined fingers, a yawn escaping him.

“Seriously, I get not telling George and Dream, but why won’t you tell me?!” George had a smile on his face as he, Dream, and Sapnap all sat in the back of Skeppy and Bad’s car, Bad driving with Skeppy in the passenger seat. Skeppy had been trying to get Bad to tell him what’s going on practically since George and Dream had gotten in the car. “I’m your boyfriend! Why can’t I know?”

“Skeppy, I told you, it’s a surprise!” Bad giggled. “And I know that you’re jealous that Sapnap and I-”

“I’m not jealous!” Skeppy huffed, and George watched as Skeppy turned to look out the car door window. “I just don’t get why you wouldn’t tell your *boyfriend* about where we’re going. I would tell *you* where we were going.”

“No you wouldn’t! Just two weeks ago you did the same thing to me.” Skeppy scoffed.

“That’s all in the past-” Bad laughed.

“I’m still not telling you, Skeppy. You’ll figure it out once we get there.”

“You’re so mean to me.” George rolled his eyes as his smile grew wider, blocking out the rest of Bad apologizing to Skeppy for being mean while Skeppy just laughed. The angel looked over at Sapnap, who stared at the window, seeming to be in thought as he stared off. George thought about saying something to him, but he decided against it.

Just as he was about to look over at Dream, he felt a hand on top of his own, which rested on his thigh. He knew who it was without even looking, and his face flushed as he looked anyway.

Of course, it was Dream. A sweet smile was on the demon’s face when George had looked at him, and it only seemed to grow sweeter when they stared at each other.

“Woah, are we gonna get drunk?” When George looked over at Skeppy, he had a weird look on his face that George didn’t quite understand as they walked into a bar, Bad and Sapnap in the lead.

“No, Skeppy,” Bad giggled, a slight skip in his step. George, though he was looking around, wasn’t paying attention to where they were going- he was more so trying to distract himself from the demon that walked beside him. Their hands kept brushing against each other, and every time it happened, George could feel his heart jump into his throat.

“Wait, *karaoke* ?” George finally brought himself to attention once they walked into a small, pretty boring room. There was a large TV on the wall in front of them, two couches pressed up against the two other walls with a table in between. There was enough room between the table and a couch to where at most two people could walk through at a time. The walls were off white, while the floor was a black tile. Nothing other than the TV was on the walls- not even a picture or painting.

“Yeah!” Bad giggled again, walking a bit further in the room before turning to look at everyone. “I thought this would be fun! Sapnap came up with the idea.”

“I did- now get in here and let’s sing horribly.”

George sat in the corner of one of the couches, Dream by his side most of the time. Occasionally Dream would leave to go sing, but he would always come back after a song or two to sit with George again. The angel refused to sing in front of the group- instead, he would sing songs he knew quietly under his breath when they played. He had no idea if Dream could hear him, because he hadn’t said anything about it, but Dream did always seem to be hyper aware of everything George did.

“Dude, George, come on!” Sapnap begged. “You haven’t sung *once* . Go up and sing something!”

“I don’t want to. I’m having fun listening.”

“It’s not like we’ll care if you can’t sing! I mean, have you heard Skeppy singing tonight?”

“To be fair, he isn’t really trying-” Bad muttered from the other couch. Sapnap either didn’t hear him, or didn’t bother to respond.

“George, *please* ?”

“Why do you want me to sing so bad?” George chuckled, watching Dream out of the corner of his eye. Dream was looking at him, a soft smile on his face. “I’m not going to do it.”

“Not even for fifty bucks?”

“...No. You can’t *bribe* me to-”

“I’ll give you fifty bucks, too, if you sing!” Skeppy smiled from his place beside Bad on the other couch.

“Guys-”

“Skeppy, you can’t just-” Bad sighed. “Come on, George. It’s fun, and I want you to have fun.”

“I am having fun.” George kept talking back and forth with Sapnap, Skeppy, and Bad, them trying

to get him to sing while George kept refusing. The angel could feel Dream's eyes on him still.

"George." George looked over at Dream, who stood up and held his hand out in front of him, presumably for George to take. George blinked at it. "You, me, duet. Let's go." When George hesitated, Dream grabbed his hand and pulled him up and towards the TV, where everyone had been standing to sing.

"Let me pick the song!" Sapnap ran up to pick the song without leaving anyone to respond, and George could already feel his heart racing- not only from standing in front of everyone when, really, he didn't want to... but also because Dream was holding his hand and was going to sing with him. Why did he want to sing with him, anyway?

"Sapnap, I'm *not* singing this." George glared over at Sapnap, who snickered evilly. "Sapnap, change the song!-" The song was Rewrite the Stars, from The Greatest Showman, and just the thought of singing it with Dream made his heart skip a couple beats.

"No." There was a click, and George knew the song was about to start.

"Sapnap- Sapnap, plea-"

"*You know I want you,*" George shut his mouth as Dream sang beside him. To be honest, Dream wasn't quite the best singer in the world, or in the group- actually, Sapnap was probably the best of the group- but what made up for it was the sparkle in the demon's eyes when he did sing. It was so playful and happy, and George could feel his heart picking up speed. "*It's not a secret I try to hide.*"

"*I know you want me, so don't keep saying our hands are tied.*" George knew he had to be blushing as Dream gently squeezed his hand with his own. George couldn't take his eyes off of Dream, and Dream stared right back at him with a smile. "*You claim it's not in the cards, fate is pulling you miles away and out of reach from me- but you're here in my heart, so who can stop me if I decide that you're my destiny?*"

"*What if we rewrite the stars? Say you were made to be mine,*" George noticed that Dream seemed to have a little more passion behind his words than when he sang by himself- and George couldn't tell if it was because now he had someone to sing with, or for a different reason. "*Nothing could keep us apart. You'd be the one I was meant to find.*"

"*It's up to you, and it's up to me- no one can say what we get to be, so why don't we rewrite the stars? Maybe the world could be ours tonight.*" George gulped. He knew his part was coming up, and Dream seemed to notice that he was getting nervous- well, more nervous than before. Dream squeezed his hand again encouragingly, his smile growing softer. George took in a deep breath.

"*You think it's easy- you think I don't want to run to you,*" George knew he was practically muttering the lyrics under his breath, but he didn't care. He stared down at his hand, which was still being held by Dream, because he felt like if he looked into Dream's eyes as he sang, it would just be so much more... real. "*But there are mountains, and there are doors that we can't walk through.*"

"*I know you're wondering why, because we're able to be just you and me within these walls- but when we go outside, you're gonna wake up and see that it was hopeless after all.*" George snuck a glance up at Dream, who was still looking down at him with a small smile. "*No one can rewrite the stars. How can you say you'll be mine? Everything keeps us apart- and I'm not the one you were meant to find.*"

“It’s not up to you, it’s not up to me, when everyone tells us what we can be. How can we rewrite the stars? Say that the world can be ours tonight.”

“All I want is to fly with you,” Dream was certainly a louder singer than George was, but, if George wasn’t crazy, he could have sworn Dream was singing quieter than before so they could both be heard. *“All I want is to fall with you- so just give me all of you.”*

“It feels impossible,”

“It’s not impossible.”

“Is it impossible?”

“Say that it’s possible,” George felt his other hand being taken by Dream. The angel looked up at the demon again, seeing that his smile had changed slightly. He couldn’t quite place what it was exactly that changed, but *something* had changed. *“How do we rewrite the stars? Say you were made to be mine. Nothing can keep us apart- ‘cause you are the one I was meant to find.”*

“It’s up to you, and it’s up to me- no one can say what we get to be. And why don’t we rewrite the stars? Changing the world to be ours.” George could feel his heart beating against his chest as he stared up at Dream, both of his hands laced with each of Dream’s. He had practically forgotten about everyone else in the room.

“You know I want you. It’s not a secret I try to hide... But I can’t have you,” George pulled his hands away from Dream, who’s smile dropped slightly. *“We’re bound to break and my hands are tied.”*

Chapter Forty Nine - Closer

“George? How are you feeling?” Was the first thing that came out of Dream’s mouth once he and George walked into Dream’s apartment. George blinked up at the demon, confused.

“I’m good? Why?”

“You just- you seemed a little off, that’s all. Just wanted to make sure you’re doing okay.” George hummed softly, walking over to the couch, where Patches was standing on the arm of it. She purred and meowed happily as Dream walked over beside the angel.

“How are you doing?” George asked after a few quiet moments.

“A little tired, but otherwise, really good.” Dream chuckled softly, scratching under Patches’ chin. George couldn’t stop the small smile that came to his face. Yawning quietly, George went into his angel form, stretching out his wings. “...Even better now.” George glanced over at Dream, who stared at his wings with a smile.

“You’re so weird.” George rolled his eyes, folding his wings behind his back.

“Your wings are *cool* , George. It isn’t *my* fault.” George watched as Dream lifted his hand up for a moment before letting it fall to his side again. He felt his heart skip a beat when Dream made eye contact with him.

“Whatever,” George muttered, glancing down at Patches. She stared back up at him curiously. “...Hey, you know what? I don’t think you ever told me what happened with those angels...” When George looked back up at Dream, he was a little surprised to find that the demon wasn’t looking at him anymore. Instead, he looked off to the side, his smile fallen and a weird look in his eyes.

“Don’t worry about what happened with them.” George raised an eyebrow at Dream’s response.

“Why?” George stepped a bit closer to Dream. “Come on, why can’t I know?”

“It’s just not important,” Dream shrugged, finally looking back at George. George stared at him for a few moments before an idea popped into his head. The angel walked up to Dream, placing his head against Dream’s shoulder. He wrapped his arms around the taller male’s waist, holding him loosely. He almost wrapped his wings around Dream, too, but he resisted the urge. “G-George?”

“What happened after I got shot with an arrow, Clay?” George muttered into Dream’s shoulder. He could feel his own heart beating against his chest, but he also could have sworn he could hear Dream’s heart rate pick up.

“...I beat the angels up and they’ll never bother us ever again.” George pulled his head back away from Dream’s shoulder, looking up at him with a raised eyebrow. Dream sighed, looking away again. George felt the demon’s arms wrap around his waist. “Fine. They... They ran off after they shot you. I was more worried about you dying than I was with chasing them down.” George hummed, placing his head back against Dream’s shoulder.

“Thank you, again, for saving me there.” Dream chuckled quietly.

“Of course. I don’t want to lose you.”

“I wouldn’t have died again, Dream...”

“You never know with those arrow things. It very well could have killed you.” George sighed, feeling Dream pull him closer. “And even though I still think you were *stupid* to take the arrow for me... Thank you.”

“I don’t want to lose you either, Clay. I’d take another arrow for your sorry ass.”

“You better fucking not.”

The next day, George was surprised to find that he was awake before Dream was. He knew very well he was still asleep because, when he tried to slowly scoot out of the demon's arms, he was pulled back in with nothing more than a grumble. George giggled quietly, his cheeks warming up as he tried again to get up.

This time, luckily, he was successful in escaping Dream’s arms, and he almost immediately shivered at the cold air that surrounded him. For a second, the angel thought about just crawling back into Dream’s arms and going back to sleep, but he quickly brushed those thoughts away as he walked over to Dream’s closet.

Before they had gone to bed, George asked him what he should wear for his interview, and Dream said he could take anything from the closet that looked nice enough. The demon had suggested that they go shopping, but George refused.

George slowly looked through the closet, trying to find something- anything, really- to wear that wasn’t something you’d wear every single day. And, eventually, he found something in the back of the closet, hidden away in clothes that looked to be a little too small for Dream.

Looking in the mirror, George debated in his head if this outfit was too... fancy for a coffee shop interview. He wore a deep blue suit jacket over a white button up that fit him almost perfectly. He had a blue tie with white stripes, and black pants.

“George?” George squeaked quietly as Dream’s tired voice echoed through the apartment. The angel opened up the bathroom door, freezing up when he saw Dream was only a few feet away.

He watched as Dream froze up too, staring at George in what he could only assume was shock. He felt his face flush as Dream looked at him up and down.

“Where are you going dressed like that?” George blinked a couple times at Dream’s question.

“My interview?” George tilted his head to the side as he spoke, watching as Dream looked at him up and down again. “Should I... wear something else?”

“Well, don’t get me wrong, you look hot-”

“ *Dream* !-”

“-But I don’t want you going around looking like that.” George groaned. He was sure his face was flushed a bright red as he fumbled with his tie. Dream sounded like a protective boyf-

“Well, you- you don’t have anything else that’s nice enough, so,” George looked away from Dream, feeling his eyes burning into his skull. “This is what I’m wearing.”

“Okay,” George hesitantly looked up at Dream again, the soft smile on his face making George’s heart practically melt. “When do you want me to drive you over?”

“I really can walk there, Dream,” They had argued about this the night before, and George, while he would love to spend time with Dream, didn’t want to bore him to death from waiting in the car. “You don’t need to drive me.”

“I want to. Now, when do you want to go?” George sighed quietly, but he couldn’t help but smile at Dream’s stubbornness.

“In ten minutes.”

Chapter Fifty - First Day

“Dream! I got the job!” George smiled as he opened the door to Dream’s car, sliding into the passenger side seat. He turned to face Dream, who had the biggest smile on his face. “I hardly had to say anything- I basically walked in and they gave me the job.”

“I’m so happy for you!” Dream laughed, turning the car back on. “Do you know when you’ll start working?”

“They asked if I could tomorrow, so... tomorrow.” George looked out the window as Dream started to drive. “I’ll be working the night shift.”

“Aw, so no cuddles for me while I’m asleep?” George felt his face flush as he glanced over at Dream, who pouted at him. The angel rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t help but smile more.

“You’re so weird.”

“George?” George hummed quietly, looking away from his screen to look at Dream, who was already staring at him. “Do you have work the day after tomorrow?”

“No? I don’t think I do. Why?”

“I was just wondering if, uh...” Dream looked back at his screen, though he didn’t move his Minecraft character. “If maybe you wanted to go... hang out at the cliffside? Maybe take a walk or something before?” The demon didn’t look back at George and started to play Minecraft again, and George silently watched for a moment. He wasn’t quite sure if he was just crazy or not, but Dream sounded... nervous. Why would Dream even be nervous?

“...You aren’t gonna kill me, are you?” George almost jumped in surprise at how fast Dream turned to look at him.

“No! I- do you really think I’d-”

“Dream- Dream, chill. I was joking.” George chuckled, smiling at Dream. “I’d love to.” Dream smiled back at George before turning to the game again. George did the same, running through their house as he tried not to think about why the demon had seemed so nervous to ask him to hang out. It wasn’t like they hung out all the time- in fact, they were hanging out and playing Minecraft right now. Maybe Dream had something fun planned?

“Have a good day at work!” Dream called out as George opened up the front door, shivering slightly at the surprisingly cold air that smacked him in the face.

“I will. Have fun while I’m gone.”

"I won't." George scoffed and rolled his eyes, walking out the door. He shoved his hands into the pockets of the hoodie he wore, curling up as much as possible into it. Dream had told him that he could drive George to work, but George told him no. They might have argued about it for at least ten minutes, but George eventually won.

It might have been cold, but it felt nice to be outside without a demon beside him, making his heart do flips in his chest whenever he did anything at all. To actually be able to relax- not that he couldn't relax around Dream.

Well, okay, maybe George couldn't relax right now, even without Dream being there and being... well, *him*. But it wasn't George's fault that he was nervous about his job- it *still* felt weird to him to think that he now had a job.

He did have a job like this when he was younger- and when he, you know. Wasn't dead- so he hoped that he still remembered at least some things about how to work at a place like this.

As it turned out, George didn't have to worry too much. There were a few things that took him a bit to get, but he understood enough that he could work practically by himself. And that's pretty much what happened- his coworker pretty much just had to watch over him and make sure he didn't do anything stupid while taking orders while she made the drinks.

It was a pretty good system- and George enjoyed not having to make many of the drinks and simply just take orders. They hardly talked, but when they did, it was mostly stupid jokes or something to do with one of the customers that left.

George was about to go on his 45- his first and longest break- when he heard a bell ring as the door opened. The angel put a smile on his face as he looked up, but froze up as he realized who had just walked in.

"Hey, Georgie~"

"Dream? What are you- why are you still awake?" Dream wheezed softly, and George could feel the eyes of his coworker on him.

"I wanted to see you! And I want a hot chocolate." George sighed, rolling his eyes.

"Is this your friend you were telling me about?" George flushed as Dream laughed at his coworker's question.

"Aw, bragging about me?"

"No, I was actually telling her about how much I hate you," George smiled, turning to his coworker. "Yeah, that's him."

"Go on your 45, I'll get his order. Do you want anything?"

"Uh, a hot chocolate as well?" She nodded and waved him off, and George turned to face Dream, who had a large smirk on his face. "What?"

"Nothing," George followed Dream over to one of the tables, sitting across from the demon. "You just look cute in that uniform. Not as cute as you look in my clothes, but it's close." George groaned, feeling his cheeks heat up.

“Shut up, Dream. You’re so stupid.” Dream wheezed, and George couldn’t stop the smile that came across his face at it. He put his elbow on the table, hiding the bottom half of his face with his hand.

“You enjoying work so far?” George nodded, glancing over at his coworker, who had just walked over and gave them their hot chocolates.

“It’s actually not all that difficult,” George took his face out of his hand, reaching out to his drink. “And it’s fun. People here at night are really chill. Well, other than you.”

“Hey-” Dream laughed.

“I’m kidding, obviously. But... really, why’d you come?”

“I told you- I wanted to see you. It’s weird not having you at our place.” George rolled his eyes, taking a sip of his hot chocolate. Dream did the same. “You get off at four in the morning, right?”

“Yeah.” George nodded. “Sorry if I wake you up when I get back.” Dream scoffed.

“Don’t be. Text spam me if you want a ride, okay?”

“I’ll be fine, Dream.”

“Still.”

Chapter Fifty One - Green

Chapter Notes

Yo it's me and my girlfriends 6th month anniversary
Pog

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are we just walking around wherever?” George said after a moment of silence, glancing around at the yellow trees. He tried to pay attention to the people walking around them, and the sway of the trees, but nothing could keep his mind off of the fact that his hand kept brushing against Dream’s as they walked side by side, closer than almost everyone around them.

“Basically, yeah,” George finally looked back at Dream, who smiled down at him. The angel felt his heart skip happily in his chest. “I’ll tell you when we’ll go to the cliffside.”

“It’s gonna be sunset soon- shouldn’t we just go now?”

“Not yet.” George hummed softly. “We might be out a little late. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, of course,” George smirked. “Do you have something planned?”

“No!” Dream laughed, gently elbowing George in the side. “I just wanted to hang out with you. Can’t a guy do that without seeming suspicious?”

“Yeah, but not you. You always seem suspicious.”

“Whatever,” Dream rolled his eyes. George couldn’t help but giggle quietly, unable to keep a smile off his face as they fell back into a comfortable silence- the sounds of birds chirping and people talking quietly around them just background noise.

“Aw, your flower crown is still here.” Dream chuckled as they sat down together, quite a few feet from the edge. George smiled at the sight of the crown, though it wasn’t very pretty anymore. The dandelions had long been dead now.

“It is.” George muttered, looking out at the sky in front of them. The angel sighed quietly at the sight, closing his eyes. The sun was just starting to set. Everyone always said sunsets were absolutely beautiful, but George didn’t really see why... Literally.

“Hey, you okay?” George opened his eyes again, glancing over at the demon beside him. His head was tilted slightly to the side, his eyebrows furrowed together in concern. “You’re being really quiet...”

“I’m okay,” George giggled. “I’m just enjoying hanging out with you.” Dream smiled at that answer, and George smiled back.

“Okay. I just wanted to make sure you weren’t, like... I dunno, scared.” Dream looked out at the

setting sun in front of them, but George couldn't tear his eyes away from Dream until a few seconds after him.

"Why would I be scared?"

"You know why..." The angel sighed again, his smile falling a little.

"...If you were going to kill me, you would have done it by now." George muttered. While he knew that this wasn't quite true- after all, he was friends with Azazel for so long- but... with Dream, it felt different. It felt true with Dream. "You've had a lot of chances to. You have a chance now, too."

"George, if I had the choice of saving your life or my own, I'd save yours in a heartbeat." George hummed. "Even if I didn't, I don't think I'd be able to handle knowing I could have done something. I don't think I'd be able to handle just... not having you around."

"Do you think I'd be any happier living without you?" The question hung in the air, which was fine by George. He knew he wasn't great with words- not great in the slightest- so having Dream not respond to that was alright. He had a feeling Dream understood what he was going for.

George closed his eyes again, letting himself relax next to the mass of heat that was Dream. Other than the sound of the trees swaying gently, the song of birds in the distance, and the water raging below the cliff, it was silent. In fact, George was almost certain he could hear Dream breathing beside him.

Moments passed by them as they sat silently, the sun slowly setting in front of them. George had opened his eyes again after a few minutes at a warm hand on top of his own, making his face flush. He refused to look over at Dream, or look at their hands, until Dream cleared his throat.

"Hey, uh. George." George and Dream made eye contact, and the angel could practically feel the anxiety coming off of Dream. "I have something for you."

"What?" Dream pulled out a small, rectangular wrapped box from his pocket, handing it to George. Of course, he took it, holding it with both hands as he stared at Dream. "...What is it?"

"Open it," Dream smiled, and George hesitated. "It's not gonna hurt you."

"I know, I know." George muttered before finally unwrapping the box. Why he was so anxious about opening up a box, he wasn't sure, but his hands were shaking slightly. "You... You didn't have to buy me anything."

"I wanted to get you this." Of course, Dream just had to put whatever it was in a boring, brown box that George couldn't get any information from for what it was. Taking in a deep breath, George opened up the box.

"...Dream?" George pulled it out of the box, looking up at Dream. "What... is this?" In the box was white clout glasses- exactly like the ones he had on his Minecraft skin.

"Well, they're, uh. Clout glasses- like your Minecraft skin? But that's... not really it." Dream chuckled, scratching the back of his neck. "They're EnChroma glasses. To help you see red and green." George looked back down at the glasses in his hands, blinking a couple times.

"Dream, you... Those cost..." George glanced back up at Dream, who had a huge, worried smile on his face. "You're joking, right?"

“Of course not.”

“How much did these cost??”

“Don’t worry about that.” George opened his mouth to speak, but Dream interrupted him. “Put them on! I’ve been waiting ages to give you them...”

“I-” George laughed, his heart racing in his chest. “I’m nervous.” Dream chuckled. George looked between the glasses and Dream again, noticing how watery Dream’s eyes looked.

“Put them on.” George took in another deep breath, hesitantly sliding the glasses onto his face. “...Well?” George blinked.

Dream’s eyes were much brighter than George could have ever imagined. The boring old brownish yellow that George originally saw was replaced with bright green- but it wasn’t even that. It had so many layers to it that George could hardly understand. Towards the center, the color was almost yellow, but not quite the yellow George always saw. But further out in the eye, it was green.

Even Dream’s skin looked a little different. Before, the skin looked yellow and dull- but now it had another color- red- underlying in it.

Glancing around, George saw that the trees around them were a dark shade of green, and the trunks of the trees looked a little different, too. But the leaves of the trees were almost as brightly colored at Dream’s eyes- but not quite.

Then his eyes laid on the sunset in front of them. He had always been told sunsets were pretty, and now he could see exactly why.

Instead of the shades of yellow and blue he’d see in the sky, he saw so many more colors. Hardly any yellow shined through the clouds- instead, they were shades of red, orange, and pink, so bright and colorful, even against the bright blue sky, which only seemed brighter now.

George looked back at Dream, who hadn’t moved since the last time the angel looked at him.

“George...?” George couldn’t stop the smile that came across his face as he glanced around, picking a dandelion out of the ground before looking back at Dream. He held the flower up a ways away from Dream’s face, but held it close to his eye so George could compare. He took the glasses off, then put them back on again. “George?”

“Your- your eyes are green!” George laughed.

“They are!” Dream laughed too- not his wheezy laugh, but it still made George’s heart swell. “Let’s watch the sunset.”

“Wait-” Dream had started to look away before George spoke up. “I want to see your eyes more.” The demon only seemed to smile more.

“You’re so-” He laughed again, and George laughed along. He couldn’t help it- he felt so... happy. Dream sat still, and George scooted closer to him, still holding up the flower to compare.

Eventually, George set the flower down and simply stared into Dream’s eyes, watching as the demon's smile became more soft. A sigh escaped George as Dream placed his hand against his cheek, and George leaned into the touch. If he wasn’t so fascinated by Dream’s eyes, he would have closed his eyes and simply enjoy the touch, but he couldn’t. Dream gently rubbed his thumb along George’s cheekbone.

“Thank you, Clay,” George muttered. “You really didn’t have to get me these.”

“I told you, I wanted to.” Dream smiled at George. “And I just had to. I love you.” George’s heart stopped for a moment before it started to race in his chest.

“I- I, uh-” George felt his cheeks flush as he tried to choke out the words. “I- I love you too.” Some weight that George had never felt on his shoulders before was lifted, and he watched as Dream’s look somehow softened more.

Before, when people would blush, George would see it as yellow- but Dream’s face was turning a bright shade of red after George said those words. The angel thought about saying something, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t open his mouth, watching as Dream’s eyes drifted down for just a second.

Dream tilted his head to the side a bit and leaned in, closing his eyes as he pressed his lips against George’s. For a moment, George couldn’t move. His eyes were wide, his whole body in shock before he relaxed and closed his own eyes, kissing Dream back.

Chapter End Notes

:3

(PS- I know colorblind glasses do not work 'perfectly' immediately and it takes time for the eyes to adjust, but shhhh cute moments. And sorry if I described it wrong at all-)

Chapter Fifty Two - Aftermath

Chapter Notes

I'm so so so sorry this update is coming out so late! I had planned on uploading this earlier before I went to bed for the night, but realized this chapter had no title and had to ask my girlfriend for help with one (which she gave me in the morning), and then I completely forgot to during my lunch period for school- So here it is now! Again, I'm so so sorry and I hope you enjoy the chapter, despite it being super late!

After the kiss, the two didn't say a word to each other. Both George and Dream were flushed a bright red as they silently decided to head home. George stared at the ground, unable to keep a smile from coming to his face at the memory of the kiss. He felt giddy, yet also like he was about to throw up from how nervous he was.

And both of those feelings were only amplified as he felt Dream lace his fingers with his own. His heart raced so fast in his chest that you would have thought he ran for ten hours straight, thumping against his chest almost painfully. Almost.

They walked into the apartment side by side, still holding hands as they did so. They didn't say a word along the way, and George was pretty okay with that. There were a few things he wanted to say- he really wanted to ask Dream what they were now-, but he stayed quiet. He let Dream lead the way to his room, the angel just barely stifling a giggle as Dream let out a quiet yawn.

George laid down beside Dream after taking off the glasses, falling back into the yellows and blues, with his back facing the demon as he pulled his knees a little closer to his chest. He was sure he was still blushing, faintly feeling the memory of Dream's lips against his own. The angel knew his cheeks only grew a darker shade of red as he felt Dream's arms wrap around his waist, pulling him close to Dream's chest.

He wasn't sure how he was able to fall asleep with his heart racing in his chest, but he did it- waking up from a dreamless sleep for what felt only like a second after he closed his eyes.

There were no warm arms wrapped around him anymore, no heat mass pressing into his back, wrapped around him protectively. A slight frown settled on his face as he sat up, rubbing at his eyes for a moment.

George stood, his feet dragging him out of Dream's room with Patches meowing up at him. He shifted into his angel form, stretching his wings out behind him as he lifted his arms over his head.

"Morning, Georgie," The angel squeaked softly at the sound of Dream's voice. Dream came out of the kitchen with two plates in his hands, but George couldn't quite see what was on them. George

sat himself down on the couch.

“Morning.” He muttered in response, smiling up at the demon as he walked over, a smile on his face, too. Dream handed him one of the plates and George took it, his heart skipping multiple beats at the sight of heart shaped pancakes on his plate. The angel glanced back up at Dream, who only smirked and winked at him before he sat down on the other side of the couch.

George could only blink down at his pancakes for a good minute or two, and he was absolutely sure his face was only the darkest shade of red. He could see Dream out of the corner of his eye, and he noticed that Dream kept glancing over at him, his smirk never disappearing from his face, even as he shoved his face with his own pancakes.

Finally George was able to force himself to take a bite of his food, refusing to look over at Dream. He wondered if the demon was just messing around with him, playing with his heart at every chance he got- but he really hoped it wasn't true. He hoped there was another meaning behind this- and as much as George wanted to speak up and ask Dream himself, he just couldn't do it. So he ate silently at Dream's side.

“Bye, Georgie! I'll see you after work, right?”

“Yeah,” George smiled as Dream opened up the front door, but stayed in the doorway for a moment. “I don't have work until tomorrow night.”

“Okay. I love you, George.” George felt his cheeks warm up for the thousandth time that day as Dream shut the door behind him- and the angel could have sworn he heard Dream chuckling happily on the other side of the door.

He quickly pulled out his phone, clicking Bad's name in his phone. For a moment, he thought about texting Bad, but decided against it and simply hit call. He held his phone up to his ear, and it rang a few times before the other male's voice came from the other side of the phone.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Bad,” George sat down on the couch, closing his eyes as he leaned his head back against it. He felt the couch dip ever so slightly next to him, then something warm and fluffy lay in his lap with a soft purr.

“Hi, George! What's up? Something wrong?” The angel couldn't stop the giggle that escaped him. He was still giddy from last night.

“No- actually, everything's great,” Bad hummed on the other side, and George smiled more than he already was. “Guess what.”

“What?”

“Dream and I kissed last night.” There was a moment of pure silence, and George thought for a moment that Bad had hung up or something.

“*What ?!*” George pulled his phone away from his ear for a moment, mentally cursing at how loud Bad was in his ear. “Oh my goodness, you little muffin! I'm so happy for you! Hold on- Skeppy! *Skeppy !*” George laughed, hearing Bad talk to Skeppy excitedly. After a moment, Skeppy was

talking to him, too, both of them asking for the details.

“Dude, I *told* you he liked you.” Skeppy snickered. “You two are dating now, right?”

“Um, that’s, uh- that’s the thing.” George gently pet Patches with the hand he wasn’t using to hold his phone up. “I- I don’t actually know.”

“What do you mean *I don’t know*?!” Skeppy groaned. “You two *kissed*!”

“We haven’t- we haven’t really talked about it? I- I don’t know if he wants to date or not...” George felt his smile fall as he sighed, closing his eyes once again. “I don’t know how to bring it up to him- like, what if he just kissed me because-”

“George,” George went quiet once Bad spoke up. “It’s like a bandaid. You gotta rip it off and just talk to him about it.”

“I know, but-” George sighed again. “I’ll... I think I’m just going to let him talk to me about it.”

“Well, that’s better than... nothing, I guess,” There was a little bit of shuffling on the other side of the call. “Has he done anything since last night?”

“He made me heart shaped pancakes for breakfast...” The angel heard Bad gasp.

“That’s- that’s *adorable* !” Bad laughed.

For the next thirty minutes, George did nothing but talk to Bad and Skeppy about random things- typically something to do with Dream in some way- before he finally said his goodbyes, telling them he wanted to go take a walk.

Which is exactly what he did after he hung up. He walked to the park where he first met Dream and wandered around, letting his thoughts drift from one to another. Most thoughts were about the demon, of course- he could never get him off his mind. But he let them stay longer than he usually did, a small smile coming to his face.

But that smile fell pretty quickly when he focused back on the people around him in the park, seeing two very familiar faces that seemed to be searching for something. The angel ducked behind some trees, his heart racing in his chest.

The angels were back, and George had no clue what to do other than make his way back to Dream’s. He thought about texting the demon to tell him, but decided he would just tell him when he got home. After all, George didn’t want to distract him from his work.

So instead, George paced anxiously around Dream’s apartment, letting his wings and halo be seen- though, only Patches was there with him, and she followed him around as she tried to gently swat at his feathers.

Chapter Fifty Three - Holding Him Close

Chapter Notes

I am so so so sorry this chapter came out a day late! I didn't have a title for it, and I was busy all day and I never got the chance to update- so today you're getting two chapters! Again, I'm really sorry for missing a day-

“You- what?? Are you okay? Did they see you?” George felt his cheeks flush as Dream took one of his hands and wrapped both of his around it, staring at him with pure concern. He had just told Dream he saw the angels, and... he certainly didn’t expect this reaction.

“I- I, uh- no, I don’t think so at least,” George moved his eyes off the demon in front of him, shuffling his wings behind his back nervously. “I just thought I’d let you know...”

“Well, I’m glad you’re okay.” The angel saw the other male smiling out of the corner of his eye. “They know I live here, so I don’t know why they aren’t...” Dream let go of George’s hand.

“They could just be waiting for a good time, or they aren’t ready yet?” Dream shrugged. George watched him walk over and flop himself down on the couch. George bit his tongue for a moment, thinking. “...Hey, Dream?”

“Hm?” Dream hummed curiously, glancing over to George.

“Wanna mess with my wings?” George couldn’t help but smile at how Dream’s eyes seemed to light up at the offer.

“Are you sure you’re okay with that?” George nodded and, instead of waiting for Dream to say anything, he sat down on the ground in front of the demon, just like he had the first time. Almost immediately, he felt Dream run his fingers through his feathers.

George sighed quietly, letting himself relax as Dream played with his feathers. Just like last time, Dream seemed to be being as careful as possible, and merely the thought of that made the angel’s heart jump into his throat.

“You shed your feathers?” George opened his eyes- when had he closed them?- and turned to look back at Dream, who held a feather in his hand.

“Yeah, of course.” He giggled. “I’m surprised my feathers aren’t all over your place. I guess I’m just not shedding all that much right now.” Dream hummed and placed the feather down on his thigh.

George didn’t have anything else to say, so he faced forward again, and Dream started to mess with his feathers again. It seemed like he was a little more confident with the fact that he wasn’t going to break George, seeing how the demon was folding and unfolding his wings. The angel let out a soft sigh again, pausing for a moment before he decided to speak up.

“Hey, Dream?” Dream hummed curiously, though he didn’t stop his hands that ruffled his feathers. “I think I’m ready to try again with... with your form.” For just a second, Dream’s movements stopped.

“Are you sure?” George nodded. “I don’t want to ruin your good mood...”

“It’d be better to do it when I’m in a good mood, right? When I’m relaxed or whatever?” Again, Dream hummed, pulling his hands away from George. The angel turned to face Dream again.

“You’ll tell me when to change back?”

“I will.” For a moment, Dream seemed to hesitate before he shifted into his demon form, his tail gently thumping against the couch. George shuffled around in his spot, turning to face Dream without practically breaking his neck.

“You can come sit on the couch, George,” Dream chuckled, and George couldn’t help but smile. Without a word, he stood up, sitting just a little ways away from the demon. He was in the middle of the couch, his wings brushing against the back of the couch. “How are you feeling?”

“Still good.” George muttered, watching as Dream’s tail flicked up, landing next to his leg. His heart slowly picked up speed in his chest, but he tried his best to force it down. He knew he could do this- it was just Dream, after all. “Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“Can- can I have a hug?” He tried to speak with confidence, but his voice fell to barely above a whisper, and he couldn’t keep eye contact with Dream- instead, he watched as Patches walked into the living room, not even giving them a glance.

“George, you don’t have to push yourself too much.” George closed his eyes. “It’s okay. We have all the time in the world to-”

“Clay.” George opened his eyes and stared into Dream’s eyes. “I can handle it. If I can’t, I’ll say something. And since when do you deny a hug?” Dream chuckled softly, and George felt his heart leap in his chest.

“I just-” Dream sighed, holding his arms out for George. “Are you sure? Last chance to back out.” Without a response, George moved himself into Dream’s arms, feeling his face flush red as he hid his face in Dream’s chest.

Immediately he felt the demons arms wrap around him protectively, holding him close. Of course, George didn’t mind- it was comforting, and Dream seemed to make sure that his arms didn’t go over and crush his wings. Speaking of wings...

George had never been hugged by anyone with wings- so having Dream eventually use his wings to hold George close, wrapped around his whole upper half was... weird. A good weird- for the most part- but still weird.

“You still okay?” Dream muttered in his ear, making George shiver.

“Yeah.” He could hear Dream’s heart beating in his chest, which seemed to be beating a little faster than what George expected. The angel pulled his face a little bit away from Dream’s chest and looked up at him.

Dream smiled softly down at him, his eyes drifting down for just a moment- unless George was just crazy and seeing things. Even if it was just his imagination, it still made him blush harder.

Glancing up, George stared at the demon’s horns. Even up close, they looked so smooth- and he didn’t doubt that they were. They weren’t nearly as sharp looking as Azazel’s did, but they still

came to a pretty sharp point.

For a moment, George was confused as something kept gently smacking against his leg, but he quickly remembered Dream's tail. And just as he remembered it, the tail loosely wrapped around his leg, still smacking against him. It brought a small smile to the angel's face.

"You're warm," George muttered as he laid his head back down on Dream's chest. He closed his eyes, his heart thumping against his chest as he heard Dream chuckle, feeling his chin resting against the top of his head. Moments before, he felt wide awake- but now, he felt as if he could sleep for years.

"Thank you?" While being like this with Dream was making him anxious and begging him to stay awake, his body was already starting to drift in and out of sleep- the only thing keeping him up was his anxiety. But his anxiety lost the fight, and he fell asleep in the demon's arms and wings.

Chapter Fifty Four - Gogy

George groaned quietly, shuffling himself impossibly closer to the mass of heat that basically surrounded him. Even though he could feel himself starting to wake up, he refused to move anywhere but closer to the heat.

...Eventually, the angel lifted his head up to look at the mass of heat he already knew was Dream and jumped back a bit at the sight of his horns. Somehow, this didn't wake the demon from his sleep- he simply grumbled and wrapped his wings a little tighter around George- and George felt his heart rate speed up. He closed his eyes, letting out a sigh as he tried to calm his beating heart.

"Mrrp?" George glanced over to see Patches curiously staring at him, her head tilted slightly to the side. He smiled at her, listening to her soft purrs for a moment.

"Your owner is weird, Patches."

"Mrrp." George giggled at the fact that Patches seemed to agree, turning to look back at Dream. His heart fluttered a bit in his chest, and he wanted nothing more than to stay in his arms and fall back asleep. And while he could do that, George ultimately decided to get up- well, *try* to get up.

It took about five minutes to get Dream to let him go, and when he finally did, George heard him grumble something under his breath. The angel couldn't help but smile, petting Patches for a few moments before walking into Dream's room to grab some clothes before getting into the shower.

Once George was out of the shower, Dream still wasn't awake yet- George definitely did *not* laugh at the sight of Patches laying on his chest with a paw on Dream's face- so he got on one of the computers to play Minecraft. As it turned out, A6d and Sapnap were in the world they all shared, and they were on the group chat for it, calling.

"Am I interrupting you two love birds?" George asked as he joined the group call, where A6d and Sapnap were laughing- not laughing really hard, just a soft laugh that made George smile just a little.

"Oh, hey, George!" Sapnap's voice came through the call in a slight giggle. "You're not interrupting anything." George smiled at the fact he didn't say anything about the love birds part.

"No, you're interrupting our *wonderful* Minecraft date. How dare you." The angel could *hear* the smirk in the French males voice.

"I'm *so* sorry," Though they couldn't see it, George waved one of his hands in the air as he ran across his and Dream's house, playing along with A6d's obvious sarcasm. "Please, ignore me and go back to your date."

"Oh, but the moment is ruined," Now Sapnap was joining in. "I'm pretty sure A6d was about to kiss me."

"I've already kissed you, what're you talking about?" A6d laughed, and George and Sapnap joined in the laughter. "Seriously though- we were just talking, George. You're all good."

"Good," George, though he really didn't need to, went to go mine. He had no reason really to mine,

other than the fact that it was mindless and satisfying to watch the blocks disappear almost immediately. “I would hate to interrupt a moment with you two.” He heard Sapnap hum, and the call fell into silence for just a few seconds.

“So, George...” George felt his heart sink at how Sapnap said his name. It was almost like when your sibling catches you doing something you shouldn’t, and is about to blackmail you into doing something for them. “I’ve heard that you and Dream kissed?~”

“Wh-”

“They kissed?!” There was a clap on A6d’s side of the call, and as he spoke again, he sounded a little further away from his mic. “Fucking *finally* ! Holy shit-”

“Right? It’s been so *aggravating* just watching the two of them-”

“Who did you hear that from??” George interrupted, and he was sure his face was bright red.

“Dream. Oh, and Bad and Skeppy,” Sapnap answered. George groaned- of *course* Dream would tell Sapnap. Of *course* Bad and Skeppy talked to him about it- Sapnap had already admitted to talking to Bad and Skeppy about stuff between him and Dream before. “And he *finally* gave you those fucking glasses.”

“Wait- you knew about that?” He heard Sapnap scoff.

“Of course I fucking did! He told me about it at Bad and Skeppy’s while everyone else was asleep.” George bit his tongue. “It took him so long to just *give* them to you. How were they, by the way?”

“...It was nice being able to see Dream’s eyes,” George smiled sheepishly, muttering just loud enough for his mic to pick up. “Green *might* be my new favorite color.”

“Because of Dream’s eyes?” Even though he knew they couldn’t see, he nodded as he quickly mined some diamonds he found.

“Yeah. Like- his eyes are so *bright* , Sapnap. I- I don’t know how-”

“Hey, Georgie~” George squealed, jumping in his seat as he felt a pair of arms wrap around his chest. The deep voice- Dream’s voice, just more tired and scratchy- was directly in his ear, making a shiver go up the angel’s spine.

“Dream! What- what the *fuck* ?!” He could hear Sapnap and A6d laughing their asses off on their sides of the call. George turned to face Dream, seeing that he wasn’t in his demon form anymore.

“Were you talking about me?~” George flushed, gently shoving Dream as he turned back to the computer screen.

“...Maybe,” George muttered, and he could hear Dream chuckling behind him.

“Gogy, that was- that was the funniest fucking thing I’ve heard all day!- That *scream* , oh my god-”

“ *Gogy* ?!” The angel repeated what Sapnap’s said, which only seemed to make him laugh harder. “What- what even- Why?!”

“Gogy is *kinda* a cute nickname, not gonna lie,” George saw Dream shrug out of the corner of his

eye as he spoke, sitting himself down in the chair next to George's. "It's cute like you."

"Shut- shut the fuck up, Dream."

Chapter Fifty Five - A Risk He's Willing to Take

It had been almost a week since George and Dream had kissed, and George *still* had no clue what they were now. Nothing really seemed different between the two- in fact, if anything, Dream only seemed a little more affectionate, but that didn't really mean much. Dream was always affectionate, so what's with a little more?

The kiss was really one of the only things he could think of, even while he tried to distract himself with his job- practically begging his coworker to let him do more work than usual to keep his mind off of the kiss. His coworker was practically sitting off to the side as George tried to work his thoughts of the kiss out of his head. Of course, it wasn't working- but an angel sure could dream.

He wanted so *desperately* for Dream to just talk to him- for the demon to tell him how he felt about him, so he could stop daydreaming every second and stop taking everything he did wrong- so he could finally rest easy in the demon's arms, so he could move on and never look back on this moment in his afterlife.

The angel had talked to Bad about it and what he should do so many times already- he had even talked about what to do with Sapnap and even *Skeppy*, but none of them gave any advice that George felt could help him.

George *knew* he could just talk to Dream himself, but he had *no* clue how to bring it up. And what if it ruined everything they had? What if it made Dream angry or upset with him? He didn't want that- but the angel wasn't sure he could last much longer without an answer.

And he was right.

"Dream, what are we?" It had come out of nowhere, surprising even George as he blurted it out in the middle of them watching some stupid movie neither of them paid any attention to. Dream had his arm around George during it, and George had his head resting against Dream's chest.

"...What?" George shuffled around to look at Dream, who was already looking down at him with his eyebrows furrowed slightly. He looked... worried? Concerned?

"I..." George could already feel his cheeks heating up. He had no clue what to say or what to do- he really never was great with talking to people. And besides, how were you supposed to talk about this without things getting awkward? "...Never- nevermind, forget I said anything, I-"

"No, no, George." George felt Dream unwrap his arm from around his shoulders, holding one of his hands instead. The angel stared at their intertwining fingers, finding that it was easier than staring into Dream's eyes.. "What do you mean 'what are we'?"

"I- I don't know if we're, like..." George sighed softly. Like Bad said, it was like ripping off a bandaid. "Just. What are we? Are we- are we dating?" It was quiet for what felt like years to George- he was sure it was only a few seconds, though- until he heard Dream groan. He lifted his head up to see Dream face palming. Anxiety was already rushing through his veins at that reaction.

"I- fuck." George had just started to open his mouth to say something, but Dream started laughing. He closed his mouth, tilting his head to the side just a bit. Why was Dream laughing? Was he really being as stupid as he thought? "Sorry- I- I thought we *were* dating!" And just like that, George was

sure his face was hotter than the sun.

“Wh- what?”

“I didn’t even think to- oh my god, George. I’m sorry- I *seriously* thought this whole time we, like, silently agreed that we were dating.”

“No! I- Dream!” George couldn’t help but start laughing too- and he wasn’t sure why. Maybe it was because of how light he felt now that that was off his chest- or maybe because that this was going so much better than he could have ever expected or hoped for. “I was so *confused*, Dream!”

“I’m sorry! Why didn’t you say something sooner?!”

“I don’t know!” George giggled, feeling even more stupid than he did before. This really wasn’t as bad as he expected- what *was* he even expecting? “You didn’t even properly ask me out, Clay. You just kissed me during a sunset- that’s not exactly the way to *ask* out someone.”

“I am so sorry, George- here.” Dream stood up and got down on one knee, still holding one of George’s hands. George blinked down at him, and he was sure his face somehow was growing redder than it was before. “George, I’m asking you now- would you like to be my boyfriend?” George used his other hand to hide the smile that was on his face- a smile that was starting to make his cheeks hurt.

“No.”

“Wait, wha-” George laughed.

“I’m kidding! I’m sorry, I’m sorry- I-” The angel couldn’t stop himself from laughing again, and he watched as Dream smiled at him, rolling his eyes. “Yes, I- I’d love to be your- your boyfriend, Clay.” George hardly had time to react as Dream let go of his hand, gently holding George’s cheek with his hand before pulling him in for a kiss.

The kiss didn’t last long. In fact, Dream pulled away almost immediately afterwards, a huge smile on his face as he stared at George with a look he had seen on Dream’s face before, but never understood. But now he did- that look Dream had been giving him... it was a look of pure love and affection.

George leaned in, pressing his own lips against Dream’s moments after he had pulled away. His heart thumped against his chest happily, and he could hear it echoing in his mind as he felt everything around him disappear.

This.

This was his happiest moment.

This- being with Dream, a demon- was a risk he was willing to take.

Chapter Fifty Six - Affectionate

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George sighed happily as he cuddled impossibly closer to the demon in front of him, unable to keep a smile from his face. The fact that they were dating kept popping up in his head, and every time, it never failed to make his heart skip a beat and make him smile until his cheeks hurt.

It was a couple days after George had finally talked to Dream, and now the two of them were pretty much inseparable- even more so than before. They had been quietly talking just a few minutes ago before Dream had told George goodnight- and George was pretty sure Dream was asleep by now. Nothing told him otherwise.

While Dream had only grown even more affectionate towards George, the angel hadn't changed much with how he treated Dream. He wasn't nearly as cuddly and affectionate as Dream was, and he wasn't great with words, so there wasn't much he could change. If anything had changed, he had been trying harder to get used to cuddling with the demon.

...Again, George was not a very affectionate being. Even the thought of being affectionate made him nervous and blushy- no matter if it was something he wanted to do, or with something Dream did- so he had absolutely *no* idea where the sudden urge to kiss Dream again had come from.

He stared up at the sleeping face of his boyfriend for a moment, waiting for any sign of the other being awake still. When there was nothing, he slowly leaned up, kissing Dream's forehead before he tucked his head away in Dream's chest.

"...G'night, Clay." He muttered softly, letting his body relax in Dream's eyes. He easily fell asleep there, just moments after he spoke.

When George woke up, he was a little surprised to find that he was still cuddled up in Dream's arms- though he certainly wasn't complaining. In fact, he was already smiling, face hidden away in his boyfriend's chest for just a few moments longer.

"Good morning, angel," Dream muttered into his hair, and George couldn't stop himself from scoffing.

"Clever." Dream chuckled. "But g'morning, Dream." George hesitantly pulled his face away from Dream's chest, glancing up at the demon. Dream stared back down at him with a loving smile, though something mischievous was sparkling behind his eyes. The angel raised an eyebrow curiously.

"Thanks for the kiss last night." And just like that, not even five minutes after being awake, George was blushing a bright red.

"You- But you-" Dream howled with laughter, hugging George to his chest again.

"I was still up." George groaned, his heart thumping hard against his chest. "It was cute. I appreciated it."

“Well, don’t- don’t expect me to always-”

“I know you won’t,” Dream pressed his lips against George’s forehead- and George felt like he had just died again, his heart jumping into his throat. “That’s okay. I’ll kiss you all the time to make up for it.”

George really thought he had seen the peek of Dream’s cuddliness and affection before they were together. But no, he was dead wrong- and he had never really been happier about being wrong.

“Say, why don’t we go somewhere to eat breakfast?” Dream asked softly after a few quiet moments. George hummed quietly.

“What, don’t feel like cooking?”

“I just feel like treating you out somewhere,” George giggled, his cheeks already starting to hurt. How was he going to deal with this every day? “So pick a place, any place. I’ll get you whatever you want.”

“Let me think about it while I shower,” Dream smiled down at George, and George couldn’t stop himself from giggling again, pulling himself out of his boyfriend’s arms.

“Okay,” Dream stood up a few moments after George did. The angel searched through the demon’s closet, looking for something else to wear. “I love you, Georgie.” George felt his cheeks heating up again.

“Yeah, yeah,” He waved his hand dismissively. “You too, Dreamy.”

“You said you’d think about it in the shower!” George huffed, running a hand through his wet hair. Dream had Patches in his lap, but she had her ears pulled back at the playful banter.

“And I *did* !” George crossed his arms across his chest. “I just couldn’t think of anything I wanted.” Dream sighed softly, pulling out his phone.

“I thought this might happen, so I’ve already pulled up a few breakfast places near here for you to choose from. You’re lucky I know you well enough.”

“Whatever,” George plopped down next to Dream, who immediately wrapped one of his arms around the angel’s shoulder. “You should just pick a place.”

“Fine, I will. But then *you’re* picking a place to eat for dinner tomorrow. Okay?”

“Fine.” George laid his head against Dream’s shoulder, surprised to find that he didn’t complain about his hair soaking through his shirt. “..Guess it’s a date then, huh?” Dream chuckled.

“I guess it is.” George giggled softly, closing his eyes. Despite just having a shower and having a weirdly good night's sleep, he felt as if he could fall asleep there with Dream. “Don’t be falling back asleep on me, Georgie. We’ll be leaving in about twenty minutes.” George hummed quietly.

“Why twenty minutes?”

“I have to shower too.”

“Yeah, you stink. Gross.” George cracked a smile as he heard Dream wheezing next to him.

“Aw, you think I’m gross?” The angel opened up his eyes and glanced up at Dream, who was pouting with his bottom lip sticking out. George rolled his eyes fondly, nuzzling his face into Dream.

“Sometimes.” Dream gasped in fake offense before laughing again, and George easily joined in on the laughter.

Somehow, his heart had been so light and full of joy recently- no doubt because of Dream- and nothing so far had come to ruin it. George wondered for just a moment if something would happen soon to ruin everything again- things always seemed to happen when he was the most happy and comfortable- but the thought was quickly pushed away when Dream kissed him before heading off to shower.

Chapter End Notes

Heyyy just wondering, what short stories do you guys want me to write? I really need some ideas-

Chapter Fifty Seven - Not Like Him

Chapter Summary

I'm so sorry (again) for the late chapter(s)! I completely forgot until super late last night to remind my girlfriend to give me chapter title ideas, and she just got around to them earlier, so now I can upload the chapters! (one to make up for not uploading yesterday, and the one for today) I'm sorry again, but I hope you enjoy the chapters anyway!

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry (again) for the late chapter(s)! I completely forgot to remind my girlfriend to give me chapter title ideas and she got to them a little while ago- so now I can finally put the chapters up! (I'm putting out two, one for yesterday, and one for today). I'm so sorry again, but I hope you enjoy anyway!

“Hey, Dream?” George started as he stared out into the sunset, cuddled into his boyfriend's side for warmth. Currently the two were sitting together- previously in silence- on the cliffside.

“What’s up?” The angel looked over to Dream, who was already staring at him with a soft smile. George giggled softly at the look, his heart skipping a beat or two.

“Demon form?” George muttered. Much to his surprise, Dream only opened his mouth for a moment before closing it and revealing his wings, tail, and horns.

“Are you sure you’re not pushing yourself too far? You’ve been doing this a lot lately…” Dream said as he placed his hand on top of George’s. George smiled up at him, giggling again.

“I’m fine, Dream. Really.” Dream hummed softly.

“Angel form?” The angel rolled his eyes at Dream’s request, but quickly changed forms. He shuffled his wings behind his back, watching as Dream smiled wider. “You’re so cute.” Again, George rolled his eyes, looking back out to the setting sun.

“You’re not too bad yourself.” George listened as Dream wheezed softly next to him. The shorter male closed his eyes and leaned his head against Dream’s shoulder, feeling Dream wrap a wing around him a few moments later.

“How’re you feeling, George?” George hummed quietly at the question, not bothering to open his eyes despite feeling the demon’s eyes on him.

“Good.” The angel smiled a little. “I think I’m too tired to be anxious right now.” Dream wheezed a little again, and George felt something rest against the top of his head- which he assumed was Dream’s head.

"That's good," Dream muttered. "We can go back home now, if you want."

"No, it's okay, I'm fine. I like it here. It's quiet." George paused for a second. "Well, when you aren't talking my ear off."

"What? You're the one that spoke up!" George laughed, and Dream started laughing with him. "But seriously, I- I'm really glad you're... getting more comfortable around me, at- at least that you've told me."

"I mean, you're really sweet. Sweeter than Az-"

"Don't." George opened his eyes and looked up at Dream, who looked back at him. "Don't talk about him. I don't want you getting uncomfortable." George cracked a smile at that.

"Are you sure you're not just... *jealous*?" Now it was Dream's turn to roll his eyes at George.

"No, I know for a fact that I'm better than that dickhead." George watched as Dream's so sure smile fell into a concerned frown. "...Right? I'm not like him at all, am I?"

"The only thing you two have in common is the fact that both of you are demons." George bit his tongue. "At least so far."

"You'll tell me if I do something he did that you don't like, right?"

"I will." George nodded, smiling up at Dream. The demon smiled back at him. "...Hey, Dream?"

"Yes?"

"Have you ever flown around?" George watched as Dream looked away from him, staring out to the sun that had almost completely disappeared by now.

"Not much, but yeah. I know *how* to fly, but that's really it." Dream looked back over at him. "Why?"

"Let's fly for a bit," George hesitantly pulled away from the mass of heat named Dream, getting to his feet soon after. Dream stared up at him with a hesitant look in his eyes. "It'll be fun."

"Um-" Dream chuckled as he stood up, scratching the back of his neck. George tilted his head to the side a bit. Why did Dream look nervous? "I- I'm actually kind of scared of heights, George."

"Wait, actually?"

"Yeah, why do you think I haven't flown much?" George giggled softly, taking one of Dream's hands in his own- and he pretended not to notice how Dream's cheeks darkened in color slightly.

"You'll be fine! If you fall, I'll catch you, okay?"

"Uh-huh. Because a tiny British boy like you could hold me up." George glared at his boyfriend for a moment before rolling his eyes, letting go of his hand. The angel bit his tongue and walked closer to the edge, feeling the wind in his feathers.

He heard footsteps behind him, and George could feel his heart drop despite knowing Dream would never-

"George?" George looked over at Dream, who stood by his side with a concerned frown. "Are you okay?" Could Dream see that he was shaking?

"I'm-" George sighed, putting a smile on his face. "Sorry. I just... I'm okay, just- memories, you know?" Dream nodded, and George felt one of his hands be enveloped by warmth.

"Do you still wanna fly?"

"Yeah." George gently pulled his hand away from Dream and looked out in front of them, taking in a deep breath before spreading his wings. He jumped off and started to flap his wings, allowing him to hover just a few feet away from the cliffside- just in front of Dream, who stood there. George turned to look at him and held a hand out. "Come on, it'll be okay."

George smiled as Dream took his hand and started to flap his own wings, staying level with George. The only time the angel had really seen Dream look this nervous was before the demon gave him the colorblind glasses, and George couldn't help but chuckle a little bit as he flew a little further up, Dream following suit.

After a few moments, Dream had let go of his hand, looking around them. George did the same, flying a little further away from the side of the cliff. He heard Dream's wings flapping behind him.

"God, we're so high up-" He heard Dream chuckle behind him, and George turned to face him. Dream was looking down at the trees below them.

"Hey, hey. Dream, look at me." George flew closer to Dream, grabbing both of the demon's hands. Dream looked up at him, and George faltered for just a moment. "You're okay. Just look at me, okay? Don't focus on anything else, just pay attention to me."

"You always have my full attention." Dream smiled at him. George giggled, rolling his eyes.

"Okay, yeah, you're fine." George leaned back to fly with his back to the ground, Dream flying above him. Their fingers were still laced together, and George squeezed Dream's hands comfortingly- at least, he hoped so. Dream squeezed back. "See? This isn't so bad."

"Oh, shut up, Gogy."

"Don't you start calling me that, too."

"Don't test me, then, shortie." George rolled his eyes again, half tempted to let go of Dream's hands and fly off without him. He ultimately decided not to- mostly because he didn't want Dream to freak out- and instead smiled up at the demon.

"Hey, Dre-" As it turned out, George was going to let go of Dream's hands either way as he heard an arrow wizz past them. The angel whipped around in the air, scanning around for a moment before finding the two angels, flying a little ways away from them- this time, with more than one arrow. And more than one bow.

"Fuck." And George couldn't have put it any better than Dream had. "George, go!"

As it turned out, being mediocre flyers was not much against two angels that knew how to fly very well. While they were just barely able to dodge and weave in the skies, they certainly weren't good at it- it was just pure luck and distance that was helping the couple out.

George kept a close eye on the angels that tried to shoot them- not even just Dream, which was *supposed* to be their only target for the arrows. He tried to keep an eye on how many arrows they had left- after all, it would be nearly impossible to find the arrows they were shooting now. There

was no way they could easily get them back.

“Dream!” The angel was much too far away to push Dream out of the way of an arrow, so the best he could do was yell at the demon and hope that he wasn’t going to get hit.

And Dream would have gotten hit if George hadn’t screamed at him.

George watched as Dream just barely had enough time to fly a little bit higher, the arrow narrowly dodging his foot. The angel sighed in relief, looking back to the angels. There were just two more arrows, both of which they had in their bows. George watched their mouths move from afar- much too far away to hear what they were saying- before they both shot their arrows. One towards George, and one towards Dream.

George held his breath and closed his eyes as he quickly folded his wings behind his back. He knew he didn’t have enough time to dodge any other way- the only option for him was to fall and hope he wouldn’t get hit, or hit a tree.

After a few seconds, the angel opened his eyes and watched as the angels quickly flew off in another direction, away from him and Dream. He immediately glanced over to where he last saw Dream and let out his breath.

“George!” How George had already forgotten he was falling, he wasn’t quite sure- but he unfolded his wings and flapped as hard as he could, feeling his leg brush up against some leaves on a tree. “Holy shit, George- are- are you okay?” Dream yelled over at him.

“I’m fine! I’m fine. Are you okay?” He flew over to Dream.

“Yes- yes, I’m fine. We- holy shit,” Dream laughed, and George joined in. “We should really go back home, huh? Clearly we’ve been out past our curfew.” George scoffed.

“Yeah.”

Luckily the way back wasn’t nearly as eventful as the flight- of which they changed forms once they landed back on the cliffside- and George walked in side by side with Dream, fingers laced together as they didn’t say a word. George was almost certain Dream was as tired as he was.

“Bed?” Yup, Dream was certainly just as tired as he was.

“Please.” Just as the two walked into their bedroom and George had sat down on the bed, Dream’s phone started ringing. Then George’s. George pulled out his phone as Dream did, and saw that Sapnap was calling the group chat.

“Dude, it’s late. What’s going on?” Dream said as he answered the phone, turning it on speaker so George could hear, too.

“What’s happening? You woke Bad up.” Came Skeppy’s voice.

“Sorry- just thought you guys would like to know something.” Sapnap giggled through the phone.

“Me and Sap are dating.” A6d said, and George could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

“*No way.*”

Chapter Fifty Eight - Proposals

When George opened his eyes, he completely expected to wake up beside his boyfriend and Patches, wrapped up safely under a pile of blankets and huddled in Dream's arms.

*What he did **not** expect to wake up to was a different demon by his side, and no cat.*

George fell out of his bed with a loud thud, his body aching slightly as he sat up, pressing himself against the wall closest to him. The demon in his bed stirred in his sleep, and George couldn't help but hold his breath, like that would keep him from waking up.

"George?" George felt as if he could cry, hearing Azazel's voice talking to him. Was everything just a dream? "What are you doing on the floor?"

"I- I-" He was shaking. He couldn't speak, even as Azazel stood up and crouched down in front of him. He could feel the tears stinging at his eyes, threatening to slip down his cheeks as he stared at Azazel.

"Did you have a nightmare or something?" The only nightmare George was having was the one he was living in.

Did he never die? He couldn't feel his wings, and no matter how hard he tried, he could never change forms. Was all of that just a dream where everything was good? Was this real?

"George." George snapped back into reality, feeling warm tears fall down his cheeks. He let out a choked sob, avoiding the demon's eyes that dug into his skull. "Whatever... If you're not going to talk to me, I'll just leave." George heard Azazel mutter under his breath, and George couldn't move as Azazel stood back up and left the dark room, leaving George alone.

George sobbed again, his body shaking as he curled up in a tight ball against the wall. There was no comfort- everything hurt. Bad. But there wasn't much he could do until he calmed down what felt like hours later.

The tears had dried up a bit before he finally got control of his breathing, gripping tightly onto his blue hoodie. If he had more tears to shed, he'd be crying them all.

He really was alone, wasn't he?

...

*George stood up with shaky legs and opened up his closet door, searching through the closet for something, **anything** that could prove this wasn't real, that this was all some horrible dream. Why his closet? He had no clue.*

And he almost gave up after searching for ten minutes straight. He almost closed his closet door before he saw out of the corner of his eye something yellow, balled up on the floor.

He reached out and grabbed it, pulling it out. Again, if he had tears left, they'd be running down his cheeks in rivers.

This wasn't his hoodie- the most colorful of his clothing were always blue. This was yellow- no, green. He didn't own anything green, much less a hoodie with a small smiley on it.

“George?” George opened his eyes again, quickly pulling away from the mass of heat that surrounded him. “Woah- hey, George, calm down, it’s me- George, it’s Dream. You’re okay.” The angel felt a familiar stinging at his eyes as he hid himself back in Dream’s arms, closing his eyes tightly.

He couldn’t say anything still, but now it was because he was so overwhelmingly *happy*. He wasn’t with Azazel- and Dream wasn’t, well... a dream. Dream was *real*, and he was right there, and they were together.

“George, hey, hey. Look at me, okay?” George pulled his face away from Dream’s chest and looked up into the demon’s eyes. “Are you okay? Did you have a nightmare?” George nodded.

“I-” George swallowed. “Yeah.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“...I woke up in the dream expecting you to be next to me, and you weren’t. Azazel was instead.” The angel hid his face back in Dream’s chest, feeling Dream hug him closer. “I- it was like you didn’t- you didn’t exist at all. Like you were just a- just a dream.”

“I accidentally woke Azazel up and I- I think he was talking to me? I don’t- I don’t know. I was crying, but he left eventually, and-” George felt like crying again, and the fact that Dream was rubbing circles on his back wasn’t helping that. “And I... Something told me to look through my closet, and I found your hoodie in there. And... and I woke up to you saying my name.”

“Oh, George...” George let out a shaky sigh, wrapping his arms back around the demon in front of him. “I’m... I’m sorry you keep having bad dreams...”

“It’s not your fault,” George muttered. “It really isn’t. It’s...” They fell into silence for a few moments before Dream started humming quietly, continuing to rub circles into the angel’s back.

“I love you, George.” Dream whispered after a while. “I love you so much. I’m really lucky to have you in my life.”

“I...” George sighed. “You’re so sweet...” The angel pulled his head away from Dream’s chest, looking up into his eyes.

“And *you* are adorable.” George felt his face flush as Dream pressed a kiss against his cheek.

“Have you two heard from Bad and Skeppy today?” Sapnap asked through the call. Currently Dream and George were sitting in the living room while Sapnap and A6d played Minecraft on call.

“No?” George answered, noticing that Dream seemed a little busy playing a game on his phone. “Why?”

“Just wondering. I haven’t heard from either of them since last night when Bad and I played Minecraft, like, all night.” George hummed, quickly going to check the last time either of them

were online- Bad was last online at 4 in the morning, and Skeppy at midnight. It was almost five in the afternoon now, and most days they were always on at least at some point.

“They’re probably out on a date or something,” Dream spoke up after a bit, putting his phone down. “Knowing them, at least.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.”

“George, holy shit, look at the group chat.” Dream suddenly said, spooking George out of his daze. He quickly turned on his phone, seeing that Skeppy had sent a picture and a message to the group chat. He opened it up.

The picture showed two hands side by side, a ring on each of them- on the left hand, fourth finger. The rings were pretty similar- both thick bands of silver with half of a heart, one red and one light blue, on them. When put together like they were in the picture, the hearts lined up perfectly.

Skeppy: guess who proposed to his boyfriend bitches!

Chapter Fifty Nine - Date Night Out

“So much has happened the past *month*,” Dream laughed, and George quickly joined in- as did the rest of their friends on the call, aka Bad, Skeppy, Sapnap, and A6d. “I mean, *seriously*. Me and George got together, Sapnap and A6d did too- copycats.”

“Hey, at least *we* didn’t take, like, half a year to get together.” George could hear the playful eye roll in Sapnap’s voice.

“Whatever. And Bad and Skeppy- dude, congratulations again.” Though he knew they couldn’t see it, George nodded. “You’ve still got to tell us what happened.”

“You know what else we need to do?” Bad spoke up. “We need to go on a triple date! All of us!”

“Yeah, no one would have to third wheel anymore.” George smiled, scooting closer to Dream. He was sure Dream noticed considering the fact that Dream wrapped his arm around him.

“You guys will find a way to make me and A6d third wheel,” Sapnap scoffed.

“Where would we even go for a triple date?” Dream asked. “And when?”

“Skeppy and I are free this weekend- right, Skeppy?” There was a soft hum of agreement on Bad and Skeppy’s side of the call.

“Yeah, I think Sap and I are good, too, for this weekend.” George glanced up and met Dream’s eyes, a small smile coming to his face.

“I don’t have work.” George answered.

“Surprisingly, for once, I don’t have work on the weekend. So I can go.” They continued to talk about their plans- of which George started to zone out from-, for quite a while, though it was mostly because they kept getting off topic.

After they all said their goodbyes and hung up the phone, George sighed softly, shuffling closer to his demon boyfriend. Dream only seemed to chuckle at him, laying his chin on top of the angels head.

“...I love you, Dream.” George whispered just loud enough for Dream to hear, though it took a few moments for the taller male to respond.

“I love you too, Georgie.” George smiled as Dream pressed a kiss on the top of his head. “I can’t *believe* it took you so long to realize I love you. I really wasn’t *that* good at hiding it.” Dream laughed.

“Well *sorry*- you should have just kissed me sooner.”

“Should have said ‘*I love you*’ sooner and maybe I would have.” George rolled his eyes, elbowing Dream in the side gently. “Hey- what was that for?”

“You’re so stupid.”

“Yeah, but you love me for it,” George only hummed softly in response, and the two fell into a comfortable silence.

Saturday came much faster than George had expected- not that he was complaining. He was excited to hang out with everyone again, and just have some fun outside of his and Dream’s apartment.

He had woken up before Dream, which meant he had to try for ten minutes to get out of the demon’s grip so he could start getting ready. And by that, that meant petting and playing with Patches for a few minutes before grabbing some clothes to hop into the shower.

By the time he was out, he knew Dream was awake from the smell of bacon. He walked into the kitchen to see Dream humming quietly to himself as he cooked, not really seeming to notice the angel.

“Hey, Dream,” George laughed as Dream whipped around to face him, holding a hand over his chest. “Did I really scare you that bad?”

“Yes! Holy shit-” Dream laughed too, quickly going back to his cooking. “You left some hot water for me, right?”

“Nope, I used it all,” George smirked, leaning against the counter. Dream rolled his eyes, his small smile growing- though, to George, it almost looked like a smirk.

“Didn’t realize you wanted burnt bacon for breakfast.” The angel’s eyes widened.

“No, wait, I didn’t use all the hot water- *please* don’t burn my food-”

By the time George and Dream hopped in the car with everyone else, there was already laughter echoing through the car, soft music playing just below everyone’s voices. George immediately relaxed at it, and he could feel himself starting to get a little giddy.

How the hell they managed to get four people in the back of the car, George wasn’t really sure- but he wasn’t exactly complaining. After all, being squished into Dream’s side wasn’t the worst thing in the world.

Dream was on his left side, while Sapnap and A6d were on his right- Sapnap was closer- while, of course, Bad drove with Skeppy in the passenger seat. It was how they usually sat in the car, just with an extra person.

George couldn’t help but smile wider as Dream took one of his hands and simply held it, lacing their fingers together. He heard Sapnap gag beside him, even though Sapnap and A6d were practically doing the same thing.

Skeppy was ranting to Bad about something- George wasn’t listening, though he thought he heard something about food. The angel stared at his interlaced fingers, his smile never disappearing from his face, even as Dream started chuckling.

“George?” George looked up at Dream. “I love you.” The shorter male giggled.

“You too.”

The drive was going to be a long one- everyone already knew this- but no one seemed to mind. In fact, most of the ride was filled with playful banter and laughter, with the occasional yelling of ‘language’ from Bad, though most of the time he said it with a slight laugh.

But what happened next, George couldn’t tell you.

It went from light laughter and joy, soft music playing in the background, to screaming and screeching metal, like it was crushing in on itself. The sounds seemed so... far away almost, but the angel knew it was happening right there and then. He couldn’t figure out who was screaming- all he knew was that it sounded like more than one person.

Then, not even a moment later, there was only silence and darkness.

Chapter 60

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Dream Team and _____ will be back shortly.

Chapter End Notes

Psst- hey- before you go, check my account (or this story) tomorrow. There's more to the story-

Chapter 61

Chapter Notes

hey- hey- look at that, this is a series now- go check out the other, second story, and read the note please- it explains stuff that you guys will probably have questions about-

I hope you enjoy what's (not technically) next!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!